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GIRLS'
BOOKSHELF

THE BOOK HOUSE

Historical Children's Books

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Of good things, all for you to take.

The Dwellers in your Book House know
All sorts of tales to tell to you,
And each will try his best to show
The way those tales of Wonder grew.
For this our Book House Friends expect
A trifling payment in return;
Just thoughtful Kindness and Respect,—
That's all they ask for all we learn.
John Martin,

❧ This BOOK belongs to ❧

❧ THE BOOK TREE ❧

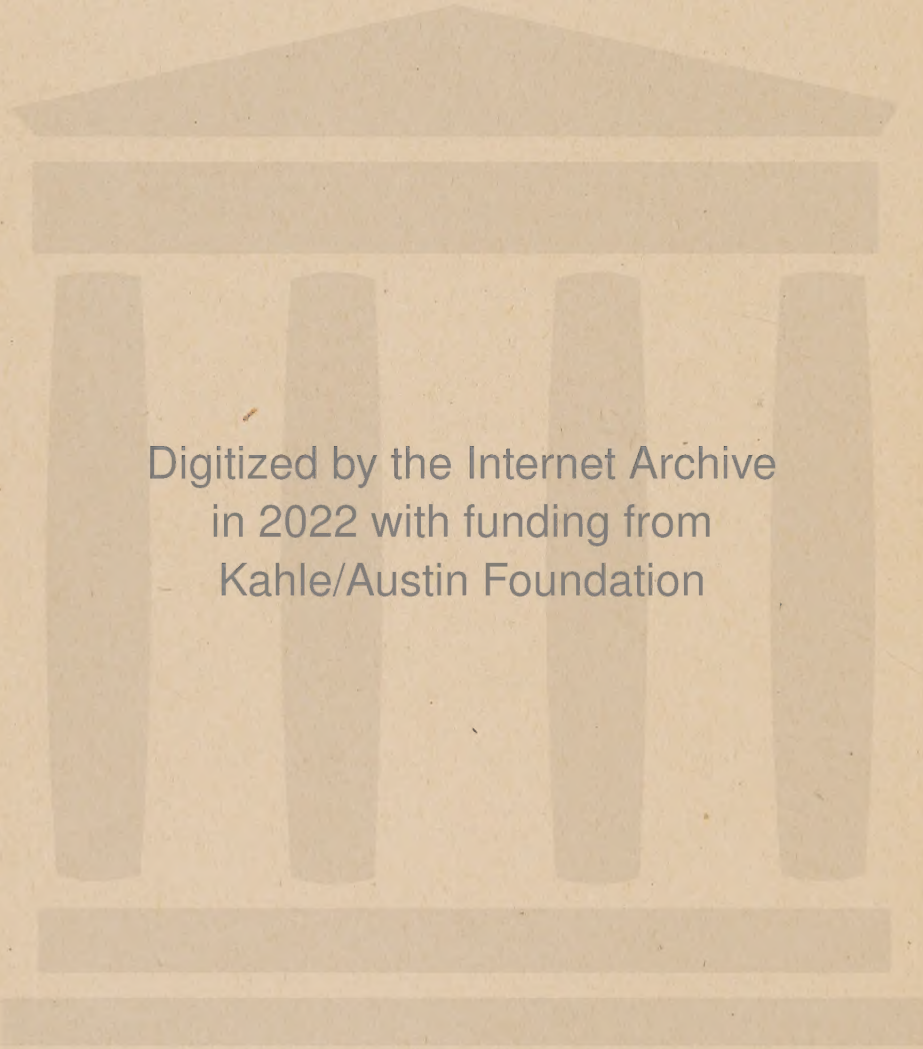
❧ A BOOK TREE is a Knowledge Tree,
As almost anyone can see.

Long, long ago its seed was sown;
For years and years the Tree has grown.
Ten thousand thousand Hearts & Heads
Have cared for it, so now it spreads
Its Roots and Branches far and wide,
And casts its shade on every side.

This Tree bears Fruit of different kinds
For many Hearts and many Minds.
So all you Children have to do
Is just to take what's best for you.
But no one ever soils or breaks
The Golden Fruit he needs and takes,
And no one ever bends or tears
The Books this Tree of Knowledge bears.

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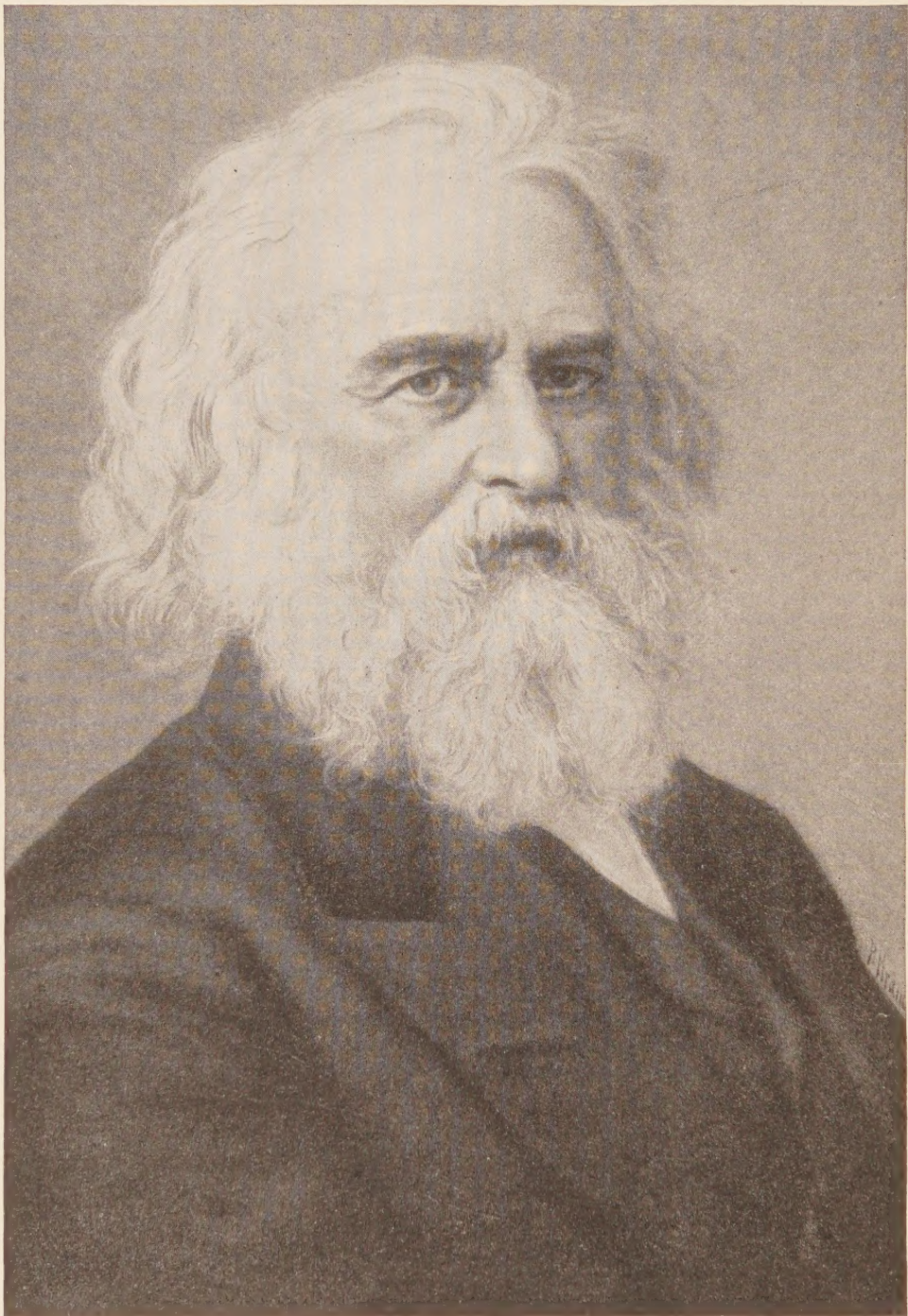




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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.
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VOLUME NINETEEN
LITTLE JOURNEYS INTO BOOKLAND
(PART I)

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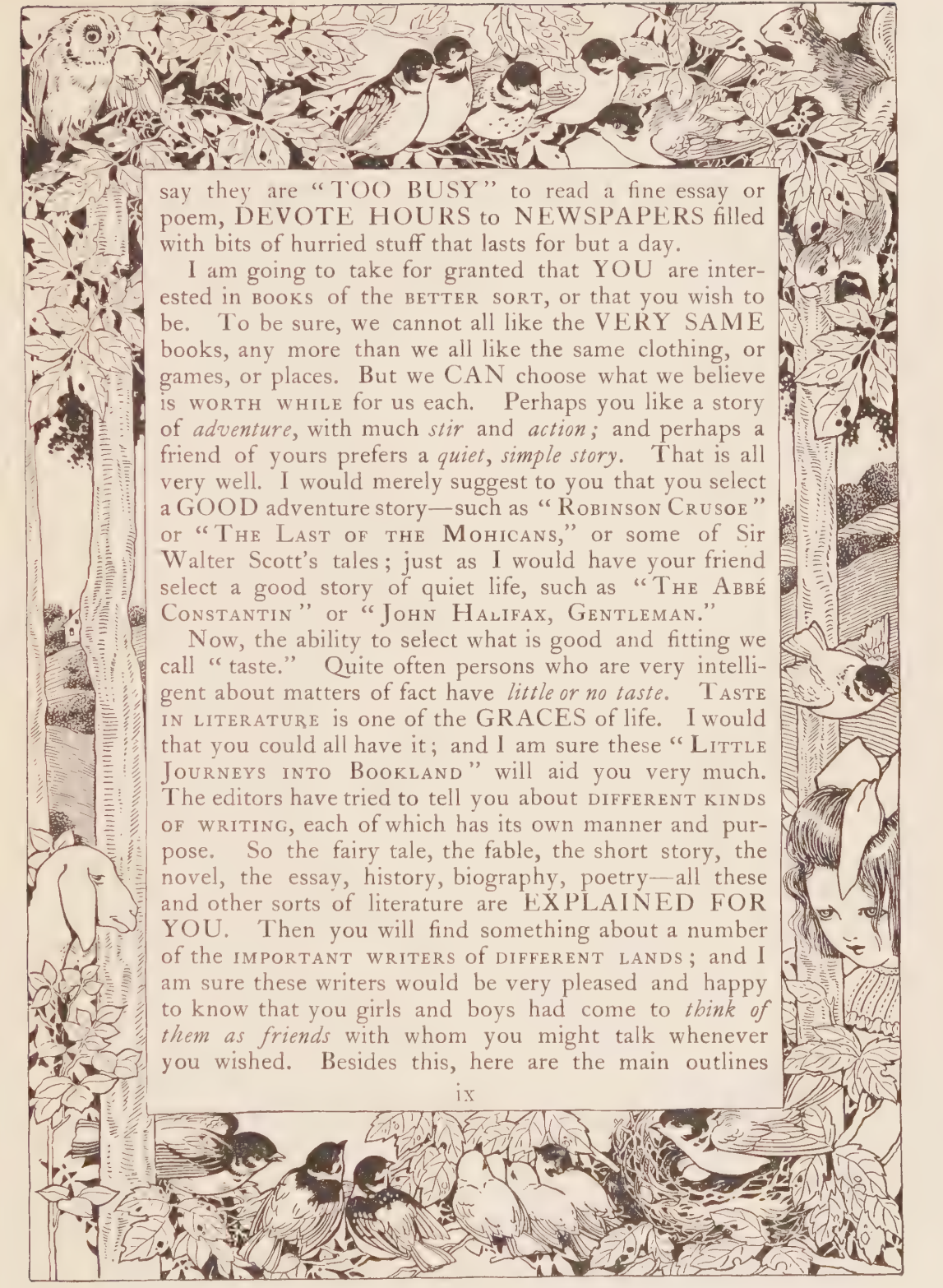
A FOREWORD



EAR GIRLS AND BOYS:

Does it not seem **STRANGE** to you that there was a time, very, very long ago, when there were **NO BOOKS** at all? *Yet so it was.* People saw the beauty of the world; they lived and had their own thoughts about life. But **THEY KNEW NO WAY** except by word of mouth to tell of what they saw, thought, and felt. By and by they made **RUDE SIGNS** and **PICTURES** on the walls of the **CAVES** in which they lived, or on the **WHITE BONES** of animals. That was the *very beginning* of **BOOKLAND**, although real books came a long, long while afterward.

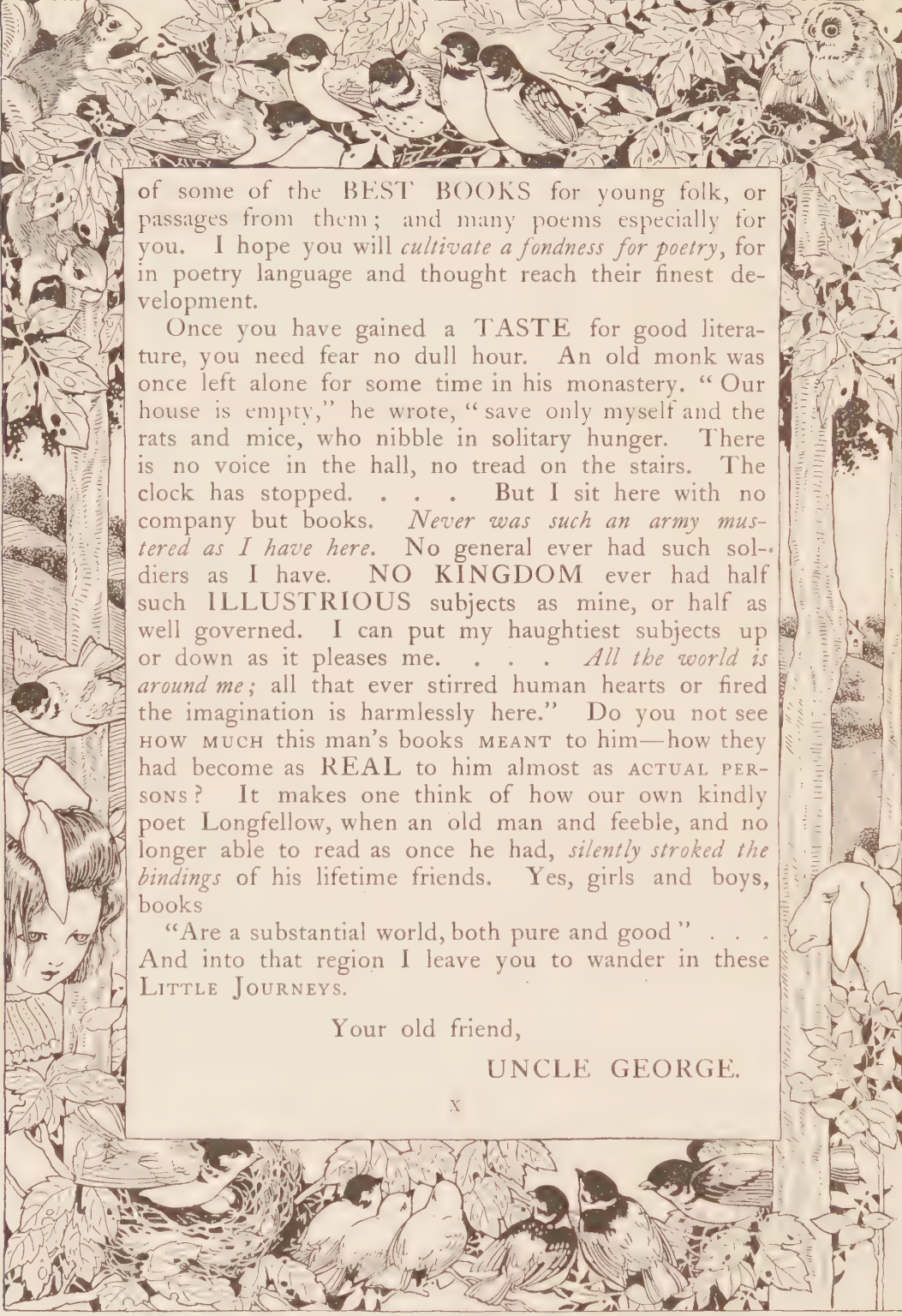
We have books as they are **NOW** just because people have wished to tell of what they **SEE**, **THINK**, and **FEEL**; and because many other people whom they could never meet have wished to learn **WHAT WAS IN THEIR MINDS**. You will, perhaps, hear some girls and boys—and even, it may be, an unwise grown-up—*speak in a rather slighting way* of books and reading; as if books and reading were something **ARTIFICIAL**—some sort of **LUXURY**, quite apart from **REAL LIFE**. Most of you will see at once that any such idea is the result of **LACK OF THOUGHT**. Of course you may dawdle away time in reading, but you may do so in many other ways, too. Plenty of the **VERY PEOPLE** that



say they are "TOO BUSY" to read a fine essay or poem, DEVOTE HOURS to NEWSPAPERS filled with bits of hurried stuff that lasts for but a day.

I am going to take for granted that YOU are interested in BOOKS of the BETTER SORT, or that you wish to be. To be sure, we cannot all like the VERY SAME books, any more than we all like the same clothing, or games, or places. But we CAN choose what we believe is WORTH WHILE for us each. Perhaps you like a story of *adventure*, with much *stir* and *action*; and perhaps a friend of yours prefers a *quiet, simple story*. That is all very well. I would merely suggest to you that you select a GOOD adventure story—such as "ROBINSON CRUSOE" or "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS," or some of Sir Walter Scott's tales; just as I would have your friend select a good story of quiet life, such as "THE ABBÉ CONSTANTIN" or "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Now, the ability to select what is good and fitting we call "taste." Quite often persons who are very intelligent about matters of fact have *little or no taste*. TASTE IN LITERATURE is one of the GRACES of life. I would that you could all have it; and I am sure these "LITTLE JOURNEYS INTO BOOKLAND" will aid you very much. The editors have tried to tell you about DIFFERENT KINDS OF WRITING, each of which has its own manner and purpose. So the fairy tale, the fable, the short story, the novel, the essay, history, biography, poetry—all these and other sorts of literature are EXPLAINED FOR YOU. Then you will find something about a number of the IMPORTANT WRITERS of DIFFERENT LANDS; and I am sure these writers would be very pleased and happy to know that you girls and boys had come to *think of them as friends* with whom you might talk whenever you wished. Besides this, here are the main outlines



of some of the BEST BOOKS for young folk, or passages from them; and many poems especially for you. I hope you will *cultivate a fondness for poetry*, for in poetry language and thought reach their finest development.

Once you have gained a TASTE for good literature, you need fear no dull hour. An old monk was once left alone for some time in his monastery. "Our house is empty," he wrote, "save only myself and the rats and mice, who nibble in solitary hunger. There is no voice in the hall, no tread on the stairs. The clock has stopped. . . . But I sit here with no company but books. *Never was such an army mustered as I have here.* No general ever had such soldiers as I have. NO KINGDOM ever had half such ILLUSTRIOUS subjects as mine, or half as well governed. I can put my haughtiest subjects up or down as it pleases me. . . . *All the world is around me*; all that ever stirred human hearts or fired the imagination is harmlessly here." Do you not see HOW MUCH this man's books MEANT to him—how they had become as REAL to him almost as ACTUAL PERSONS? It makes one think of how our own kindly poet Longfellow, when an old man and feeble, and no longer able to read as once he had, *silently stroked the bindings* of his lifetime friends. Yes, girls and boys, books

"Are a substantial world, both pure and good" . . . And into that region I leave you to wander in these LITTLE JOURNEYS.

Your old friend,

UNCLE GEORGE.

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OUR GREAT AMERICAN WRITERS

PART I

BY ELEANOR COLBY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

MORE than a hundred years ago a mother sat writing a letter while a baby boy played near by, and as she looked proudly at her little son she wrote in her letter: "I think you would like my little Henry W. He is an active rogue and wishes for nothing so much as singing and dancing." That is the very first mention we can find of the poet's name, and we are glad that his mother has the honor of "having the first say."

Before many years there was a large family of Longfellow boys and girls. They lived in a fine house built by their grandfather General Peleg Wadsworth, more than twenty years before Henry was born. It was the first brick house in Portland, Maine. Every brick in its walls was brought from Philadelphia. This house was the home of Zilpah Wadsworth's girlhood, and here she was courted and won by Stephen Longfellow. Then, when her father moved up to his beautiful country place, it became the Longfellow home. It was a regular story-book house with all sorts of unexpected nooks and crannies. There were wide window-seats where the children could curl up and read tales from the well-filled bookshelves. From its windows they could see the beautiful Casco Bay, and down at the wharves they could watch the boats coming in from the West Indies.

But books and boats were forgotten when Grandpa Wadsworth came to town to visit. Think of having for a grandfather a splendid general who had fought and won honors in the Revolutionary War! How Henry's blue eyes sparkled and his cheeks flushed as Grandpa Wadsworth told of his adventures! Best of all was the story of his capture by the British and his escape from Fort George after four months' imprisonment. He and a fellow-prisoner had got a gimlet and a penknife, and by boring holes and concealing them with bread-balls they at last loos-

ened a panel and escaped, reaching home after frightful perils.

The other grandfather, Judge Longfellow, was just as wonderful, and when he drove to Portland in his old square chaise and walked in dignity to the court-room, people who knew him well enough to receive his courtly bow felt honored. Some of the Indian tales that Henry heard from him were afterward woven into the story of "Hiawatha."

The poet's father was a leading citizen of Portland, and when distinguished persons, like Lafayette, visited the city, he was chosen to give the address of welcome.

The little schoolhouse where Henry first went to school would look pretty poor to the boys and girls of to-day, and his first teacher, "Ma'am" Fellows, with her prim ways, must have seemed a very terrible person in the eyes of the little boy.

The earliest writing of the future poet which can now be found is a queer little letter written to his father in Boston, in which he says, "I wish you would buy me a drum"; so we know that boy poets are very like ordinary boys. After leaving Ma'am Fellows's school he studied at a public school, a private school, Portland Academy, and Bowdoin College, and through it all was the same happy, bright boy, with a wonderful gift for making friends. He liked nearly every one, but he chose his close friends very carefully. A boy who was some day to reckon among his intimate friends such men as Hawthorne, Bryant, Sumner, Emerson, Dickens, Lowell, and Agassiz, could not afford to cheapen his friendship or lower his ideals by chumming with boys who were not fine and manly.

As a youth Longfellow had the gift of writing verse, and when he graduated from college at nineteen a number of his poems had already been accepted and printed by publishers. Later, when he became a professor at Harvard College, after

teaching at Bowdoin and spending several years in Europe, he occupied all his spare time in writing. He wrote lovely poems about the weather—"The Rainy Day," "Snowflakes," "An April Day," and scores of others. The changing clouds, the sunrise, the stars, the night, the seasons, all held beauty for him. He loved the sea. From his bedroom window he had watched it as a boy, and later on it was his theme in many a poem. Read "The Building of the Ship" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus." He wrote of things near at hand, as in "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Bridge," and of things seen in foreign lands, as in "The Belfry of Bruges," "Nuremberg," and "Castles in Spain." Old Norse legends, fairy-tales and folk-lore became new under his magic pen.

It is as the famous poet dwelling in the beautiful old house which became his home at Cambridge that we really know and love Longfellow best. There his six children were born. In all their merrymaking he was their chum. There were May-day dances, wonderful Christmases when the poet impersonated Santa Claus, and valentine parties where he wrote original valentines for each one. He could draw too—not very well, perhaps, but to his children his drawings of Peter Piper were better than any old masterpieces. His daughter wrote years afterward: "We never knew what the wonderful Peter Piper would do. He went traveling in foreign lands; he went hunting and fell from his horse; he went to sea, and was chased by a shark," etc.

Then they had great times playing store, and the poet would show the children how to make scales from orange-peel, bits of wood, and pieces of string, and how to make "silver money" from tinfoil.

One of his daughters had a "post-office" under her pillow and "expected to find a little letter from papa there every morning."

Perhaps some day you may visit the Longfellow house at Cambridge and sit in the chair which the children of Cambridge gave to him on his seventy-second birthday. It is made of wood from the old tree that once shaded the Village Blacksmith's shop. Perhaps you may see the desk at which he wrote. But even though you live thousands of miles from these dear familiar scenes, you can take his poems and go off to a quiet corner and spend a happy hour now and then with the "Children's Poet."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807, and died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882. He lectured on literature, and wrote novels and books of travel as well as poetry. We hope that all Amer-

ican girls and boys will read the following poems besides those already named in this article: "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Arrow and the Song," "The Skeleton in Armor," "Excelsior," "A Psalm of Life," and "The Legend Beautiful." Boys and girls, why not commit to memory "A Psalm of Life," "The Bridge," and "The Skeleton in Armor"?

WASHINGTON IRVING

THERE were already ten children in the Irving home in New York, so it was small wonder that they did not know what to name the eleventh baby, who arrived on April 3, 1783. The Revolutionary War had just ended, and General Washington was the idol of the whole country, so Mrs. Irving said, "Washington's work is ended and our child shall be named after him."

One day, when little Washington was about six years old, he was walking along with his Scotch nurse, who, seeing General Washington enter a shop, followed him and said, "Please, your Honor, here 's a bairn who was named after you." The "Father of his Country" put his hand on the boy's head and gave him a blessing and the boy grew up to be called "The Father of American Literature."

Washington Irving was a delicate boy, and not very fond of study. He hated arithmetic, but dearly loved to read history and stories. At sixteen he left school and began to study law, but he never worked very hard at it, for he would far rather wander around the city discovering odd scenes and queer people, and writing about them, than to pore over musty law books. He loved to tramp around the country, too, but he was eighteen years old when he took his first real trip, going from New York to Albany on a Dutch sloop.

One of his brothers edited a newspaper, and when Washington was nineteen he wrote some stories for it, over the name of "Jonathan Oldstyle." In later writings he signed himself "Geoffrey Crayon."

He was not well, and his brothers thought that a sea-trip would help him. He must have looked very pale, for the captain said of him, "There 's a chap who will go overboard before we get across." Instead of this he gained his health and enjoyed his two years of travel very much. He made friends everywhere, for he had delightful manners and was full of fun, besides being very kind to others.

When he came back his brothers took him into business with them, and soon they sent him to England for the firm; but before long they failed,

and for the first time in his life Washington Irving had to work hard. At odd times he had already written a number of things, and his "Knickerbocker" (a burlesque history of New York) had sold very well and made a name for him, but he had written more for pleasure than for profit. Now that he was poor, he found in his pen a true "friend in time of need." Before long he was able to help the brothers who had always been so generous to him.

Now he went abroad again, and for seventeen years he stayed in Europe, where he wrote many books. One of them was the "Sketch-Book," which contains the story of "Rip Van Winkle."

When he came back to America he found himself a very famous man, but he always remained modest concerning his talent. All sorts of honors were offered to him, but he bought a quaint old house on the Hudson, near Tarrytown, and decided to settle down there. He called it "Sunnyside," and described it as "the little old-fashioned stone mansion all made of gable-ends and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat."

He was such a great man that our country simply had to use him, so he left his dear Sunnyside and went as our minister to Spain. So well did he do his work there that many years afterward, when he had returned to America, a famous Spaniard said to William Cullen Bryant: "Why does your government not send Washington Irving to this country? Why do you not take as your agent the man whom all Spain admires? I assure you it would be difficult for our government to refuse anything Mr. Irving should ask, and his signature would make almost any treaty acceptable to our people."

But Irving was happy to spend all his later years at his beautiful little home on the banks of the river he loved so well. He had the house enlarged so that his brother Ebenezer and his five daughters could live there. He loved children and young folks. Once some one asked him about his own childhood, and he said: "When I was a child I believed in Santa Claus as long as I could—until they put snowballs in my stockings."

He never married, but he always showed great chivalry toward women. You boys who have read of the "Knights of King Arthur" know what chivalry means.

It was on November 28, 1859, that Washington Irving died at Sunnyside. The town was draped in black, the stores were closed, and on the day of the funeral thousands of people came from New York, thirty miles away, and stood with bared heads as Irving was borne to his rest in Sleepy Hollow cemetery at Tarrytown. To-day hundreds of thousands of people are proud to

claim him as one of their Bookland acquaintances.

Read the "Sketch-Book," and then read all of his other writings that you can find time for. Even the great Charles Dickens was a devoted reader of Irving, and he said: "I do not go to bed two nights out of the week without taking Washington Irving under my arm."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WHEN "sweet Sally Snell," Squire Snell's pretty daughter, became Mrs. Bryant, the wife of the young country doctor, she soon developed into a wonderful housewife. The quaint gambrel-roofed farmhouse was kept spotlessly clean, and its tiny window-panes always beamed a welcome to those who came up the pathway.

There was a welcome, too, for the sturdy little Bryants whose pattering feet were heard around the farmhouse after a few years. Sometimes the children were allowed to drive with their father in the old chaise when he made his calls, but more often they watched the busy hands of their mother as she spun the wool and flax into yarn and thread, wove it into cloth, and made clothes for her large family. Even when Doctor Bryant went to the United States Senate he wore a green broadcloth suit which his wife had made.

The Bryant boys and girls did not sit around like bric-à-brac, but were taught to help weave and churn and to make cheese, candles, soap, and sausages. Then there were long tramps in the hemlock-woods, and fascinating February days when the boys helped father "sugar off" in the great maple-grove which they named "Maple Sugary Camp." There were coasting frolics on home-made bob-sleds, for "flexible flyers" were as unknown in those days as were aeroplanes, steamboats, and railway trains. Then there were the long still nights in the high feather beds; and what dreams could be dreamed under those wonderful patchwork quilts of Mother Bryant's making!

There were no moving-picture shows in those days, but William could watch the moving panorama of the clouds chasing one another over the hilltops, the river rippling over its pebbles, the trees swaying in the breezes, and the birds flitting through the forests. Then he would run home and climb the attic stairs to his favorite nook and write his thoughts about the things he had seen.

Even when he went away to college, William often took long walks by himself through the woods, and when he practised law at Great Barrington, in Massachusetts, his office was always littered with woodland treasures. The "active,

learned and rather fiery young lawyer" found time to fall in love with a young lady who was visiting in a house next to his law office. In a letter written to his mother he describes the wedding in these words:

"We went in and took our seats; the little elderly gentleman with the hooked nose then muttered certain cabalistic expressions, which I was too frightened to remember, but at the conclusion I was given to understand that I was married to a young lady of the name of Frances Fairchild, whom I perceived standing by my side."

Much of Bryant's poetry is tinged with sadness, but it is always beautiful. "Thanatopsis" is, perhaps, his best known poem, but "The Planting of the Apple-Tree," "The Fringed Gentian," "The First Flower," and many others are just as beautiful, each in its own way.

Read "Robert of Lincoln," and learn that Bryant could put the bright spirit of the song-bird into his verse. Then read the following poems and commit to memory those that you like best: "To a Waterfowl," "The Death of the Flowers," "A Forest Hymn," "O, Fairest of the Rural Maidens."

William Cullen Bryant was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794, and died in New York city June 12, 1878. He is one of America's most famous poets. He was also a great editor, a public speaker of much ability, and a worthy citizen of the great city in which most of his life was passed.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Two beautiful curly-haired children, with sad, wondering eyes, stood hand in hand in a poorly furnished little room. Something terrible had happened but they could not understand it. They only knew that their gay little brown-eyed mother had gone away, just as their father had done, and that they were left alone in the great world. The boy was Edgar Poe, and the girl was his sister Rosalie.

The father and mother had been wandering actors. It was in Richmond, Virginia, that these little homeless orphans were left, but there were kind Southern hearts and homes opened to them. Two-year-old Rosalie was taken to live with the Mackenzies, and Mr. and Mrs. John Allan took three-year-old Edgar.

Edgar was born in Boston January 19, 1809. At the time we are now speaking of he was a very handsome little fellow, and he soon became the pet of the household. He was treated like a son, and his merry ways and wonderful brightness made the Allans very proud of him.

He had an old colored "mammy," and he would listen for hours to the spooky tales she told him about goblins and ghosts. Though they made him feel very creepy and frightened, he would always beg her for more stories.

When Edgar was twelve years old he went to a boys' school in Richmond. He was high-spirited and fond of fun and frolic, and often got into boyish scrapes; but he was very generous and kind-hearted. He was quick as a flash at learning; and one of his schoolmates wrote, long years after:

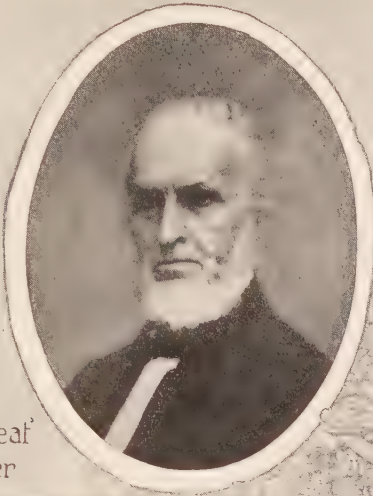
"I was a dull boy at school, and Edgar, when he knew that I had an unusually hard lesson, would help me out with it. He would never allow big boys to tease me, and was kind to me in every way. I used to envy him, he was so bright, clever, and handsome."

Edgar was delicate-looking, yet he could swim and run like an athlete. He spent much time at the Mackenzie house, where Rosalie lived.

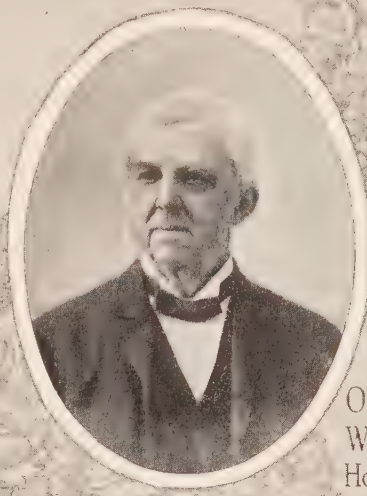
Life went merrily along for Edgar until he was sixteen years old, when he went to the University of Virginia, but in one short year he formed habits which marred his whole future. Not even his brilliant scholarship could make up for his gambling and dissipation; and although Mr. Allan paid his debts, Edgar was not sent back to the University, but began working as a clerk in Mr. Allan's office—an employment that he detested. He decided to go out into the world to "seek his fortune," and Mrs. Allan gave him money with which to start.

Edgar thought that the poems he had written would make him rich and famous, but at nineteen he found himself a penniless boy facing starvation. If we had space we should tell of the hard years he spent working at any odd job, because one must have bread and butter. We should tell of his returning to the Allan house only to find dear Mrs. Allan dead and to be refused entrance to the only home he had. We should tell about his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, who found him sick and starving, took him to her humble little home, and became like a mother to him. He married his cousin Virginia Clemm, a mere school-girl, and in spite of their poverty the little family of three had happy years together.

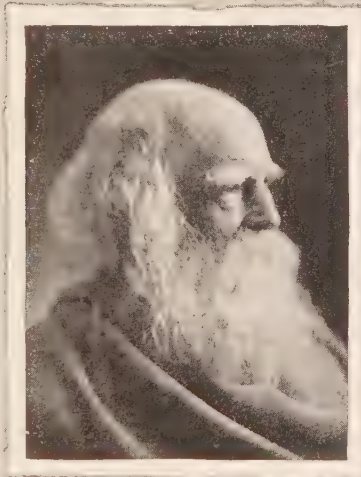
From time to time Poe would take a position with a newspaper or magazine; but he had one frightful enemy that always robbed him of his position. This enemy was his own weak will, and Edgar Allan Poe, the brilliant man who could write such poetry and such thrilling stories when his mind was clear, was rapidly going down to a drunkard's grave. Some say that he inherited the weakness, some say he struggled hard against



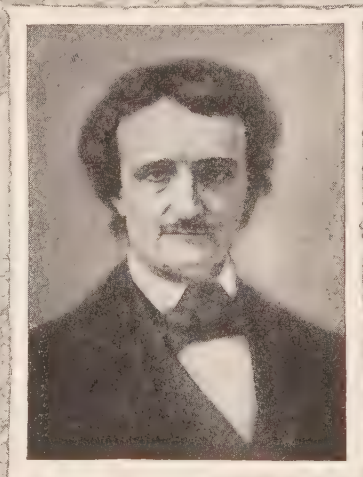
John
Greenleaf
Whittier



Oliver
Wendell
Holmes



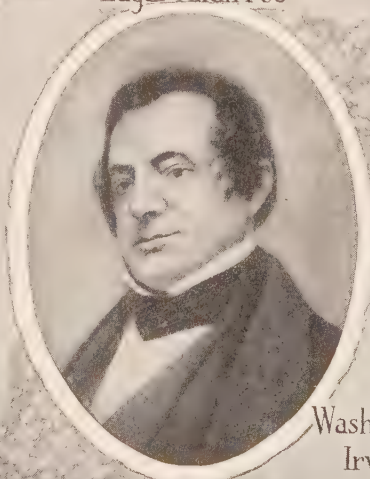
W^m Cullen Bryant



Edgar Allan Poe



R.W.
Emerson



Washington
Irving

it, some say that he brought it upon himself. We do not know. We do know that his wife believed in him and loved him, and that her death was a great sorrow to him. We know that Mrs. Clemm, though she knew his faults, loved him and mourned his death, which occurred in Baltimore, October 7, 1849, when he was forty-one years old.

When you read Poe's poems you will find them wonderfully musical. For that reason they are easy to memorize. Learn "Annabel Lee," which is a beautiful little ballad. Read "The Raven," "The Bells," "Lenore" and "Israfel."

Read some of his stories too. When you read "The Gold Bug," remember that it was the first story Poe sold. How proud he was of the hundred-dollar prize he won for it and how much the money meant to the trio in the poor barren little cottage!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

IF John Greenleaf Whittier had been born a week later, he would have been a Christmas present to his parents, and all through life he seemed to have the Christmas spirit in his heart.

As a boy, he did what any healthy country boy would have done. When not at school in the little country schoolhouse, or "helping with the chores," he was learning things out of Nature's big book as he roamed the woods and fields. He was eighteen years old before his dream of getting an education came true.

When he went to Haverhill, Massachusetts, to attend the academy he was a tall, bashful country boy in homespun clothes, and perhaps the town boys felt quite superior to him; but before long the young folks discovered that he was a delightful companion and no picnic or spelling-bee was complete without young Whittier.

He had long shown a natural gift for writing, and after two years at the academy he accepted a position on the town newspaper. He was very modest about his genius, and seemed much surprised when at twenty-two he was called to fill a vacancy on a newspaper in Hartford, Connecticut. In speaking afterward of this incident, he said: "I told my mother, but no one else, thinking that they would laugh at me, and I lay awake all night trying to decide what to do." His father had recently died, and he felt that his mother needed him on the farm; but he decided that the salary of five hundred dollars a year would help him pay the debt on the home. That was a large salary for a young man in those days.

He was very happy in Hartford, and long afterward wrote to a friend there in his quaint

Quaker language: "I often think of thee and of the pleasant Hartford days and wish I could meet thee again."

He was soon called to New York, and a little later became editor of the "Pennsylvania Freeman," in Philadelphia. These were stirring days, for already the question of slavery was being agitated and the "gentle Quaker poet" had taken a firm stand with the abolitionists. He had written some thrilling poems on freedom, and in several of the attacks made upon him by mobs he had some very exciting escapes.

Often in the turmoil and excitement of the city he longed for his dear New England hills and woods, for he was always a farmer boy at heart. He was glad when it became possible for him to settle down at Amesbury, Massachusetts, where he lived all the rest of his life. Though he did not become a soldier in the Civil War, he worked hard for the cause of the slave. He told a friend that he desired it to be said of him when gone:

"To all who dumbly suffered
His tongue and pen he offered.
His life was not his own,
Nor lived for self alone."

Critics do not think his poetry as great as that of some other poets, yet even they admit that "when roused, he sings with the thrilling sweetness of a wood-thrush." We, who are not learned critics, love to read his charming verses because we understand them.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1807, and died at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, September 7, 1892. All bright boys and girls will want to read, and will read when they grow older, more about the life of this noble, kindly, helpful man. Among his best poems are "In School Days," "The Barefoot Boy," "Maud Muller," "Barbara Frietchie," and "Snow-Bound." Read them, boys and girls, read them carefully, and then commit to memory those you like best.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

ON August 29, 1809, the Reverend Abiel Holmes placed a star in the almanac after the date and wrote, "Son born." Then he dusted a little fine black sand over the ink, for blotters were not yet invented. That star in the old calendar marks the date when Oliver Wendell Holmes was born.

The old-fashioned house in which he was born, and where the Holmes boys grew up, was in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where so many celebrated writers have lived. It was an interesting house, with mysterious nooks and crannies and a won-

derful garret full of queer old heirlooms. There was a storeroom too, which Oliver's father called the "library hospital," because all of the disabled books were taken there.

It was a great place in which to spend a rainy day. One of Oliver's favorite books was a work on alchemy. You know that in olden times men who were called alchemists thought that some day they would discover how to turn the baser metals into gold. Oliver vainly pored over the pages of this book, hoping to learn how to turn his lead sinkers and the weights of the kitchen clock into shining gold.

Out in the garden, Nature, the greatest of alchemists, turned the green peaches and pears to luscious ripe golden fruit, and Oliver and John Holmes found the garden a very attractive spot. They were lively youngsters, these Holmes boys, full of pranks and boyish fun.

Oliver's first schooling was in the home town, but when he was fifteen he went to Phillips Academy, at Andover, Massachusetts. He afterward said that a more homesick boy than he was had never lived, and his kind-hearted landlady thought he was really ill and insisted on giving him medicine, which merely added to his woes.

Later he went to Harvard College. His classmates soon discovered his gift for writing and talking, and he became very popular. While he was still a college student it was proposed by the naval authorities to break up and sell the old United States frigate "Constitution," which had won such a glorious victory in the battle with the British "Guerrière." The public thought it too bad that the gallant ship should be torn to pieces, and young Holmes wrote the stirring verses "Old Ironsides." The poem was printed in newspapers and on slips and distributed all over the country, and the "Constitution" was saved. Read the poem.

Young Holmes had so many talents that it was hard for him to decide exactly what he wanted to be. He thought he might like to be a lawyer, but decided to study medicine, and after finishing his course at the Harvard Medical School he spent nearly three years studying in Europe, then returned to America a skilled and learned physician. He soon became professor of anatomy and physiology at Harvard, but he spent a great deal of time in writing, and his essays and poems made him very famous.

When you are older you will wish to read "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," and the novel "Elsie Venner"; but perhaps now you will more enjoy "The One-Hoss Shay" and other poems of Doctor Holmes. You must read "Dorothy Q.," a dear

little poem that he wrote about his grandmother's mother. If you wish to learn a very beautiful poem, you will do well to choose "The Chambered Nautilus," which is, perhaps, his most famous one.

Doctor Holmes was not a great traveler. He loved Boston too well to spend much time away from it. He had among his intimate friends the most famous men of his time. It must have been a fine thing to see Lowell and Holmes together, and hear them calling each other "James" and "Wendell." Whittier, another of his intimates, said, "We are more than friends. We love each other." Longfellow was very fond of his brilliant friend, but he said that Holmes was such a quick and wonderful talker that when he was with him long it gave him a headache!

Doctor Holmes and his wife were very fond of children. They had three of their own, and one of them became a famous judge. Children loved the genial poet whose heart always remained boyish. He was a short man, his face had a fine and kindly expression, and when he came into a room sunshine and gaiety came with him. He was a great joker, however, and, as if thinking himself "homely," he said, "I have always considered my face as a convenience rather than an ornament." His manners were polished, and he was a delightful talker, for his memory was like a wonderful chest of treasures which he could draw out for the entertainment of his friends.

Whenever his old college mates had a reunion, Doctor Holmes was asked to speak, and some of the poems he wrote for these occasions are very fine. He could write the most delightful humorous poetry—the sort that makes a body laugh merrily, but never hurts any one's feelings.

When Doctor Holmes died on October 7, 1894, America lost one of her best beloved men. Some one has said of him, "He was the gladdest of our singers."

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

As a boy, Thomas Aldrich had a great deal more travel than falls to the lot of most children. This was because of his father's business, which caused the Aldrich family to move from place to place.

Thomas was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, November 11, 1836. The family lived for several years in New Orleans. When he was thirteen years old, Thomas was sent from there "up North" to be prepared for college at his native town. But "college days" never came to him, for when he was sixteen years old his father died and he had to begin to make his own way.

He went to New York and became a clerk in

his uncle's counting-house. He worked there for several years, using most of his spare time in writing poems. These he sent to the newspapers, and when he was only nineteen his first book of poetry was published. It was called "The Bells." Many people read it and wondered who this young poet was. When, a little later, he wrote "The Ballad of Babie Bell," his fame began to spread, so that he could afford to leave the counting-house and be a real poet for a living. He became acquainted with all the young literary men and artists in New York, and because of his delightful ways he was very popular among them.

If I were to tell the names of all the works he wrote, they would make a very long list, for they included poems, and stories, and sketches of travel. It was very easy for him to write, and so he was able to do a great deal; but although he worked so rapidly, he also wrote carefully and never sent anything to be published until he had made it as nearly perfect as he could.

As we go through Bookland, let us stop for a moment and compare the manuscripts of some of the great authors whom we have met on the bookshelves. There was Edgar Allan Poe, who, although he had many faults, was always very careful about the appearance of his writing. No blots or scratchy lines on his pages! Eugene Field was another author who wrote his verses very plainly. Often he even took time to decorate the margin with a little sketch, or to make a beautiful illuminated letter. James Fenimore Cooper wrote hurriedly and carelessly, and his publishers had a hard time to read his writing. William Cullen Bryant always wrote "a fine hand," and some one said that his handwriting even improved as he became an old man. As I said before, Thomas Bailey Aldrich never sent careless-looking things out. He had beautiful ideas and he believed in making them look beautiful to the eye.

After a while Mr. Aldrich became an editor himself—one of the greatest editors in our whole country. To his office in Boston came some of the most famous authors in the world, and they found him just as polished and delightful, just as witty and pleasant, as his writings. Often he took such visitors home to dine, and there they met Mrs. Aldrich and "the twins." These boys were so much alike that one could hardly tell them apart. Besides, one did not have time to study them, because they never were quiet very long.

Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich had traveled abroad a great deal, and their beautiful home in Boston had all sorts of interesting things from other lands.

When you read the poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, you will know that, besides picking up curios, he gathered many beautiful legends in foreign countries and wove them into dainty ballads. There is that Spanish one called "It was a Knight of Aragon." Read it. There is a splendid "swing" to it. Then read that one called "The World's Way." That is a story from the Far East.

He also found things to write about near at hand. Read "We Knew it Would Rain," and see how a poet can find beautiful ways of saying commonplace things.

Perhaps you would not like his prose stories now as well as you would like his verse. They are beautiful, but there is not so much plot in them as boys and girls like. Some one has said that Aldrich's prose is "like unrhymed poetry." You will be interested to know that in his "Story of a Bad Boy," the Tom Bailey he writes of is his very self, and that the "Rivermouth" of his various stories is really his boyhood's home, Portsmouth.

It was in Boston, on March 19, 1907, that Thomas Bailey Aldrich died; but he will live always in his beautiful writings.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT was thirty-three years old on November 29, 1832, and when he unwrapped his birthday present from its soft flannel blankets he found a tiny baby girl. There was already one little daughter in the Alcott home, and two more came later, but Louisa May, his birthday girl, always held a special place in her father's heart.

She was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, but when she was only three the Alcotts moved to Boston. In fact, they moved around a great deal, for Mr. Alcott was always hoping to be more successful in the next place. In spite of the fact that he could not earn money, he was a noble man, and his wife and children were very proud of him. He was a wonderful scholar, and many famous men were happy to claim him as a friend. Ralph Waldo Emerson once said to Louisa, "Your father could have talked with Plato"; and Plato, you know, was one of the wisest scholars the world ever had. After that, when Louisa wrote letters to her father, she often began them: "My dear old Plato."

The Alcott girls could not have pretty dresses and fancy hats, and they knew what it was even to be cold and hungry, but there was always something interesting going on. They were early taught to sew and help mother with the house-



AUTHORS OF THE UNITED STATES.

FROM THE PAINTING BY THOMAS HICKS.

1. Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie.
2. Prentice.
3. W. Keppell.
4. Kennedy.
5. Alice Cary.
6. Holmes.
7. Miss Sedgwick.
8. Mrs. Sigourney.
9. Mrs. Southworth.
10. Mitchell.

12. Loufellow.
13. Morris.
14. Poe.
15. Tuckerman.
16. Hawthorne.
17. Bryant.
18. Simms.
19. Halleck.
20. P. Pendleton Cooke.
21. Hoffman.
22. Cooper.

23. Prescott.
24. Bancroft.
25. Irving.
26. Parke Godwin.
27. R. H. Dana.
28. Motley.
29. Margaret Fuller (Ossoli).
30. Beecher.
31. Curtis.
32. Channing.
33. Emerson.

34. Mrs. Stowe.
35. Lowell.
36. Mrs. Kirkland.
37. Whittier.
38. Boker.
39. Bayard Taylor.
40. Stoddard.
41. Saxe.
42. Cozens.
43. Gallagher.
44. Mrs. Amelia Welby.

work, and there were plenty of good books for them to read.

Louisa did not like arithmetic, but history, geography, and stories were her delight. She perhaps inherited her talent for writing from her father, who was the author of several books, but some one has said of him that "his best contribution to literature was his daughter Louisa." At any rate, while still very young Louisa used to go off by herself sometimes and write stories which she would read to the other children. She would write little plays too, and under her direction and with her as "leading lady" they would play them out in the old barn.

Each of the Alcott girls kept a diary. Here is part of a page written by Louisa when she was ten years old and lived on the little farm at "Fruitlands":

"I rose at five and had my bath. I love cold water! Then we had our singing-lessons with Mr. Lane. After breakfast I washed dishes and ran on the hill till nine, and had some thoughts—it was so beautiful up there."

She was a regular romp, and could outclimb and outrun almost every boy in the neighborhood. All her life she was fond of being outdoors, and she was more proud of her ability to walk twenty miles at a stretch than of her talent for writing.

Mrs. Alcott was a very busy woman, but always found time to be the best chum of her daughters. Very often they would find dear little notes from "Marmee" pinned to their pillow-cases when they went to bed or awoke in the morning. Louisa was a splendid story-teller, and would act out her stories very dramatically. Indeed, she hoped to be a great actress some day; but there were family debts which must be paid and she found that sewing, teaching, and writing were the tools she must use to help her dear ones. Her motto was, "Do the duty that lies nearest," and she lived up to it all through her life.

She was only sixteen when she began teaching her first class, and the twenty children little knew that their teacher would some day be loved by children and grown-ups all over the world. When she was nineteen she sold her first story for five dollars. With this money she bought a new shawl for her mother. Before long she received fifty dollars for another story, and of this she wrote in her diary: "I called it my happy money, for with it I bought a second-hand carpet for our parlor, a bonnet for Anna, some blue ribbons for May, and some shoes and stockings for myself."

At home Louisa's nickname was "Minerva Moody," and here is a part of a letter she wrote to her mother when her writings were beginning to bring in money:

"It 's clear that Minerva Moody is getting on in spite of many downfalls, and by the time she is a used-up old lady of seventy or so she may finish her job and see her family well off. A little late to enjoy much, maybe, but I guess I shall turn in for my last sleep with more content, in spite of the mental weariness, than if I had folded my hands in idleness or gone into fits of despair because things moved so slowly."

During the Civil War Miss Alcott went as a nurse to the poor wounded soldiers, and she herself became ill and was never very strong afterward; but she was a great worker and would sometimes write for fourteen hours, scarcely stopping to eat, when the "writing mood" was on her.

Her thoughts were always of her parents, and no daughter has ever been more devoted. When she had finished writing "Little Women" she wrote in her diary: "Hope it will go. Very tired; head full of pain about Marmee, who is growing feeble."

You all know that "Little Women" is the history of the Alcott family, and that "Jo" in the story was Louisa in real life. People clamored so for this book that the presses could not print it fast enough. Afterward, when she wrote "Little Men," fifty thousand copies were sold before the book was printed, because of the popularity of "Little Women." Read "An Old-Fashioned Girl," "Work," "Moods," and "Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag." You will find them in every library in our land, and in six other lands, for they were translated into half a dozen languages.

After her mother's death Miss Alcott became very sad, but she devoted herself to the dear old father. She was at his bedside when he left this world, and two days later, on March 6, 1888, she too slipped away.

EUGENE FIELD

WHEN we visit Bookland we find that some of the books are on shelves far too high for boys and girls to reach. Grown people will tell you that it is all they can do to reach Browning and Ruskin and many others.

There is one writer whose books you will always find within easy grasp, and they are very apt to be thumb-marked from the loving handling of thousands of boys and girls.

That writer is Eugene Field. When you were a tiny child you loved to be rocked to sleep while some one sang or repeated "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," or "The Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by Street," and you never will grow too old to love those words. Of course you know "Pitty-

Pat and Tippy-Toes," and a dozen more, by heart.

Eugene Field's mother died when he was six years old, but he remembered her so lovingly that even when he was a man he often thought of her, and once, when he heard a Scotch boy sing "My Ain Bonnie Mither," he burst into tears.

Of course he loved children, or he never could have written of them and for them as he did. His bright boys and his lovely daughter idolized him; so did the neighbors' children; so did everybody.

"What was Eugene Field like?" I think I hear some one ask. Well, when you first looked at him you thought him "sort of homely" and solemn; but you looked again, and discovered a merry twinkle in his blue-gray eyes, and pretty soon you loved him—you could n't help it!

Although he could write such wonderful things, he was very modest about it; and although he was a very busy man, he was always kind to strangers who came to see him, especially to the children. "He never sent them away without some bright word, and he rarely sent them away at all."

He was as full of fun as he could be, and could keep every one laughing with his bright wit; but he did not always feel merry, and when you read his "Little Boy Blue" you may know that his heart was breaking because of the beautiful darling who had gone.

The Fields lived just out of Chicago in a big, plain, square house, but when you entered it you forgot that the outside was so homely, for there were so many interesting things to see. There were curios which Eugene Field had bought while in Europe—the queerest, most interesting things. There were pictures, each with its own story. There were books, books, books!

Eugene Field was not a rich man; and instead of buying carriages and fine clothes with the money he earned, he bought books. He was a great reader, and would sometimes read all night. His wife once said: "'Gene spends too much on his treasures, and, worse still, he will sit up till morning gloating over them, foolish fellow!"

When Eugene Field was a boy he lived in St. Louis, where he was born September 2, 1850. It was not till he had become a mature man that he moved to Chicago and wrote for the Chicago "Daily News." Every day thousands of people would turn to his column to see what he had to say. He called his column "Sharps and Flats." Besides this regular work he gave himself to writing stories and poems at odd times, or haunting the bookstores in search of rare volumes.

Sometimes he would make up a little rhyme for a friend. Here is one he wrote in a copy of

"A Little Book of Western Verse"—one of his own works—which he found on a friend's table:

"This little book whereon you look,
Contains much youthful folly;
Some lines by far too solemn are
And some are much too jolly.
Pick out the best and leave the rest
For other folks to read 'em.
I'll print more rhymes to catch betimes
Your friendly dimes—I need 'em."

Have you ever read his "Little Book of Western Verse"? You will like it almost as much as his "Love Songs of Childhood."

When Eugene Field died on November 4, 1895, he was forty-five years old—or forty-five years young, for his heart was always the heart of a great loving boy. He did not leave much money, but he left writings that will make us all richer in sunshine if we read them.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

HE was a chubby little boy, was Jimmy Riley, with big blue-gray eyes, freckles, and touseled yellow hair, but Captain Riley was very proud of his little son. He used to let the boy go to court with him, and there, perched in some window-sill or corner, Jimmy would sit and listen. Sometimes he would mimic every action of the lawyers, the jurymen, and the man who was being tried, for he was a born actor. He looked so comical and wise in his first suit of "boys' clothes" that some one called him "Judge Wick," after a well-known politician, and by that nickname he was known all through his boyhood.

The town of Greenfield, Indiana, was only a tiny place in 1853, when James Whitcomb Riley was born; and by taking a very short walk one could be right in the country. You may be sure little "Judge Wick" used to scamper off toward the woods and the "Old Swimmin'-Hole" as soon as he was old enough to scamper anywhere.

Once he ran away and stayed all day. He thought that a rescue-party would be formed and that all the villagers would come and search for the lost boy as they do in story-books; so he waited and waited, but no one came. He got very hungry, and about supper-time he went home. It seemed to him he had been gone a long, long time. He thought that the family would rush to meet the lost boy, but they had n't even noticed that he was gone!

He loved to watch his father make things, for although Captain Riley was a lawyer, he could make almost anything. His mother's family were great rhymesters, and sometimes they would write letters in rhyme.

Jimmy tried his first rhyme when he was such a small boy that he had to stand on his tiptoes to reach the table on which his paper rested. This rhyme had just four lines and was a valentine. He loved to draw, too, and was always making pictures. He never had much schooling, and, like many other poets, did not like arithmetic; but he always loved to read, and at "speaking pieces" he was the star pupil.

When he left school, his father hoped to make a lawyer of him, but James did not like to study law, and begged his father to let him become a sign-painter. One day, after he had learned this trade, a patent-medicine man came to town and gave a street-show. He had a great big wagon, very bright and shining, fine horses, and some young fellows to play and sing and do stunts, and James joined this merry band. He could paint signs, play the violin or guitar, recite, make rhymes, and draw pictures, and he made himself very popular and useful. When he left this company, he formed a firm of four chaps who traveled around doing advertising, and he made quite a sum of money. Next he took a position on a newspaper. Even here he had to be "general handy man" and write advertisements in rhyme; but he also began writing real poems and sending them to the magazines. Many of them came back and he was getting discouraged, when Mr. Longfellow wrote him a fine, encouraging letter. That cheered him, and soon his luck began to turn. The Indianapolis "Journal" gave him a position, and from that time onward James Whitcomb Riley found plenty of publishers for his writings.

He was always generous in his good fortune, too. Let me tell you one lovely thing he did.

The old family home in Greenfield had to be sold because Captain Riley was unfortunate in business, and when the poet began to earn money he saved it to buy the old house back for his parents. He kept his plans secret until he had enough money, then he sent his father and mother to California for a little trip. While they were gone, the poet and his sisters fixed the old home just as it had been in the good old days, and when father and mother Riley returned, it was open for them. Captain Riley was a Quaker, and the tears of joy ran down his cheeks as he said, "James, thou art a most remarkable son."

James Whitcomb Riley writes of the commonplace people and things he finds about him, for he says that there is "material out o' God's own hands, lying around thick." Of course the people who know him love him, and when it comes to children—well, they swarm around him like bees around a honey-pot!

When you read some of his poems you will want to cry, but a good sympathetic tear never hurt any one. When James Whitcomb Riley himself was a boy, he ran away from school one day because they were reading about Little Nell in Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop," and he could not read it without crying and knew the boys would laugh at him. It is this same tender heart that has made the "Hoosier Poet" so loved by all of us. Besides, if he makes the tears come one minute, he makes the laughter come the next. Read everything you can find from his pen, and learn "Griggsby's Station" and "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." Of course you already know "The Raggedy Man," "Little Orphant Annie," and the "Old Swimmin'-Hole."



Washington Irving



Eugene Field



James Whitcomb Riley

POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

PART I

LAMBS IN THE MEADOW

BY LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA

O LITTLE lambs! the month is cold,
The sky is very gray;
You shiver in the misty grass
And bleat at all the winds that pass.
Wait! when I 'm big—some day—
I 'll build a roof to every fold.

But now that I am small I 'll pray
At mother's knee for you;
Perhaps the angels, with their wings,
Will come and warm you, little things;
I 'm sure that, if God knew,
He 'd let the lambs be born in May.

LULLABY

BY WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

BABY wants a lullaby;
Where should mother find it?
In a bird's nest rocked on high;
Birdie, birdie lined it;
Find it under birdie's wing—
Soft birdie's feather—
O the downy, downy thing!
O the summer weather!

Baby wants a lullaby;
Where shall sister find it?
In a soft cloud of the sky,
With white wool behind it;
Watch you may, but cannot guess
If the cloud has motion,
Such a perfect calm there is
In the airy ocean.

O the land of Lullabies!
Where shall father find it?
Safe in mother's breast it lies,
With her arms to bind it;
O a soft and sleepy song!
Sleep, baby blossom!
Sleep is short, sleep is long,
Sweet is mother's bosom!

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD*

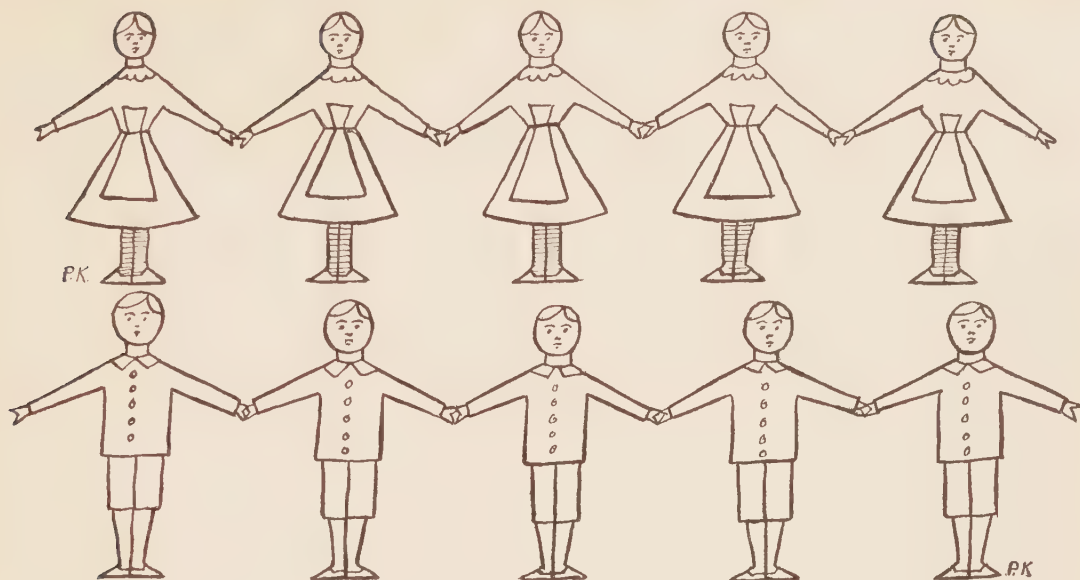
BY EUGENE FIELD

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afraid are we";
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'T was all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 't was a dream they 'd
dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

* From "A Little Book of Western Verse"; copyright, 1889, by Eugene Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.



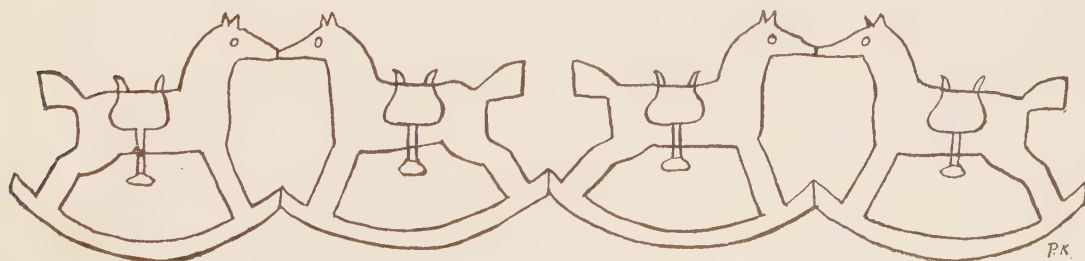
Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
 And Nod is a little head,
 And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
 Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
 So shut your eyes while mother sings
 Of wonderful sights that be,
 And you shall see the beautiful things
 As you rock in the misty sea,
 Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.



PAPER-DOLL POEMS

BY POLLY KING

DEAR little paper dolls, that grow
 All in a beautiful, even row!
 Their toes turn out in a way that 's grand,
 And they look so friendly, hand in hand.
 I 've boughten dolls put away on the shelf—
 For I love these best, that I make myself.



Then there come nice little paper boys
 Who play with the girls, and break their toys.
 They all have trousers down to their knees,
 And they may shout just as loud as they please.
 They never are bothered with dresses and curls,
 And *never* are taken for little girls.

Of course there are cats in Paper Land,
 Or who would catch the rats?
 They talk the language children talk,
 And not the talk of cats.
 They say, instead of "purr," and "mew,"
 "Good afternoon," and "How do you do?"

The paper folks don't always walk,
 But ride out every day;
 Their horses go just like the wind,
 And do not care for hay—
 They gallop in a long straight line,
 And really do look very fine.

THE FUNNIEST THING IN THE WORLD*

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THE funniest thing in the world, I know,
 Is watchin' the monkeys 'at 's in the show!—
 Jumpin' an' runnin' an' racin' roun',
 'Way up the top o' the pole; nen down!
 First they 're here, an' nen they 're there,
 An' ist a'most any an' ever'where!—
 Screechin' an' scratchin' wherever they go,
 They 're the funniest thing in the world, I know!

They 're the funniest thing in the world, I
 think:—
 Funny to watch 'em eat an' drink;
 Funny to watch 'em a-watchin' us,
 An' actin' 'most like grown folks does!—
 Funny to watch 'em p'tend to be
 Skeerd at their tail 'at they happen to see;—
 But the funniest thing in the world they do
 Is never to laugh, like me an' you!

THE WISE LITTLE MICE

Six little mice sat down to spin,
 Pussy passed by, and she peeped in.
 "What are you at, my little men?"
 "Making coats for gentlemen."
 "Shall I come in and bite off your threads?"
 "No, no, Miss Pussy, you 'll snip off our heads."
 "Oh, no, I 'll not, I 'll help you to spin."
 "That may be so, but you don't come in!"

*From "Rhymes of Childhood," copyright 1890, used
 by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-
 Merrill Company.

A. APPLE PIE

BY EDWARD LEAR

a

A was once an apple-pie,
 Pidy,
 Widy,
 Tidy,
 Pidy,
 Nice insidy,
 Apple-pie!

b

B was once a little bear,
 Beary,
 Wary,
 Hairry,
 Beary,
 Taky cary,
 Little bear!

c

C was once a little cake,
 Caky,
 Baky,
 Maky
 Caky,
 Taky caky,
 Little cake!

d

D was once a little .doll,
 Dolly,
 Molly,
 Polly,
 Nolly,
 Nursy dolly,
 Little doll!

e

E was once a little eel,
 Ecly,
 Weely,
 Peely,
 Ecly,
 Twirly, tweely,
 Little eel!

f

F was once a little fish,
 Fishy,
 Wishy,
 Squishy,
 Fishy,
 In a dishy,
 Little fish!

g

G was once a little goose,
 Goosy,
 Moosy,
 Boosey,
 Goosey,
 Waddly-woosy,
 Little goose!

h

H was once a little hen,
 Henny,
 Chenny,
 Tenny,
 Henny,
 Eggsy-any,
 Little hen?

i

I was once a bottle of ink,
 Inky,
 Dinky,
 Thinky,
 Inky,
 Blacky minky,
 Bottle of ink!

j

J was once a jar of jam,
 Jammy,
 Mammy,
 Clammy,
 Jammy,
 Sweety, swammy,
 Jar of jam!

k

K was once a little kite,
 Kity,
 Whity,
 Flighty,
 Kity,
 Out of sighty,
 Little kite!

l

L was once a little lark,
 Larky,
 Marky,
 Harky,
 Larky,
 In the parky,
 Little lark!

m

M was once a little mouse,
 Mousy,
 Bousy,
 Sousy,
 Mousy,
 In the housy,
 Little mouse!

n

N was once a little needle,
 Needly,
 Tweedly,
 Threedly,
 Needly,
 Wisky, wheedly
 Little needle!

o

O was once a little owl,
 Owly,
 Prowly,
 Howly,
 Owly,
 Brownly fowly,
 Little owl!

p

P was once a little pump,
 Pumpy,
 Slumpy,
 Flumpy,
 Pumpy,
 Dumpy, thumpy,
 Little pump!

q

Q was once a little quail,
 Quaily,
 Faily,
 Daily,
 Quaily,
 Stumpy-taily,
 Little quail!

r

R was once a little rose,
 Rosy,
 Posy,
 Nosy,
 Rosy,
 Blows-y, grows-y,
 Little rose!

s

S was once a little shrimp,
 Shrimpy,
 Nimpy,
 Flimpy,
 Shrimpy,
 Jumpy, jimpy,
 Little shrimp!

t

T was once a little thrush,
 Thrushy,
 Hushy,
 Bushy,
 Thrushy,
 Flitty, flushy,
 Little thrush!

u

U was once a little urn,
 Urny,
 Burny,
 Turny,
 Urny,
 Bubbly, burny,
 Little urn!

v

V was once a little vine,
 Viny,
 Winy,
 Twiny,
 Viny,
 Twisty-twiny,
 Little vine!

w

W was once a whale,
 Whaly,
 Scaly,
 Shaly,
 Whaly,
 Tumbly-taily,
 Mighty whale!

x

X was once a great king Xerxes,
 Xerxy,
 Perxy,
 Turxy,
 Xerxy,
 Linxy, lurxy,
 Great King Xerxes!

y

Y was once a little yew,
 Yewdy,
 Fewdy,
 Crudy,
 Yewdy,
 Growdy, grewdy,
 Little yew!

z

Z was once a piece of zinc,
 Tinky,
 Winky,
 Blinky,
 Tinky,
 Tinkly minky,
 Piece of zinc!

FOUR PETS

By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Pussy has a whiskered face,
 Kitty has such pretty ways,
 Doggie scampers when I call,
 And has a heart to love us all.

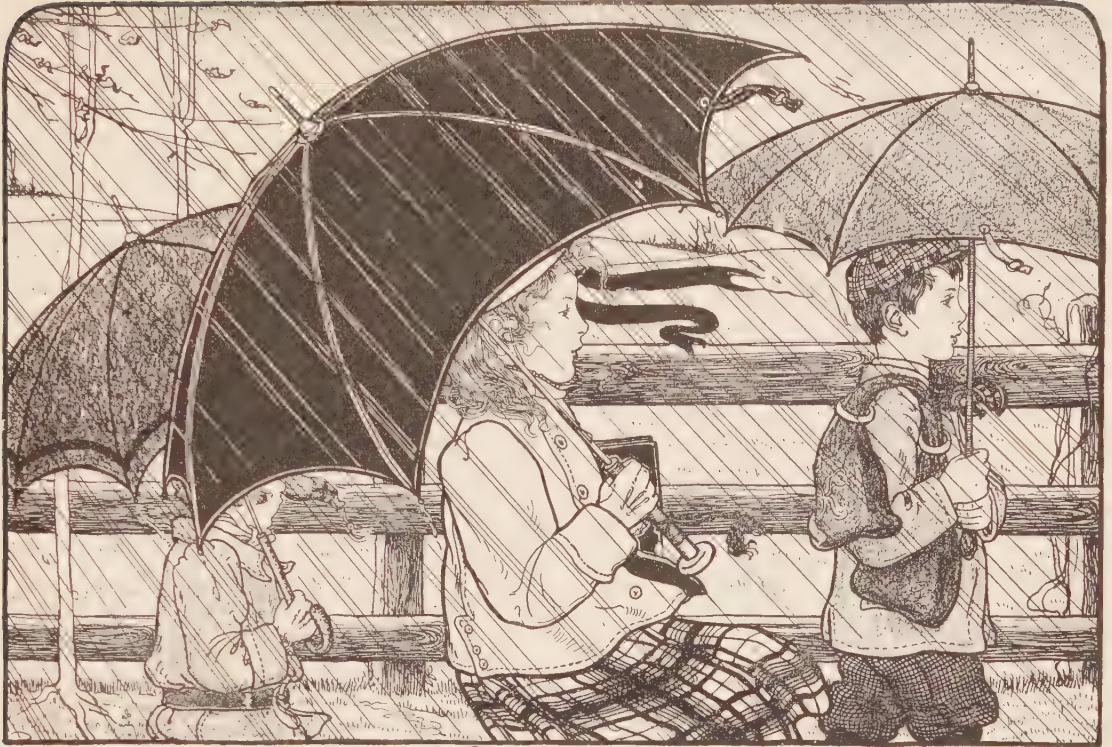
The dog lies in his kennel,
 And puss purrs on the rug,
 And baby perches on my knee
 For me to love and hug.

Pat the dog and stroke the cat
 Each in its degree;
 And cuddle and kiss my baby,
 And baby kiss me.

THE WREN AND THE HEN

SAID a very small wren
 To a very large hen,
 "Pray, why do you make such a clatter?
 I never could guess
 Why an egg more or less
 Should be thought so important a matter."

Then answered the hen
 To the very small wren,
 "If I laid such small eggs as you, madam,
 I would not cluck so loud,
 Nor would I feel proud.
 Look at these! How you 'd crow if you had 'em."



UMBRELLAS AND RUBBERS

UMBRELLAS and rubbers
You never forget,
Whenever it 's raining
Or snowy or wet;

But if it should clear up,
While you are away,
Please bring them back home
For the next rainy day.

WHISPERING IN SCHOOL

"Do not whisper" is a rule
You will find in every school,
And the reason here is given
In a rhyme:
For children all will chatter
About any little matter—
And there 'd be a dreadful clatter,
All the time!





RECESS

THE romping boys
Make lots of noise,
And run and jump and laugh and shout,
While here and there,
With quiet air,
The girls in couples walk about.

A game begins,
But no one wins,
Although they play with might and main,
For long before
The game is o'er
The bell rings out for school again.



AFTER SCHOOL

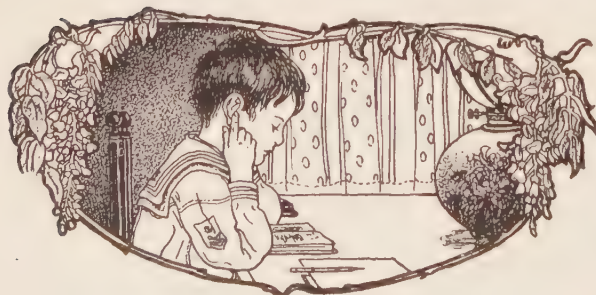
ALTHOUGH we like to go to school,
We're rather glad to put away
Our books and slates and other things,
When it is over for the day

And off we go to play and romp,
While teacher, who is good and kind,
Is left behind all by herself—
But then, perhaps, she does n't mind.



MONDAY'S LESSONS

STUDY them well on Friday,
For it's much the better way,
Because when once they're finished
You've all Saturday for play.



IF I WERE QUEEN.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



If I were Queen of Anywhere,
I'd have a golden crown,
And sit upon a velvet chair,
And wear a satin gown.
A Knight of noble pedigree
Should wait beside my seat,

To serve me upon bended knee
With things I like to eat.
I'd have bonbons and cherry pie,
Ice-cream and birthday cake,
And a page should always stay near by
To have my stomach-ache!

THE RHYME OF

TEN LITTLE RABBITS



W. T. D. G.

BY

KATE N. MYTINGER



little rabbit, one
went out in the
field to run.



little rabbits, two
Said they didn't
know what to do.



little rabbits, three
Said: "Let us
climb a tree."



little rabbits, four
Said: "Let's swing
on the old barn door."



5

little rabbits, five
Said: "We're glad
just to be alive."



6

little rabbits,
six

Said: "We like to
pick up sticks."



7

little rabbits,
seven

Said: "We wish we
were eleven."



8

little rabbits,
eight

Said: "Come let us run
through the gate"



9

little rabbits,
nine

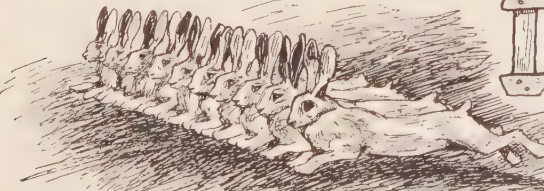
Said: "Then let us
form in line."



10

little rabbits,
ten

all got in line - and then-



wasn't it fun to see them run?

THE LAMENT OF

BY JULIA SCHAYER

THE OUTGROWN DOLL



Jack
19

I
Oh, listen well
While a tale I tell
Of a poor, unfortunate dolly,
Who was born in France
And given by chance
To a sweet little girl named Polly.

II
A wee little girl
With hair all a-curl,
And dimpled cheeks and
shoulders;
When I and she
Took an airing, we
Were the joy of all beholders!

III
Day after day,
As time passed away,
We 'd nothing to do but keep jolly;
But it could not last,
For she grew so fast,
This dear little girl named Polly!

IV
First she was
seven,

Eight, nine, ten, eleven,
And then she was four times three!
She outgrew her crib,
Her apron and bib,
And now—she has outgrown Me!

V
Forgotten, forlorn,
From night till morn
I 'm left in the play-room corner;
From morn till night
In the same sad plight,
Like a pie-less Little Jack Horner!

VI
And Polly, she
At school must be,
Or else the piano strumming,
While I sit here
Growing old and queer,
Vainly expecting her coming.

VII
With a frozen stare
At the walls I glare,
My mind to the question giving,
If the life of a dolly
Outgrown by Polly
Be really worth the living!



EATING BETWEEN MEALS

'TWIXT breakfast and dinner,
And dinner and tea,
A boy may get hungry
As hungry can be.

But if he 's impatient
And eats right away
His appetite 's gone
For the rest of the day.

Whereas by just waiting,
This fact I assert,
His bread and potatoes
Will taste like dessert.



THE RAINBOW COLORS

A Kindergarten Song

BY MARY ELIZABETH STONE



SEE what I have found,
Like a ball so round:
Something red as red can be—
'T is an apple from the tree.



See what I have found,
Like a ball so round:
Oranges are such a treat,
Very good they are to eat.



See what I have found,
Like a ball so round:
'T is a peach with tint of yellow,
For it's ripe and rich and mellow.

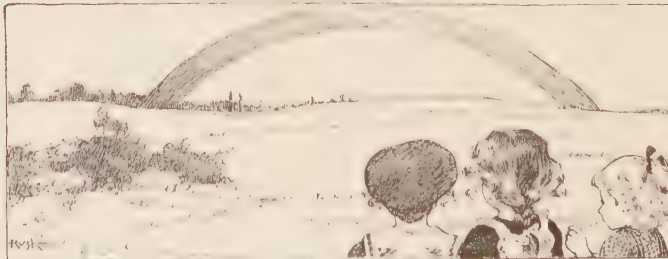


See what I have found,
Little balls so round:
All these grapes are deeply
blue;
And this plum, of violet hue.



See what I have found,
Like a ball so round:
From a green and sunny slope
I have brought a cantaloup.

Now a glance will make it clear,
All the colors have we here.
We can see them, 'way up high,
When a rainbow spans the sky.





CHILDREN FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK—I SUNDAY:

The child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is bonny and blithe, and good and gay.



AT THE SPINET.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE ROMNEY.

PICTURES OF CHILDREN AND CHILD LIFE BY FAMOUS ARTISTS—VI.

FIVE GREAT ENGLISH WRITERS INTRODUCED TO LITTLE FOLK

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

"The Canterbury Tales"

IN the fourteenth century, at the time that Wyclif and his friends were making their translation of the Bible, another famous Englishman was writing poetry, poetry which is read to this day. His name was Geoffrey Chaucer, and he was the first great English poet. He was born in London about 1340. As a young man he was engaged in the service of the court.

Chaucer fought in the wars of Edward III. in France, and was there taken prisoner in 1359. The King ransomed him, and he returned to England. He was sent abroad several times on missions to Italy and other countries; so he was a man who had seen much of the world. He sat in Parliament as a member for Kent.

If we did not know from his history that Chaucer had mixed with all sorts of people, and seen many kinds of life, we should be quite sure of it from his poems. There we find pictures drawn of every class of society; we see that he knew England through and through, from the king on the throne to the beggar in the ditch.

Chaucer's greatest poem and best known work is "The Canterbury Tales." If you ever have read the story of Thomas à Becket and the cruel death he died, you will remember how pilgrims gathered at his tomb from all parts of England. In Chaucer's day such pilgrimages were a great feature of English life.

The most favorite place to which men went was the tomb of Thomas à Becket, St. Thomas of England, at Canterbury. In his poem Chaucer describes how a company of pilgrims gathered at an inn, the Tabard, in London, and then rode to Canterbury together. On the way, to pass the time, they tell tales, and these form "The Canterbury Tales."

From this poem it is easy to gather much knowledge of his times, for he describes every pilgrim carefully, both how he looked and what he wore, and tells us what was his business in

life. He takes care that no two pilgrims should be of the same rank and occupation, and so we get a picture of almost every kind of man or woman that lived and worked in England at that day.

He tells us of the knight and the squire, the man of law and the monk, the shipman and the reeve (farm-bailiff), the miller and the cook, the friar and the nun, the merchant and the franklin (rich farmer), the parson and the yeoman. All these people and many others are described in the opening of the poem before they begin to tell their tales, and they agree that the pilgrim who tells the best tale shall be treated to a fine supper, to be paid for by the rest.

Chaucer lived during the reigns of three kings, Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV. He seems to have been a prosperous man until 1391, when he lost an office he held under the King. For some years he was in difficulties, for we read of him applying to the King's Treasurer for the advance of a sum so small as to equal less than one of our dollars. But when Henry IV. came to the throne in 1399 all was well with him again, for Henry was his friend.

Chaucer lived but one year longer, dying in 1400. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his tomb is still to be seen in Poets' Corner.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

QUEEN ELIZABETH's day was famous for its great writers. It would not be too much to say that the age of Elizabeth was the most famous time in all English history for great poets, and the greatest of them all was William Shakespeare. He is more than that: he is the greatest poet that England, and perhaps the world, ever saw.

Shakespeare was born in April, 1564, at Stratford-on-Avon, a pleasant little market-town in Warwickshire. His father was a man in a fair position while Shakespeare was young, and the boy was sent to the grammar-school of the town.

Then his father fell into poverty, and Shakespeare's education suffered. We are told that he had "small Latin and less Greek." Yet his plays are full of the widest knowledge, and he knew so much of every kind of life that he almost seems to have studied and mastered everything which man could then know!

It is said that he was very wild as a young man, and had to leave home because he went on a deer-stealing frolic to the park of a gentleman living near Stratford. We do not know that it is true, but we do know that he left Stratford when he was twenty-two, and went up to London to seek his fortune. He was already married; at the age of nineteen he had married Anne Hathaway, who lived at Shottery, a village about a mile from Stratford.

At first Shakespeare had a very hard time of it in London trying to make his way. He is said to have held horses at the playhouse door, to have been a call-boy—that is, one who calls the actor and warns him to be ready to go on the stage.

In any case, he soon began the great work of his life, the writing of some of the most wonderful plays the world has ever known. He began by reshaping and improving old plays. Next he began to write plays of his own, and the first he wrote was "Love's Labor's Lost." Then he wrote a play full of fun, called "The Comedy of Errors," and following these came a beautiful piece of work, "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Some of his most famous plays are historical. He wrote plays dealing with the wars in France of Henry V., the Wars of the Roses, and with Henry VIII. and Wolsey. There are great numbers of people who can only figure to themselves the characters of those times as they are seen in Shakespeare. So lifelike is the picture the poet draws, that the man as Shakespeare sets him forth in the play lives to later days in that form. It may be possible that in history he is quite a different kind of man. But Shakespeare's idea of him is the one remembered.

These plays were performed in London, and won great praise. Queen Elizabeth took much delight in them, and the famous men of her court sought the company of the great player and poet. He acted in his own and other plays at the Globe Theater, and is said to have been a very good actor. It is quite certain that he soon grew prosperous among his London friends, for in 1597, when he was thirty-three years old, he bought a good house in Stratford called New Place. He was one of the owners of the Globe Theater, where his plays were performed, and he became a wealthy man.

No one envied Shakespeare his prosperity, for

he was good-natured and kind-hearted. We get a picture of him from Ben Jonson, another famous writer of the day, who says: "I loved the man, and do honor his memory as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions."

Shakespeare continued writing up to the year 1613. For some years before his death he lived quietly in Stratford-on-Avon. Here he died on April 23, 1616. He was fifty-two years old. He was buried in the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon, where his monument may still be seen. So far as we know, there is no one alive who can claim descent from Shakespeare. He had three children, two of whom grew up and married; but the family, it is believed, had completely died out by 1670.

In these few paragraphs we have read almost all that is known about the life of Shakespeare. It is a strange thing that we should know so very little about him. The greatest man of his time seems to have passed quietly out of life with no one to gather up the facts we should have been glad to learn about him and his famous work.

Some people have wondered how Shakespeare, coming from a little country town, and having had but a poor education, could possibly have gained the knowledge of all the things he wrote of. Many of his plays do not deal with the English life that he knew, but with people and places far from England. Yet we must remember that he walked about London streets with his eyes wide open, and the wonderful brain behind the eye observing all men and remembering all things.

At that day, even as now, London was a place where all nations met. There Shakespeare could talk with the adventurers who had sailed the western seas and had long stories to tell of the wonders of the New World; or perhaps they had gone east, and then they talked of India and its dusky princes clad in rich robes stiff with gold; or they were traders to the Mediterranean, and he heard of the Moors of Northern Africa, the Turks, the Italians, of all the many nations who live around that great inland sea.

And we must remember too that the printing-press was busy. For more than a century men had been turning the famous books of Italy and Spain and France into English, and the press had been spreading the translations broadcast. We know that Shakespeare read these, because many of his plays are founded on stories contained in such books.

Much also was to be learned in the streets of Shakespeare's day by simply looking at the crowd

that went to and fro. Nowadays there is but little difference between the dress of one class and another; but then a single glance told you the rank or business of the passer-by. The nobleman went gay in silks and velvets, with rich ornaments of gold upon his sword-belt; the merchant wore a suit of plainer color; the doctor's robe was edged with fur; the lawyer walked in a flowing gown; the citizen wore a russet jerkin and flat cap. Into this busy flow of life Shakespeare stepped, bringing with him a knowledge already perfect of the green fields and the woods which lay about his native place.

To this knowledge of Nature he now added the knowledge of men in the great world, and such was the use he made of what he knew that he seems to have seen all places and all kinds of people with his own eyes.

Shakespeare is great in every kind of play. There is the play which aims at making people laugh by its wit and fun, the comedy, and there are no comedies like Shakespeare's. They are so sunny that there is no malice in the laugh they raise; they are pure fun. Then there is the play called the tragedy; it paints the sadder side of life, tells of the great man whose life breaks down into ruin, of the king cast from his throne, of the murdered prince, of things unhappy and unfortunate. And Shakespeare has written some of the greatest plays of tragedy the world ever saw.

His plays are great because his men and women are so real. He knew human nature so well that his people do, and say, and think just what we feel sure we should if we stood in their places. Thus, when his plays were put upon the stage, people forgot that they were looking upon a mere show, but followed everything as if it were quite real. They laughed at his clowns and jesters, were sad when they saw his kings and queens in great trouble, were joyful with the joyous, and wept with those that mourned.

And so it is to this day. Many of his plays are still performed, and those no longer seen on the stage are widely read. In fact, so completely is the language of Shakespeare worked into our speech that many of our commonest phrases are his. "All that glitters is not gold," "Every inch a King," "What 's in a name?" These and many other sayings often on our lips come from him. Indeed, with the exception of the Bible, there is no book which has given us so many familiar sayings as the plays of Shakespeare.

JOHN MILTON

MORE than three hundred years ago, in the year 1608, a boy was born in the City of London who

was named John Milton. His father lived in Bread Street, a street turning from Cheapside, and at that day filled with the handsome houses of wealthy merchants.

In 1608 the City of London was far different from what it is now. To-day the City—that is, a small district, called "the City," the business center of the great London of which we usually think—is a mass of offices, shops, and warehouses. By day it is filled with crowds of busy people; by night it is almost empty, all the clerks and shopmen gone away to their own homes, and only a few caretakers left. But when John Milton was a boy, the City itself was full of homes. Rich merchants lived above their shops in tall houses with lofty gables, a great sign hanging before each house to mark it from its neighbors.

There were no numbers to the houses, but above every door was a picture or figure, and very often these also showed the occupation of the master of the house. Thus, a figure of a silver cup showed that the house belonged to a silversmith; a figure of a golden spear told people they could buy weapons there; the mercer—the woolen-draper—hung out a picture of a fleece; the shoemaker's sign was a great gilded boot.

Over the doors of the house in which Milton was born hung the figure of an eagle with wings widely spread. This sign always showed that a scrivener lived there, and Milton's father was one. A scrivener was a man who did all kinds of legal writing. He drew up wills, he wrote out agreements ready for people to sign, and he prepared leases. He had a small shop on the ground floor of his house, where people came to give him directions, or he went to the house of his patron and wrote there.

The City streets about which John Milton ran were much more lively then than now. To-day they are busy enough, and the shops are very splendid, but three hundred years ago the citizens of London were very fond of shows, and there were plenty of fine sights to be seen.

The different classes of city workers were formed into guilds, or companies, and every company had its great day, when it marched in procession through the City and held a fine feast. On the day of merrymaking, the City was all alive with people moving about in holiday attire. From the windows they hung out scarlet cloth to make the walls look gay. Crowds lined the streets through which the procession was to pass. When it came, the people looking on saw that every man had put on a new, bright dress in honor of the day. The London train-bands were clad in shining steel, and carried long pikes, and before them went the drummers and fifers, playing a

merry tune. Some in the procession wore strange dresses, so that they looked like wild men, or bears, or dragons, and these last, by some trick, spouted fire from their mouths. At times the companies marched by night, and these processions looked more wonderful still; for the bright colors, the shining steel caps and breastplates, the strange figures, were seen by the light of great torches, and every house was decked with colored lamps.

Such was the London in which John Milton spent his boyhood. As a boy, it is quite possible he may have seen Shakespeare, for not far away from his home was a famous tavern called the Mermaid, and at this tavern Shakespeare and his friends often met. Shakespeare must have passed the Spread Eagle many a time, and perhaps was seen by the beautiful little boy whose name was to live with his in English poetry.

As a child Milton showed every sign that he would become a famous man. He learned his lessons very easily, and had begun to write poetry by the time he was ten years old. He went to St. Paul's School, and stayed there till he was sixteen. From school he went to Cambridge, where he stayed seven years at the University, from 1625 to 1632. It is said that he was so earnest in his studies that he sat whole nights over his books, even when he was quite a boy. For this unwise practice he paid dearly in time by the loss of his eyesight.

After Milton left Cambridge, in 1632, he went to live with his father, who had left London, and bought a house in the country, near Windsor. There Milton spent several quiet years, reading books, and writing some of his most beautiful shorter poems. One of these is called "L'Allegro"; it tells us how sweet is joy, and is filled with gay and joyous pictures of country sights and sounds. There is a companion poem called "Il Penseroso," and that in turn praises melancholy.

In 1638 Milton went abroad for two years to see the famous towns of Italy. But he heard, in 1640, that war was about to break out in England between King and Parliament, and he returned to take his share in the fight for liberty. He put aside all his poetry and his love of the quiet life of a student, and did his utmost for the cause of the Parliament against the King. He wrote many papers in defense of what he thought to be right. These were printed and widely read.

In 1649 King Charles I. lost his head, and England became a republic, or a commonwealth, as it was called. Milton was given the post of Latin Secretary. In those days Latin was the language always used in letters and papers sent from one country to another, and dealing with affairs of

government. Soon after this, Milton suffered a great misfortune. His eyes had always given him much trouble. They became weaker and weaker, and in 1652 he went quite blind. This was a terrible loss to a man who loved books beyond anything else.

In 1660 Charles II. came to England, and was placed on the throne. At once he began to punish all those who had had anything to do with the death of his father. Milton was one of them, and he was flung into prison. These were dark days for the great poet. He was over fifty years old, poor, blind, shut up in prison, and most of his friends dead or fled abroad.

At last some one spoke for him, and obtained his release. Milton settled down in a house in Bunhill Fields, and resolved to begin his great poem. For more than twenty years he had been turning over in his mind the plan of a poem upon some great subject. But he had not been able to work at it during the stormy years between 1640 and 1660. He never forgot his studies, and the happy days he spent in writing before the great civil war broke out. "I may one day hope," said he, when thinking of them, "to have ye again in a still time, when there shall be no chiding—not in these Noises." And so he put aside his own work to work for his country.

After he was set free from prison, and had settled in his quiet house in a quiet London street, he had the peace he wished for. He spent some years in writing the poem which he had had so long in mind, and finished it in 1665. It is called "Paradise Lost." It describes the creation of the world, the life of Adam and Eve in Paradise, the manner in which they were tempted and fell, and how they were driven from the Garden of Eden.

"Paradise Lost" is one of the great books of the world. It is written in very pure, noble English, and abounds with wonderful pictures of earth and heaven. It was published, in 1667, and at once Milton took his place as second only to Shakespeare among English poets.

Afterward Milton wrote another poem, called "Paradise Regained," a poem dealing with the life of Christ, which was published in 1671. Milton died three years later, November 8, 1674, at the age of sixty-six.

DANIEL DEFOE

THERE is no story which boys and girls love better than the famous old story of "Robinson Crusoe." For nearly two hundred years it has given great delight to generation after generation of readers. Many books have been written in imitation of it, but never one to equal it.

Its author, Daniel Defoe, was born in London in 1661, a few years before the Great Plague and the Great Fire. His father, a butcher, was fairly well-to-do, so that Defoe received a good education. He appears to have been a quick, lively youth, of good impulses, straightforward, and too generous to take a mean advantage of another, for he tells us that he "learned from an English boxing boy never to strike an enemy when he is down."

In 1685 all England was stirred by the news that the Duke of Monmouth, nephew of James II.—the King who then ruled over England—had landed in Dorsetshire with a body of troops. Monmouth aimed at driving his uncle from the throne.

James II.—formerly Duke of York—was very anxious to bring England over to the Roman Catholic form of religion. Monmouth declared that he had landed in defense of the Protestant faith, and he called upon all Protestants to help him against the Roman Catholic King. Thousands flocked to join Monmouth, and among them was Daniel Defoe, at that time a young man of twenty-four. He fought in the unlucky Battle of Sedgemoor, where Monmouth and his followers were overthrown, and then he had to fly for his life and hide himself.

After the battle the royal troops put numbers of the rebels to death without mercy. Those who were taken prisoners fared no better. Many were hanged; many were sent abroad to work as slaves.

Defoe, however, had the good fortune to find a safe hiding-place, and after matters had quieted down he returned to London and opened a hosier's shop.

But he did not prosper, for his heart was not in his business. He took such great interest in public affairs that he forgot all about his own. As a youth of twenty-one he had begun to write pamphlets on the questions of the day, and now he wrote more busily still.

In 1688 James II. was driven from the throne, and William III. and Mary began to reign. The party to which Defoe belonged, the Whigs, had a great share in bringing about this change, and the hosier, now that political matters were settled more to his liking, began to pay attention to his own business. It cannot be said that he was successful. He made one or two trade ventures to Spain and Portugal. They failed, and Defoe became a bankrupt. But in the end he proved himself an honest man, for when times became better with him he sought out those who had lost by his bankruptcy and paid them.

In 1701 he published a poem called "The True-Born Englishman," a poem in favor of William

III., who had many enemies in the country. The King was so pleased with it that he sent for Defoe and treated him with great kindness. This was the most prosperous part of Defoe's life. But William died in 1702, and Queen Anne came to the throne, a change which cost Defoe, who was a strong Dissenter, all court favor.

William III. had been very friendly to the Whigs, to which party the Dissenters belonged. Anne favored the Tory and High Church party. The latter, now that they had come into power again, began to make the Dissenters feel the weight of their hands. They began to impose severe penalties upon all who did not belong to the Church of England.

Upon this Defoe wrote one of the most famous of his pamphlets, "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters." It was written so cleverly that at first it deceived every one. It appeared to go strongly against the Dissenters, and advised that they should be treated in the most savage manner. The High Church party gave it the warmest welcome, and for a time thought that the writer, Daniel Defoe, was the finest man in the world. But it was not long before people began to see its true meaning. Under pretense of siding with the Tories, the pamphlet really mocked at their claims, and poked bitter fun at them. The pamphlet flew from hand to hand, and a great shout of laughter against the Tories arose wherever it was read.

The rage of the High Church party rose beyond all bounds. In fear of their power, Defoe fled into hiding. A large reward was offered to any one who would say where he was. No one betrayed him. Failing Defoe, orders were given to seize the printer and publisher of the little book. Defoe at once gave himself up to save them. His punishment was severe. The book was publicly burned; he was ordered to pay a heavy fine, to stand three times in the pillory, to find people who would be answerable for his good behavior for seven years, and to be imprisoned during the pleasure of the Queen.

A strange sight was seen when Defoe was put in the pillory. It was the custom of the mob, when an unfortunate man stood there, to pelt him with stones, mud, and filth. Upon Defoe being fastened up, they gave him a hearty cheer, drank his health, decked the pillory with flowers, hung a garland about his neck, and watched that he was treated with the utmost respect.

Defoe lay in prison for two years, and was there strongly tempted, for the government promised him instant release and favor if he would employ his powerful pen in its behalf. At last he was released, and although his prosecu-

tion had cost him several thousand pounds, he had not lost heart. He began again to write, and now he pleased all parties by writing in favor of the union between England and Scotland, and for his services he was given a place under the government.

He now gave up writing on political affairs, and his rapid pen turned out lives, stories of adventure, and accounts of historical events. Of these works the most famous is "The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." It was published in 1719, became at once a favorite with all, and remains the greatest favorite in its class of writing to this day.

The great power of Defoe lies in his wonderful gift of making everything seem so real. "Robinson Crusoe" does not read like a story which has been made up by some one. It is just as if everything had really happened, Robinson setting it down on the spot. It is true that the story is founded in some part on the adventures of a real man, Alexander Selkirk, who spent more than four years alone on the island of Juan Fernandez, but Defoe took little more than the idea of a desert island from Selkirk's story; the events of the tale are his own.

Another work in which his power is seen to the full is his famous "Journal of the Plague Year." It professes to be a journal written by a man who stayed in London during the dreadful time of the Great Plague of 1665; it is really a story put together by Defoe. As he was four years old when the plague broke out, it is certain that he must have listened to many tales from the lips of those who saw the dead and dying, the plague-pits, and the deserted city of that year.

To these recollections he has given such life that it is impossible, as you read, not to believe that the "Journal" is true, and that the man who professes to write it had seen everything with his own eyes. Indeed, many people have read "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Journal of the Plague Year" and believed fully that they were reading of the experiences of actual men. Their surprise has been very great to learn that they had been reading fiction. By means of his writings Defoe earned large sums of money. Toward the end of his life he suffered much from ill health. He died in London on April 26, 1731.

JOSEPH ADDISON

THE reign of Queen Anne, like that of Queen Elizabeth, is famous for the great writers who lived in that day. Among the chief of these was Joseph Addison, who was born near Amesbury,

in Wiltshire, May 1, 1672. He was educated at Charterhouse, in London, and at Oxford. After traveling abroad from 1699 to 1703 he settled in London, where he was very often to be found at Button's Coffee-house.

In Addison's time the coffee-houses were places where men met and talked over the news of the day as they drank their dishes of coffee. There were many such houses in various parts of London, and they filled the place that clubs fill to-day. At one coffee-house hardly any persons met but military men, and here the war news of the time was discussed; at another, tradesmen met and talked over the business matters of the country; at another, politicians argued about affairs of state; at another, literary men gathered to talk about new books, new poems, and new writers.

There were no daily newspapers then, and it was in the coffee-houses that the news of the day became known. This news was sent into the country by means of news-letters. A man would go from one coffee-house to another till he had learned what was being talked of in each place. Then he sat down and wrote the news he had gathered upon a large sheet of paper, and sent the letter off by post to the people who employed him to send word of what was going on in London. The news-letter would then often pass from hand to hand through a whole countryside till it was worn to pieces.

In company with Addison was often seen his great friend Richard Steele, a writer whose fame is little less than Addison's own. Steele and Addison had been friends at school, and their friendship was continued as men. In 1709 Steele started a paper called "The Tatler"; it came out three times a week, and Addison helped his friend by writing for it. But in 1711 the two friends brought out a more important paper, which ran for two years, the famous "Spectator." Everybody was delighted with this paper, and it was read all over the country. It was so clever, so witty, so amusing, and with it all so good-natured, that it became a general favorite.

These papers, "The Tatler" and "The Spectator," did not publish news like our daily papers; they were essays, short pieces of writing upon matters in which all took an interest; or sometimes amusing letters were printed, in which some folly of the day was touched upon.

It was a time when manners were rude and people were fond of low pleasures. "The Spectator" tried to better this state of affairs; its papers were planned to make people like better things, to improve their conduct. It did not preach at its readers; it knew that the people it

wished to reach would not listen to anything of too serious a tone. But a paper would appear making fun of some foolish practice, and doing so in such a clever fashion as to offend no one, yet going far to kill it, for no one liked to do a thing which was laughed at in "The Spectator."

Or, again, a paper would be written on some great poet, such as Milton, and the readers would be led to take an interest in a noble book which would otherwise not have been opened by them. Then there was an imaginary club, whose doings "The Spectator" reported, and this gave a chance to draw some pictures of true gentlemen for others to copy. Chief among these characters is that of Sir Roger de Coverley, a fine old English country gentleman, whose manners were old-fashioned, but whose heart was true and good and kind.

All these things were written of in such pure and beautiful English that every one read the papers with great pleasure. The language was so simple, so clear, yet so well chosen, that to read a "Spectator" seemed as if one were listening to a very clever person telling a delightful and amusing story. And so it remains to this day. The volumes in which the numbers of "The Spectator" are printed form one of the greatest treasures of English literature.

"The Spectator" ran daily for about two years. Of the five hundred essays it contains, Addison wrote some three hundred, and his are the fa-

mous papers that treat of Sir Roger de Coverley. Sometimes he wrote a poem for it, and in "The Spectator" for Saturday, August 3, 1712, appeared the well-known hymn beginning:

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim."

Addison's poems are not now read so much as his prose. He wrote a poem, called "The Campaign," upon the Battle of Blenheim, and this brought him under the notice of the government, which gave him a place of profit. He afterward rose to high position as an officer of the state, but retired from public life in 1718, with a liberal pension. In the year 1716 he married the Countess of Warwick, but the marriage was an unhappy one. He died in London, June 17, 1719.

Addison was the chief of a group of famous writers. We have spoken of his friend Richard Steele; and another friend of Addison's, Jonathan Swift,—Dean Swift,—is well known as the author of "Gulliver's Travels" and other famous books. He was a great master of English prose. There was a crowd of poets, the greatest name being that of Alexander Pope, who translated the poems of Homer, the great Greek poet, and wrote some of the cleverest verse we have. And of lesser writers there were so many that the phrase "the wits of Queen Anne's time" has become a well-known saying.





FAIRY TALES AND FABLES

WHAT ARE FAIRY TALES?

The sort of fairies that children love are those that have been for ages believed in by the people who came from the north of Europe and settled in the British Isles. These people, as you know, came chiefly from the western and northern lands, and brought with them the idea of a tiny race of beings who lived in the fields, the caves, or underground, and who were fond of dancing by moonlight, of riding on birds and butterflies, of collecting treasures of gold or silver, and of helping the good out of their troubles and playing pranks on the wicked or the cruel.

They had some faults, being fond of tricks, and now and then they were believed to carry off babies, leaving queer little creatures known as changelings in their places. If they liked, they could be unseen, or could go with the speed of the wind through the air. They had a king and a queen, and many of them, especially the women fairies, had magic wands with which they could do marvelous deeds.

They were very fond of children and of lovely maidens, and if kindly treated often gave gifts to their favorites. But these gifts, like the fairies themselves, were rather uncertain; a bag of gold might turn to be a sack of stones in the hands of one whom the fairies meant to trick.

Some wise men tell us that the old fairy stories we all know—"The Sleeping Beauty," "Cinderella," and "The Master Thief," for example—are what is left of old religions. They say that when people give up old beliefs for better ones, the stories that once had to do with the gods or goddesses are slowly changed into a new form and at last may take the form of fairy tales.

Certainly we know that there have always

been tales that dealt with magic, and with sprites, elves, goblins, witches, and such queer creatures, and that from being serious and rather scaring, they have come to be pleasing or amusing stories in which the magical doings are more often to help those in trouble than to harm mankind. The true fairy folk, such as we all love to hear of, began to be written about not much more than three hundred years ago—that is, a little earlier than the days of Queen Elizabeth and Shakespeare. Before that time there was more of fear than of fun in the old tales, and very likely this was so because the people then believed that the stories were true. Later, the people came to understand that the fairies and elves were only means of making things happen in a way that seemed more unusual and more interesting than everyday happenings.

In Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" we have the newer kind of Fairyland—where King Oberon and the lovely little Queen Titania with their tiny fairy folk busy themselves with good and evil; for in the few pages that have to do with the life of the fairies something is told of nearly everything that the little creatures do, and there are plainly two kinds of creatures at work. Puck and his sort are the teasing mischief-makers, while the Queen and her train are the gentle little sprites who care for the flowers, hanging dewdrops to them, and whose chief pleasure is to dance in the fairy rings or upon the smooth sea-beach.

And even to-day we still have in our fairy tales the good and the bad fairies—the little dwarfs or elves or goblins, and the kind Fairy Godmother, or the winged helper who aids the Princess to spin the

great heap of flax that she could not finish in a year.

In speaking of the flax-spinning, I am reminded to ask you to notice how delightfully old-fashioned the fairy tales are. Every king in Europe might lose his crown, or all the lands of the earth be ruled by presidents, but the kings, queens, princesses, and their like will still wear golden crowns in the tales of Fairyland. Inventions and discoveries may change the real world until older folks feel out of place; but it will take long ages to bring a real fairy to use the telephone or to ride in a touring-car.

And, indeed, why should they? Can they not outfly the swiftest aeroplane, and send messages quicker and farther than the wireless? There are stories that tell about all these modern wonders, and also bring in the fairies; but you trust me when I tell you that these are only "pretend fairy stories," and that you need not even try to believe them. But with the real fairy stories it is very, very different. The more you can believe them, the better for you, and the more happiness will be brought into your life by the little creatures who have done nothing better than to bring us all visions of a lovely, old-time kingdom where the good are always sure to be rewarded and the wicked to meet with justice.

It would be easy to tell you the names of men and women who have told us fairy tales; but after all, the true fairies are not made up by those who write out their adventures. They have existed ever since the world was young, grass grew, and flowers bloomed. Each of us hears of them from his elders, and passes on the telling to his children, that these may let their children know the traditions of Fairyland.

That is enough to say here about fairy tales. As for what we call fables, we might almost say that they are fairy stories of another kind, for they teach us or amuse us by making imaginary persons or beings, and even animals, and things that do not really live at all, speak and act much in the same way that boys and girls and men and women do. So that we may, if we rightly read it, get as much pleasure and profit from a good fable as we can from a good fairy tale.

Every boy and girl has read fairy tales and fables and knows how delightful they are. Boys and girls are always glad to get

new ones, or even to read old ones over and over again. The two or three examples of such stories given here may be new to some of you; but whether new or old, you will be sure to enjoy them. Many other examples of fairy lore and fable will be found in other volumes of this series, and they will be sure to give great pleasure to young readers.

UNA AND THE LION

By EDMUND SPENSER

Retold by Jeanie Lang

(More than 300 years ago there lived in England a poet named Edmund Spenser. He was brave and true and gentle, and he loved all that was beautiful and good. He wrote many poems, but the most beautiful of all is the one called "The Faerie Queene." The story of "Una and the Lion" is taken from "The Faerie Queene," in which great poem there are many more. Some day you will read the others for yourself.)

ONCE upon a time, in a country not far from Fairyland, lived a king and queen and their daughter, whose name was Una.

Una was one of the most beautiful princesses that ever were seen, and she was as good as she was beautiful.

She and her father and mother loved each other very dearly, and they were very happy together, until a dreadful thing happened in their kingdom and took all their happiness away.

A hideous dragon came from another country, and killed men and women and little children. With its fiery breath it turned the trees and grass and flowers into black ashes, and it slew everybody that it came across.

It would have killed Una's father and mother too, but they and some of their servants shut themselves up in a tower made of brass. The dragon tried very hard to get in and eat them up, but it could not break into a tower so strong.

For seven years the king and queen hid in their tower, while the dragon lay outside.

Many brave knights came and fought with the horrible monster and tried to save the king and queen. But the dragon was stronger than all the knights, and killed every one of them.

At last Una made up her mind to ride to Fairyland and ask the Queen of the Fairies to send one of her knights to kill the dragon.

Una took no soldiers nor servants with her, but a dwarf carried for her the food and clothes she

needed, and she rode forth on a little white ass.

Her dress was of white, but she covered it and her beautiful, shining, golden hair with a black cloak to show that she felt sad. Her lovely face was very sorrowful, for she was so unhappy at the cruel things the dragon had done, and the danger her dear father and mother were in.

Una safely got to the court of the Faerie Queene, and a young knight, fearless and faithful and true, offered to come back with her to kill the dragon.

His name was George, but on the breast of his silver armor, and on his silver shield, a red cross was painted. So people called him the Red Cross Knight.

The sun shone bright, and the birds sang sweetly, as Una and her knight rode away through the woods that lay between her father's kingdom and the lands of the Faerie Queene.

The knight's great war-horse pranced and champed at its bit, and Una's little donkey put down its dainty feet gently on the grass and wondered at the great big horse and his jingling harness as they went along side by side.

Before they had gone very far a storm came on. The sky grew dark and rain fell heavily, and they would have been drenched had they not found shelter in a thick wood. There were wide paths in this wood, and tall trees whose leafy branches grew so close that no rain could come through.

It was such a beautiful wood, and they were so happy talking together and listening to the birds' sweet song, that they rode along without noticing where they went.

So when the rain stopped and they wished to get back to the open road, they could not find the way. On and on they went, until they came to the mouth of a great dark cave.

The knight sprang from his horse, and, giving his spear to the dwarf to hold, went forward to see what might be hidden in the darkness.

"Do not be so rash!" cried Una; "I know that this is a terribly dangerous place, and that a dreadful monster stays in that black den!"

The frightened dwarf also begged him to come away, but the knight said, "I should be ashamed to come back. If one is good, one need have no fear of the darkness."

So into the darkness he went, and in the faint light that came from his shining armor he saw a hideous monster. It had a great ugly head and a long speckled tail like a serpent's, and it rushed at the knight, roaring furiously. He struck at it with his sword, but it wound its horrible tail around him, until he was nearly crushed to death.

Una called to him not to fear, but to strike the monster bravely. And he, smiting it with all his might, cut off its head.

Then Una and he rode joyfully onward, and, as evening fell, they found a way out of the wood. On the road they met an old man who looked kind and good. He asked them to stay all night in his cottage in a little valley near at hand, and they gladly went.

This old man was a wicked magician, and all he wanted was to do them harm.

When they had lain down to rest, he began to work his magic on them. So well did he do it, that he made the Red Cross Knight believe that Una was very false and wicked, and that the best thing he could do was to go away from her. Very early in the morning the knight made the dwarf saddle his horse, and they went off together and left Una asleep in the house of the wicked magician.

When she awoke and found them gone, Una could only weep bitterly at what seemed to her their cruelty.

She rode after them as quickly as she could, but her little donkey could only go slowly, and in his anger and sorrow the knight had made his horse gallop so fast that she had no chance of overtaking them.

Day after day, up hill and down dale, in woods and on lonely moors, she sought her knight. And her heart was very sad, because he whom she loved had left her so ungently.

One day when she was very tired she lay down to rest under the trees in a thick wood. She took off her black cloak, and her beautiful golden hair fell loosely round her face. Her face was so fair and so full of goodness that it seemed to make sunshine in the shady place.

Suddenly there rushed at her from out of the wood a furious lion. He was hunting for something to kill and eat, and when he saw Una he ran at her greedily, with hungry gaping jaws.

But when he had looked at her lovely face, instead of tearing her in pieces he gently licked her little white hands and feet. And Una's sad heart was so grateful to the noble beast that her tears dropped on him as he did it.

The lion would not leave her. He kept watch while she slept, and when she was awake he followed her like a faithful dog.

Together they wandered on, but never met any one that Una could ask if he had seen the Red Cross Knight.

At last, one evening, they saw a young woman walking up a steep mountain path, and carrying a pot of water on her back. Una called to her, but when the woman looked round and saw a

lovely lady and a lion, she got such a fright that she threw down the pot and ran for her life. Her old mother was blind, and they lived in a hut on the mountain, and when she got there she rushed in and shut the door.

Una and the lion followed her, and the lion, with one blow from his strong paw, drove the door in.

The two women were hiding in a dark corner, half dead from fear. Una tried to comfort them, and asked them if she and her lion might shelter there for the night. When darkness came she lay down, very tired, to sleep, while her lion lay and watched at her feet.

In the middle of the night a knock came to the door. It was a wicked robber, who used to bring the things he stole and give them to those two bad women. The women were so afraid of the lion that they dared not come out of their hiding-place. So the thief, in a rage, burst the door open, and when he did this, the lion rushed at him and tore him in pieces.

Next morning Una rose early and went away with the lion.

When she had gone, the women came out, and when they saw the robber's dead body, they were filled with rage at Una and her lion. They ran after her, calling her bad names, but they could not overtake her.

As they were going home they met the wicked magician. They told him about Una, and he rode quickly after her. By his magic he made himself armor the same as that of the Red Cross Knight, and when Una saw him she thought it was her own true knight come back to her at last. He spoke to her as if he was really her knight, and her heart was filled with gladness.

But she was not the only one who thought that the wicked magician was the Red Cross Knight. Sansloy, a rough and wicked man, whose brother had been killed in a fight with the Knight of the Red Cross, came riding along and met them. When he saw the red cross on the magician's breast he rode at him furiously.

The old magician had to fight, whether he wanted to or not, and Sansloy fought so fiercely that he wounded him and cast him bleeding on the ground. Then Sansloy dragged off his helmet and was going to kill him, when he found, instead of the Red Cross Knight's handsome young face, the wicked old face and gray hair of the magician.

Sansloy was afraid of the magician, so he drew back and did not hurt him more. But when he saw how beautiful Una was, he roughly dragged her off her ass, and made up his mind to take her away with him and make her his wife.

When the lion saw the knight roughly take hold of Una, he made a fierce rush at him, and would have torn him in pieces; but Sansloy beat the lion back with his shield, and when the lion would have torn the shield from him, he drove his sword deep into the lion's faithful heart. With a great roar the noble beast fell dead, and Sansloy threw Una before him on his horse and galloped away with her. She wept and sobbed and begged him to let her go, but Sansloy would not listen. And it seemed as if Una had no friend left, or, at least, no friend that could help her. For the little white donkey trotted after her, afraid of nothing except to be left alone without his mistress.

The darkness fell, and the stars that came out looked down like weeping eyes on Una's sorrow and helplessness.

Sansloy stopped his horse at last and lifted Una down. When she shrank from him in fear, he was so rough that she screamed for help until the woods rang and echoed her screams.

Now in the woods lived wild people, some of whom were more like beasts than men and women. They were dancing merrily in the starlight when they heard Una's cries, and they stopped their dance and ran to see what was wrong.

When Sansloy saw them, with their rough long hair and hairy legs and arms and strange wild faces, he was so frightened that he jumped on his horse and galloped away.

But the wild people of the woods were more gentle than the cowardly knight. When they saw Una, so beautiful and so frightened and so sad, they smiled at her to show her that they meant to be kind. Then they knelt before her to show her that they would obey her, and gently kissed her feet.

So Una was no longer afraid, and when the wild people saw that she trusted them, they were so glad that they jumped and danced and sang for joy. They broke off green branches and strewed them before her as she walked, and they crowned her with leaves to show that she was their queen. And so they led her home to their chief, and he and the beautiful nymphs of the wood all welcomed her with gladness.

For a long time Una lived with them and was their queen, but at last a brave knight came that way. His father had been a wild man of the woods, but his mother was a gentle lady. He was brave and bold as his father had been. When he was a little boy and lived with the wild people, he used to steal the baby lions from their mothers just for fun, and drive panthers, and antelopes, and wild boars, and tigers and wolves with

bits and bridles, as if they were playing at horses. But he was gentle like his mother, although he was so fearless. And when Una told him the story of the Red Cross Knight and the lion, and of all her adventures, his heart was filled with pity. He vowed to help her to escape, and to try to find the Red Cross Knight. So one day he and she ran away, and by night had got far out of reach of the wild men of the woods.

When the wicked magician knew of Una's escape, he dressed himself up like a pilgrim and came to meet her and the brave knight of the forest.

"Have you seen, or have you heard anything about my true knight, who bears a red cross on his breast?" asked Una of the old man.

"Ah, yes," said the magician, "I have seen him both living and dead. To-day I saw a terrible fight between him and another knight, and the other knight killed him."

When Una heard this cruel lie she fell down in a faint. The brave young knight lifted her up and gently tried to comfort her.

"Where is this man who has slain the Red Cross Knight, and taken from us all our joy?" he asked of the false pilgrim.

"He is near here now," said the magician. "I left him at a fountain, washing his wounds."

Off hurried the knight, so fast that Una could not keep up with him, and sure enough, at a fountain they found a knight sitting. It was the wicked Sansloy who had killed Una's lion and carried her away.

The brave knight rushed up to him with his drawn sword.

"You have slain the Red Cross Knight," he said; "come and fight and be punished for your evil deed."

"I never slew the Red Cross Knight," said Sansloy, in a great rage. "Your enemies have sent you to me to be killed."

Then, like two wild beasts, they fought, only resting sometimes for a moment that they might rush at each other again with the more strength and fury.

Blood poured from their wounds, the earth was trampled by their feet, and the sound of their fierce blows rang through the air.

Una was so terrified at the dreadful sight that she ran away and left them fighting furiously.

Before she had gone far she saw a little figure running through the woods toward her. It was her own dwarf, and his woful face told her that some evil thing had happened to the Red Cross Knight.

The knight had had many adventures since he left her in the magician's hut, and at last a giant had caught him, and kept him a prisoner in a dreary dungeon. The dwarf had run away, lest the giant should kill him.

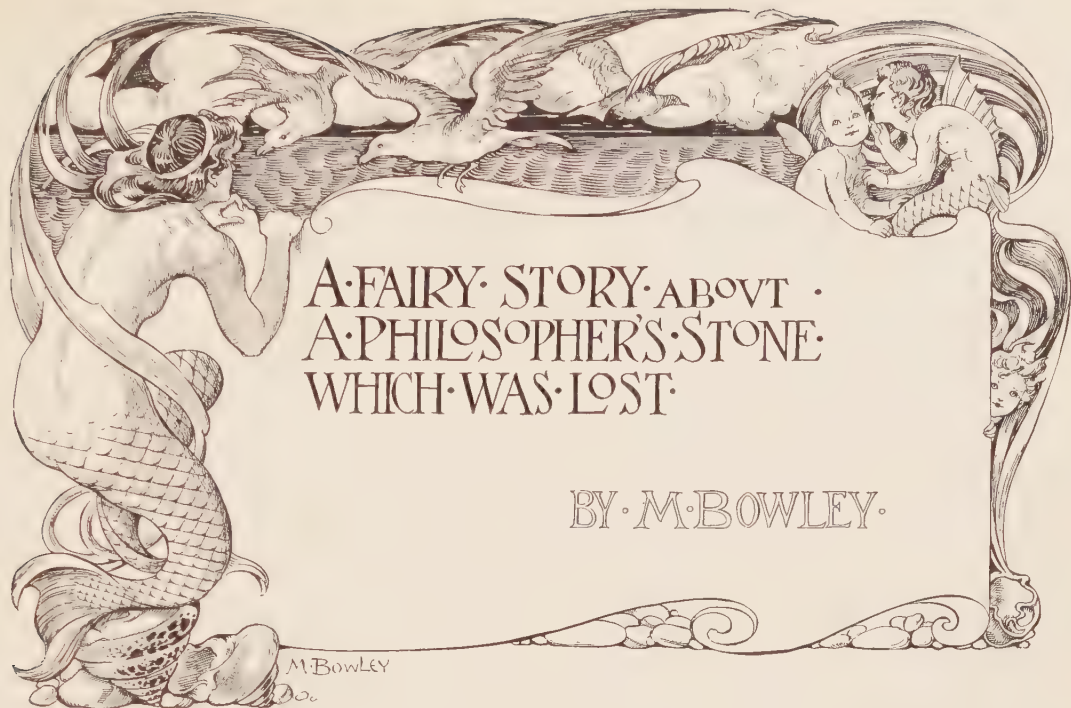
Una loved the Red Cross Knight so much that her heart almost broke when she heard the dwarf's story. But she made up her mind to find her knight and free him. So on she went, up hill and down dale, beaten by driving rain and buffeted by bitter winds.

At last, by good chance, she met a knight and his squire. This knight was the good Prince Arthur, of all the knights of the Faerie Queene the bravest and the best. To him she told her sorrowful tale.

"Be of good cheer and take comfort," said the good prince. "I will never leave you until I have freed the Red Cross Knight."

And the prince kept his promise.





A FAIRY STORY ABOUT · A PHILOSOPHER'S STONE · WHICH WAS LOST

BY · M · BOWLEY ·

M. BOWLEY

THE Mermaids and the Sea-gulls were collected in crowds upon the shore. There was hardly a sound except the monotonous splash of little waves breaking, and the rippling rattle of the shingle as it followed the water returning. Thousands of eyes were fixed upon the piece of rocky land that jutted out into the sea, where the Philosopher's magnificent castle stood, or *had* stood, for there was now very little of it left. No wonder the Mermaids and the Mer-babies and the Sea-gulls were astonished. Even the sea was speckled with fish who were putting their heads out of the water to watch. For the Philosopher's castle was fading away, melting like mist before the sun!

The Philosopher himself could be seen rushing about, tearing his scanty white hair. That was another equally astonishing thing, for only yesterday the Philosopher had been young and handsome, as well as the richest and greatest man in all the land—so rich and great that he was to have married the Princess very soon.

Now he was old and wild and gaunt. A tattered brown cloak with rents and holes in it hung from his thin shoulders, flapping as he ran about, and all his dingy dress was dirty and ragged. He looked like a wandering peddler. What had become of his many servants? Where were his horses and chariots, and the strange beasts from foreign lands which had wandered

in the beautiful gardens—the gardens with the pavilions, where all the flowers had been in bloom for the Princess?

There was only one tower standing now, and the top of that was growing more and more flimsy. Presently, through the walls, rooms could be seen. In one of them there stood a golden cage, and in it was a Parrot.

Very soon the bars of the cage were like cobwebs, and the Parrot began to tear them apart. Then he spread his wings with a joyful scream, and flew on to the rocks, above the heads of the crowds upon the shore.

Immediately every one called a different question to the Parrot, who smoothed his feathers and took no notice until, when the noise and excitement were rather less, an old Sea-gull spoke for them all. Then the new-comer consented to tell what he knew of the events of the day.

It was due, he said, to the Philosopher's having lost the Magic Stone. Upon this stone his youthful appearance, and everything that he owned, had depended.

Early that morning a great tumult had suddenly arisen. The Philosopher went out walking. Soon an old man had rushed in, crying that he had lost the Magic Stone. He commanded every slave in the castle instantly to leave whatever work he was doing, and help to find it. At first no one heeded him, for they

could not any of them be persuaded that he was their master. Then the confusion had grown

rapidly worse, for each one found he was fading away, growing every moment more pale and thin. As the hours passed all the servants became white ghosts, and they floated away in companies together.

The furniture was melting now in the same manner. The tables were sinking down, and all the vessels used for cooking, and what not, were falling softly and noiselessly upon the floors—where there were any floors to hold them. Everything was blowing gently about, so that the air seemed filled with bits of cloud. Presently the remnants would be swept into the sea by the passing breezes.

"And how have you escaped?" asked the Sea-gull.

The Parrot raised his crest and looked very much offended.

"Because *I* am real," he said with dignity. "I was the only real thing in the castle. The Philosopher stole me at the same time that he stole the Magic Stone."

"Stole it?" cried the Mermaids and the Merbabies and the Sea-gulls.

"Yes," said the Parrot; "he stole it in a far-off land, and he stole me. I was to be a present to the Princess; for he thought of marrying the Princess even at that time, and the Philosopher knew there was not in all the world another parrot like me."

He opened his wings and puffed up every feather. He certainly was a magnificent creature. The grown-up Sea-gulls felt quite ashamed of their homely dresses of black and white; but the young ones only gaped, and crowded open-mouthed to the front to look.

The Parrot's snowy coat shaded different colors like opals when he moved, and each feather was edged with gold. The crest upon his head sparkled as if there were diamonds in it, and under his wings he was rose-red.

"But I am free!" he cried, as the diamonds glittered and flashed,—"*free* to go home where the palm-trees grow, and the sun shines as it never shines in this chilly land! Look well at me while you can, for you will never see me again."

With that he poised a moment above them, then sailed away to the South, like a gorgeous monster butterfly. And they never did see him again.

When they had watched him out of sight, and turned again, there was nothing remaining of the castle, and the Philosopher, too, had disappeared. The sun was setting, and the Mermaids and the Merbabies went to their homes in the sea, while the Sea-gulls put their little gulls to



bed in the nests among the rocks high above the restless waves.

Now all the talk was of the Philosopher's Magic Stone, and who should find it. And at court every one was discussing how this unexpected turn of events would affect the Princess's marriage. It was to have taken place in a very short time. The King was very angry. He considered that a slight had been cast upon the

Stone?" she asked of the Eldest Lady-in-Waiting, who was in attendance.

"We may well hope so, your Royal Highness," said the Eldest Lady. "He is a great man and wise. I hear, too, that he had been walking only a short distance from the castle when he lost the Stone. It can hardly fail to be found very soon."

The Princess sat still and looked over toward the mountains.

"Do you think the Philosopher will find the



Princess and upon himself by the carelessness of the Philosopher. He was not well pleased, either, to know that the great wealth of the man who was to have been his son-in-law was all due to magic influences. Neither did he like what he heard of the Philosopher's appearance when last he was seen. He announced that the Princess's wedding would take place at the time fixed, and that she should be married to the first Prince, or other suitable candidate, who arrived on that day. And even the Philosopher might take his chance of being the first, if he were then in a position to support the Princess in the luxury to which she had been accustomed.

As for the Princess herself, what did she think of it all? No one knew, for she did not say. She sat at her palace window, and looked out over the distant mountains, and dreamed of her wedding day.

"Do you think the Philosopher will find the

Stone?" she asked presently of the Youngest and Favorite Lady-in-Waiting.

"Alas! your Royal Highness, I fear it is not likely," said the Favorite Lady. "All the Sea-people have been searching day and night, I hear, and nothing has been heard of it yet."

The Princess smiled. She still sat and smiled when the Favorite Lady wrapped a cloak about herself, and took a letter that lay by the Princess's hand. Then, without permission or instruction, she set out toward the mountains. The Princess rested her elbows on the window-ledge, and watched her out of sight, and perhaps wondered who would be the earliest to arrive, and so fill the place of bridegroom, on her wedding-day.

And all this time, as the Lady-in-Waiting had said, the Sea-people had been searching day and night.

The Mer-babies and the little Sea-gulls were

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M. BOWLEY.



quite neglected, and did no lessons; for every one was too busy to attend to them. They played about and romped on the shore when they grew tired of hunting for the Philosopher's Stone. The Sea-gulls had told the land-birds, who were searching the woods and the fields, while the fresh-water fish knew of it from their relatives in the sea, and they were searching the lakes and the rivers. Then the Sea-gulls determined to consult the Great Albatross of the Southern Seas, the King among all sea-fowl. They arrived one sunny morning, and found him expecting them, for he had heard what had happened—in the first place from the Parrot, who had passed that way. So he was prepared with his answer. It did not satisfy the Sea-gulls at all. They went away very much disappointed, for the Albatross was in a bad temper, and said only:

"Go home and attend to the children."

They waited about until late, but he would say nothing more. So they were obliged to return and confess their want of success to the Mermaids, who sympathized with them, and agreed that it was very ill-natured of the Albatross. They proposed to go to the Sea-serpent and ask his advice, which the Sea-gulls thought a good plan. They set off at once for the deep seas, where he lived, inquiring of the fish they met whether any news had been heard. But the fish had nothing to tell, and the Mermaids came to the Sea-serpent's home.

He was curled on his great rock throne, with giant seaweeds of all colors waving round him,

and the stars of the anemones gleaming out from dark corners.

The Sea-serpent listened to the request of the Mermaids; but they met with no better luck than the Sea-gulls, for he said exactly the same: "Go home and attend to the children."

Then he retired into the great caves, and would not come out again.

So the Mermaids went home disconsolate. They began to think they might have to give up the hope of finding the Magic Stone.

Of course the Mer-babies heard all that was going on. They discussed the situation, as usual. They did not mean to be left behind in this business, though they were not considered to be of any consequence. It was evidently correct to consult somebody who lived at a distance, and they thought of the Wise White Bear. He was farther off, too, than either the Albatross or the Sea-serpent, for he lived at the north pole; but when he was mentioned the very young Mer-babies for once suggested that it was nearly bedtime, and they found that they were sleepy. Some one whispered that the White Bear ate the poor seals, and the youngest Mer-babies crept into holes in the rocks to rest, they said, while the little Sea-gulls went walking home, one behind the other, right across the sands, without having been called. But the older Mer-babies set off for the north pole.

They arrived home next morning, very tired and very cross. When the sleepy ones who had stayed behind asked what the Wise Bear had

said, they would not tell, and for the first time the Mer-babies quarreled. They declared in the end that they would none of them look for the "Philosopher's ugly Stone ever any more."

So if the Princess really wanted to marry the Philosopher, that day she lost some of her helpers. But no one knew what she wished, for she never mentioned him. She sat at her window that looked out over the mountains, and she gazed ever outward.

It was the night before her wedding. She had been there all day, and for many days. It was very quiet, and the lamps were lighted. The Eldest Lady-in-Waiting spread out the lovely robes, ready for the morrow, where the Princess might see them; but she never moved nor spoke. As midnight approached she leaned out and let the soft wind blow upon her face.

The hour of midnight was striking from all the belfries, when a great clatter sounded down below in the courtyard. Horses neighed, and men ran about. The Princess leaned more forward, and listened. Then a horseman, whose jewels sparkled in the moonlight, looked up and kissed a hand to her, and she kissed hers to him. It was one minute past midnight, and the morning of her wedding-day! She dropped the curtains and turned to greet the Favorite Lady-in-Waiting, who had come in. The Princess threw her arms round her Lady's neck to welcome her back, she was so glad and happy.

So it came about that the Prince of the City Over the Mountains was the first to arrive on that eventful morning; for, though through all the rest of the night, and up to the very hour of the wedding, noble Princes and their retinues were received in state by the King, all of them had to be told that they were too late, and most of them rode off again at once. Some who had never seen the Princess, but who had been attracted by reports of her beauty and her stateliness, waited to attend her marriage feast, and to regret that they had not hurried themselves a little more.

As for the Philosopher, who should have been one of the chief persons of interest on that important occasion, no one even thought of him, unless the Princess did. But she looked too well pleased for any one to suppose she missed him—which was fortunate, for he was never heard of any more.

When the eventful day was past, the Mermaids and the Sea-gulls covered the shore once again, talking it over, and the Mer-babies and the little Sea-gulls stood around listening.

Presently the Mer-mothers said: "No more holidays. Lessons to-morrow!" and the Mer-babies sighed, and the little Sea-gulls looked gloomy.

One of the Mer-babies stepped forward, holding something.

"Please take care of our pretty ball for us," she said, "until holidays come again."

As she was speaking the Mermaids sprang up, and they and all the grown-up Sea-gulls cried with one accord:

"The Philosopher's Stone!"

And, sure enough, it was. It lay in the Mermaid's hand, all glowing with its magic blue, pale and dark by turns, its wonderful veins panting as if it were a living thing, its threads of gold moving and twining underneath, round the red heart burning deep in the midst of it.

"That!" cried every one of the Mer-babies and every one of the little Sea-gulls. "Why, we have had *that* all the time! We found it on the sand, and we have played with it every day since!"

Then the Sea-gulls remembered what the Albatross had said, and the Mermaids remembered what the Sea-serpent had said, and the Mer-babies remembered what the Wise White Bear had said, and they all looked at one another.

Now arose the question, What should be done with the Stone?

It needed no long discussion to settle. Every one agreed that it should be given to the Youngest Lady-in-Waiting; for she had done for the Princess what no one else had thought of doing, in carrying her letter to her true love so that he might be in time to win her. The happy day just past was entirely owing to her devotion.

The Stone was duly presented to her, and, accordingly, she became the richest and most beautiful woman in the land, as she was already the kindest, while the Sea-folks generally, and the Mer-babies in particular, gained great fame and distinction; for had they not found the Magic Stone when it was lost, and given it to the nation's favorite? And they do say that the Favorite Lady-in-Waiting married a charming Prince almost (but not quite!) as captivating as the husband of the Princess.



THE TROUBLES OF THE PORCUPINE AND OTHER FABLES

BY BOLTON HALL



PORCUPINES are little animals like fat rabbits, with long hairs that have grown into spikes that are called quills.

Once upon a time a porcupine agreed with a rabbit that they would work together. Of course

the rabbit had to run about a great deal to get his food, and could see a great many things, but the porcupine could not run very fast. So when the rabbit found trees that had the kind of bark that the porcupine liked to eat, he told the porcupine; and when foxes or dogs came, the rabbit crept under the porcupine and they could not touch him because they were so afraid of the porcupine's quills.

The two got on very nicely together, and finally the porcupine said that he would like to sleep with the rabbit, and the rabbit said, "All right," but the second night the porcupine curled himself up so that a long spike stuck out and pricked the poor rabbit, and when the rabbit asked him not to do that the porcupine said, "You are a horrible cross thing, and I won't work with you any more."

So off he went and found a wildcat; and he said to the wildcat, "You work with me." The wildcat had to go long journeys so as to catch rabbits and mice and birds, and when he found the right kind of trees he would tell the porcupine, just as the rabbit used to do; and when the porcupine was climbing about the branches and found birds' nests he told the wildcat and the wildcat ate the eggs and the birds. So they were getting along nicely, until one day the wildcat said he knew of some trees that were very hard to find, so he would show the porcupine where they were, and off they set together. It was pretty hot walking, and the porcupine, to let the air in, raised up his spines straight and they stuck into the poor wildcat. The wildcat said, "Oh, don't do that," and the porcupine said, "I will too—I want to." "Well," said the wildcat, "I won't find you any more trees," and he left him then and there, and the porcupine said,

"What a horrid disagreeable thing a wildcat is!"

The porcupine started to go home, and on the way a storm came up and it was blowing hard, and when he came to a house he thought he would go and take shelter in the cellar. As he passed the front door there was a hitching-post, and it had got a little loose in the ground from the horses' pulling at it. Just as he went past, it blew over a little bit and at once the porcupine turned around his tail and hit it a bang with his spikes, and a lot of them went into the hitching-post. Of course the post did not care, but it hurt the porcupine awfully. The porcupine said, "I think the meanest, hatefulest people I ever met are hitching-posts."

The people in the house were really very kind people, and they used to give him apples and grease (which porcupines love to eat), and pretty soon he got so tame that he would come up and take the apples out of their hands. Their dog was a wise dog and knew enough to let the porcupine alone, and so really this porcupine was quite a pet. The little girl Doris used to feed him and to stroke him from his head to his tail on the sharp spines, and he smoothed them down so that they would not hurt her hand.

But one day, when she was petting him that way, the stupid porcupine stuck up his spikes and two of them went into Doris's hands, and she ran away frightened and told her papa. Her papa took a big switch and switched the porcupine so badly that he went away as fast as his legs could carry him, saying to himself, "I think girls are horribly unkind."

As he was going along the wagon-road he met a horse and wagon and he did not get out of the way of the wagon at all; the driver was asleep in the wagon and the horse was jogging along. He was a nice horse, besides which he did not want to get his leg full of porcupine quills, so he just stepped aside and the porcupine sat there as grumpy as could be; and the first thing he knew the wheel came right at him so that he had just time to scramble to the side, and as it passed he struck it with his tail. Well, of course the wheel was made of hard wood and it smashed the quills of his poor tail and the edge of the wheel went over his hind paw, and the porcupine said, "The cruelest, meanest things I know are wheels."

See what troubles one has, when one is a porcupine!

THE CROSS SQUIRREL

ONCE there was a squirrel that did not like its home, and he used to scold and find fault with everything. Its papa squirrel had long gray whiskers, and so was wise—besides which he could shake his whiskers quickly. He said to the squirrel, "My dear, as you do not like your home there are three sensible things you could do—

Leave it,
or Change it,
or Suit yourself to it.

Any one of these would help you in your trouble."

But the little squirrel said, "Oh, I do not want to do any of those; I had rather sit on the branch of a tree and scold."

"Well," said the papa squirrel, "if you must do that, whenever you want to scold, just go out on a branch and scold away at some one you do not know."

The little squirrel blushed so much that he became a red squirrel, and you will notice that to this day red squirrels do just that thing.

THE STUPID MICE

THERE were five little field mice. Their mother was very wise and one day when they went out to play she told them that when she chirped like a bird, they must lie perfectly still. That seemed so funny that the mice were surprised, and began to ask each other a great many questions about it. It would have been much better to ask their mama, but they were very little.

Just then their mother saw a hawk in the sky and chirped. One poor little mouse got frightened and, forgetting all about what she said, dived down into a hole. Unfortunately there was a weasel in that hole; and the weasel got him. Another ran off and got lost in the grass, and never was found again. Another ran and tried to hide under a leaf, and a hawk swooped down and ate him up. Another jumped into the bushes and a snake swallowed him. The fifth stayed quite still and, though he did not know it, he looked so like a withered leaf that neither the snake nor the weasel nor the hawk saw him at all.

Which one do you think was the wisest?

OLD FABLES TOLD IN A NEW WAY

(Just for fun, and with apologies to Æsop)

BY C. J. BUDD

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

A HARE, meeting a Tortoise one day, remarked as he looked at the Tortoise's heavy shell and short feet: "I think I could beat you in a race."

"All right," answered the Tortoise; "it is not every race that is won by a 'hare.'"





At the hour appointed for the contest, the Hare soon left the Tortoise out of sight, and, feeling sure of winning, lay down by the roadside to take a nap. After a half-hour's sleep and rest, he resumed the race. But the Tortoise had turned into a wayside garage and hired an automobile; and so he soon overtook the fleet-footed Hare.

The Hare was going at the limit of his speed, but the Tortoise was going at the speed limit, and won the race by three miles and seven laps.

When the Hare, in the course of time, arrived at the post, he said with a sigh: "You 'll never catch me in an endurance race again."

MORAL

Foot-racing is healthy, but motoring is swifter.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

THE OLD-TIME FABLE

A FAMISHED fox saw some clusters of ripe black grapes hanging from a trellised vine. He re-

sorted to many wise tricks to get at them, but wearied himself in vain, for he could not reach them. At last he turned away, beguiling himself of his disappointment by saying, "The grapes are sour, and not ripe as I thought."

MORAL

Revile not things beyond your reach.

THE FABLE BROUGHT UP TO DATE

A CUNNING fox saw some clusters of grapes hanging from a trellised vine. "Those grapes are sweet," thought Reynard, "and though they are a little high, I 'm bound to have them."

Providing himself with a balloon that a careless aeronaut had left unhitched, and borrowing a basket and a pair of shears from a sleeping gardener, he inflated the balloon at a near-by gas-house, and ascended into the air. He soon arrived at the vine, which he did not leave until he had plucked every grape. "There was not a sour grape on the vine," said Reynard.—MORAL: Fly for those things beyond your reach.

The Ballad of a runaway Donkey:

by Emilie Poulsson:

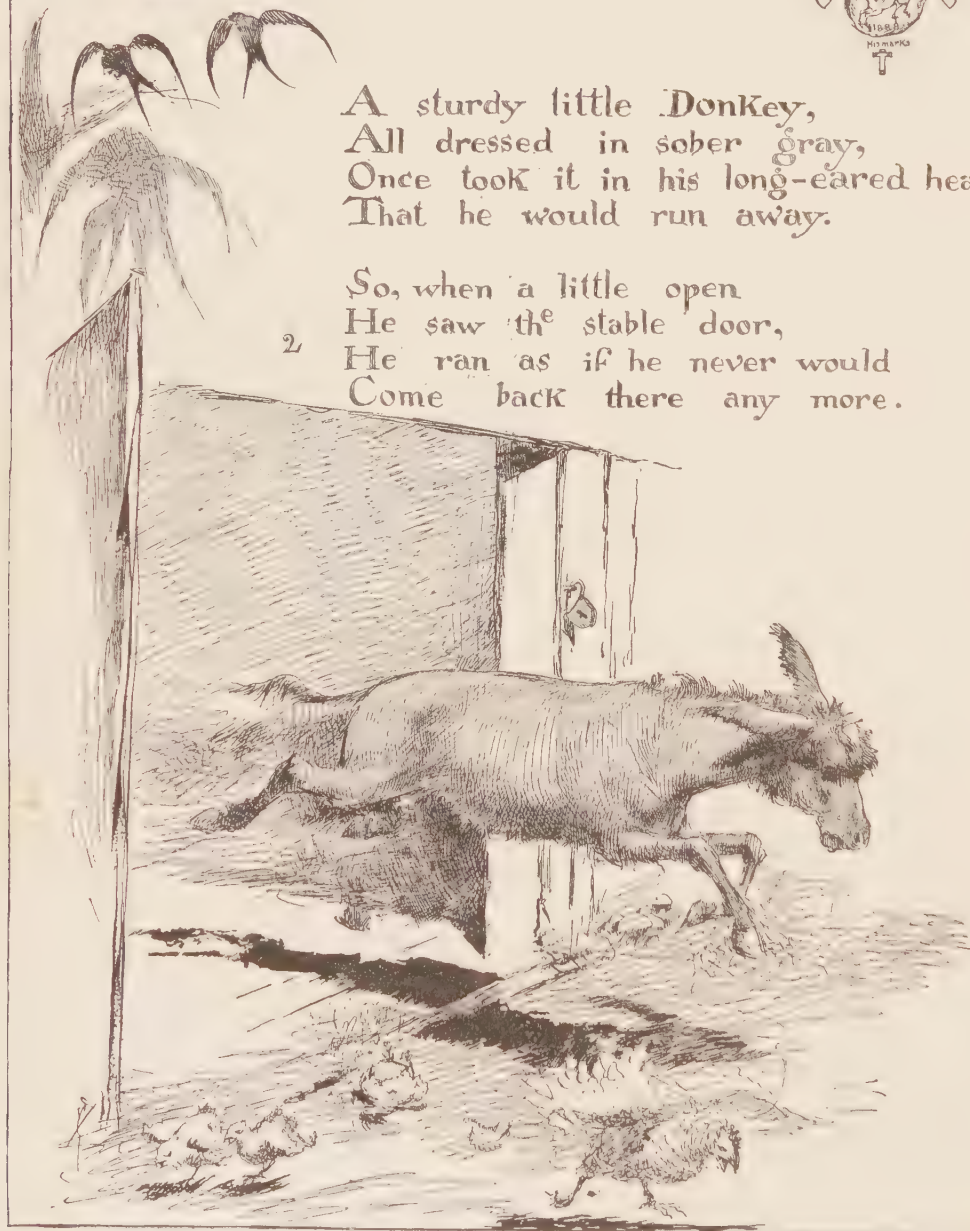
here shadow'd forth in divers pictures by

Alfred Brenon.



A sturdy little Donkey,
All dressed in sober gray,
Once took it in his long-eared head
That he would run away.

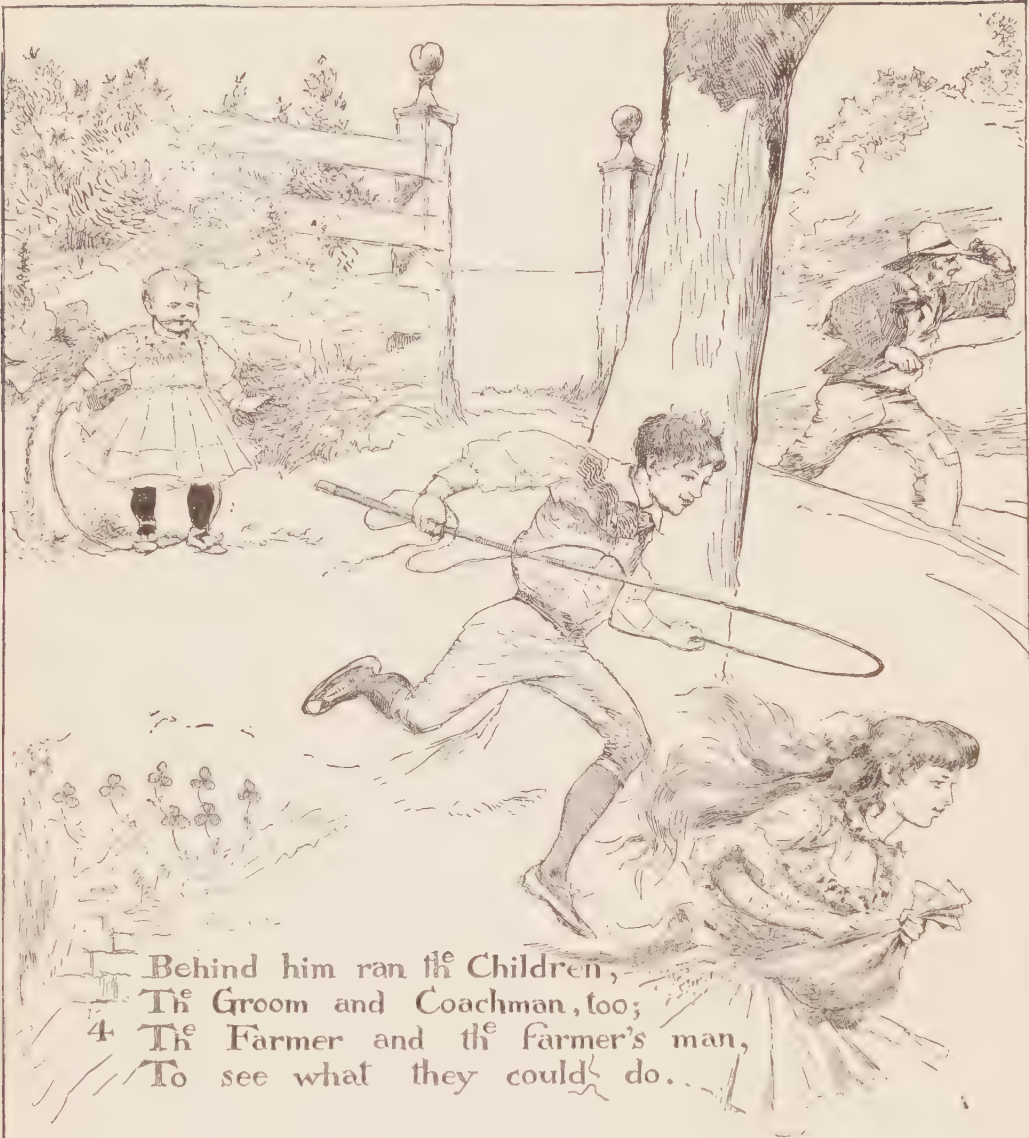
So, when a little open
He saw the stable door,
2 He ran as if he never would
Come back there any more.





Away that Donkey galloped
 And ran and ran and ran
 3 And ran and ran and ran and ran
 And Ran and RAn and RAN!





Behind him ran the Children,
 The Groom and Coachman, too;
 4 The Farmer and the farmer's man,
 To see what they could do.

Some carried whips to whip him,
 Some, oats to coax him near;
 5 Some called "Come here you foolish beast!"
 And some, "Come, Barney, dear."

But not a whit cared Barney
For cross or coaxing word;
6 And clatter, clatter, clatter still,
His little hoofs were heard.

And all across the meadow,
And up and o'er the hill,
7 And through the woods and down the dale
He galloped with a will.



And into every hayfield
And through th^e swamp and mire
8 Still Barney ran and ran and ran
As if he'd never tire!

His chasers all stopped running;
Then meek as any lamb
9 Did Barney stand as if to say,
"Come catch me! here I am!"

But when one of them started,
Then Barney started, too;
10 As if th^e chase had just begun.
Away he swiftly flew.





- But there's an end to all things,
 And so, (th^e stupid elf)
 11 When no one else could capture him
 This donkey caught himself.

- For, running in th^e barnyard,
 He did not calculate
 12 What consequences would befall,
 And hit the swinging gate.

- It quickly swung together,
 Down dropped th^e iron latch
 13 O, Barney Gray! to think that you
 The runaway should catch!

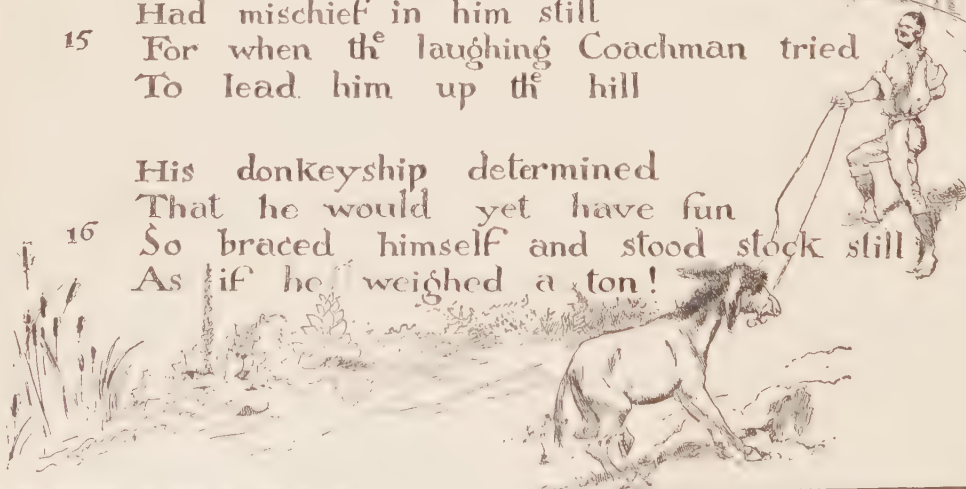


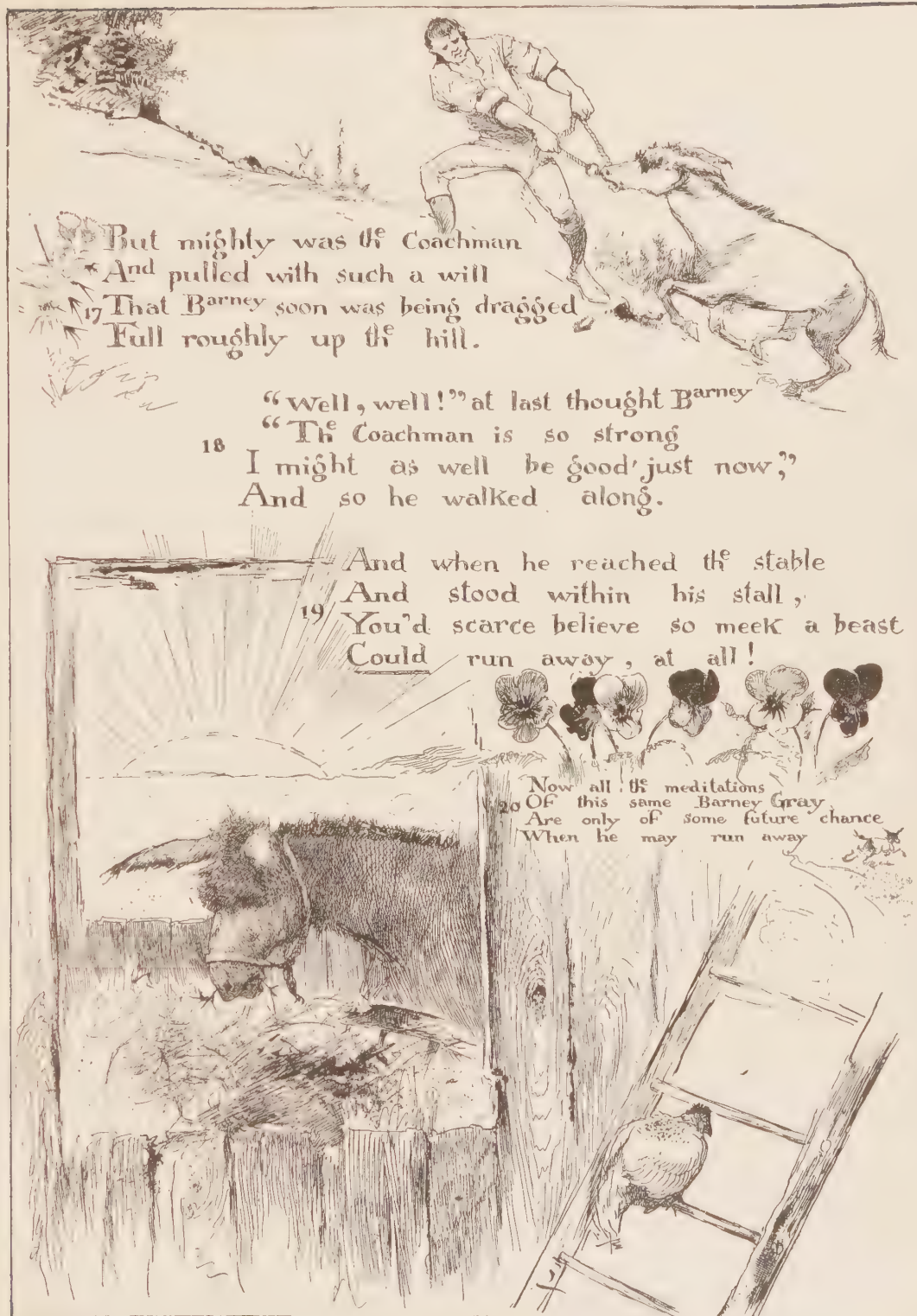


The Children danced with pleasure,
 The Groom roared with delight,
 14 The Others smiled their broadest smiles
 Or laughed with all their might.

But Barney, naughty Barney,
 Had mischief in him still
 15 For when the laughing Coachman tried
 To lead him up the hill

His donkeyship determined
 That he would yet have fun
 16 So braced himself and stood stock still
 As if he weighed a ton!





But mighty was the Coachman
 And pulled with such a will
 That Barney soon was being dragged
 Full roughly up the hill.

"Well, well!" at last thought Barney
 "The Coachman is so strong
 I might as well be good' just now,"
 And so he walked along.

And when he reached the stable
 And stood within his stall,
 You'd scarce believe so meek a beast
 Could run away, at all!

Now all the meditations
 Of this same Barney Gray
 Are only of some future chance
 When he may run away



FICTION AND FICTION WRITERS

WHAT IS A GREAT NOVEL?

Fiction, in literature, is a certain sort of writing that tells things of which some, at least, never happened, but all of which, the writer expects, will seem to the reader as though they had happened.

You see, we really live in two worlds; one world made up of things we see and touch and smell, and another made up of things we just imagine. Sometimes, perhaps, you lie in bed and think of a beautiful land with fairy castles of gold and ivory, and beautiful fairy princes and princesses in velvets and satins and diamonds, and crystal lakes with lily-white swans and silver boats with silken sails. Or, if you are a boy, you may fancy yourself riding wild over a Western prairie, chasing Indians, or lassoing cattle, or climbing the rugged heights of the Rockies and conquering fierce "grizzlies."

Now, when you fancy such things, you are living in that other world—the world of the imagination. And it is the world of the imagination that fiction lays before us, just as history lays before us the real world. But fiction can also make the real world part of the imaginary world, and so can teach us a lot while, at the same time, it amuses us. For example, you could easily imagine a pretty story about your garden. You could people it with delightful little fairies, who dance in the moonlight when the human folk are asleep. You could make the sweet little flowers nod to one another and tell their secrets and whisper of the things of flowerland about which we people know nothing. And all the time you could be really telling about your garden, and describing exactly how it is laid out, and what sort of flowers grow there.

Now perhaps you understand fairly well what fiction means, and I have only to tell you further that when one speaks of fiction as part of literature one does not include writings in verse, for the term "fiction" has come to refer only to prose. There are so many different forms of fiction-writing that you would get a headache trying to remember them all; and it is really only necessary for you to remember a few of them, keeping in mind at the same time that all the other forms of fiction are just different varieties of one or other of these few principal forms.

The forms of fiction which you should try to remember are the novel, romance, short story, fairy tale, fable, legend, myth, and ghost story. I shall tell you a little about the novel and the romance in a few minutes, and later on I shall tell you about the other forms under other headings.

Away back in the beginning of writing, people wrote fiction of various kinds. They were especially fond of stories full of magic and strange things that could never possibly happen in real life. The old Egyptians and Assyrians had many stories of that sort three thousand years before the time of Christ. The people of India, on the other hand, were especially given to writing fables—many of them stories in which birds and beasts acted and spoke like men and women. But the people of ancient Greece, who created many things, started a new sort of fiction, in which the scenes were fashioned after real life, and the characters were supposed to act just as they would act in real life. And this sort of fiction became by far the most important of all. It was called by different names for many hundred years, until at last it became known chiefly

under the names of "romance" and "novel." How these names came into use, I will tell you later.

The first important work of fiction of this kind was the "Cyropædia" of the Greek historian Xenophon. You can forget the "Cyropædia" if you find it too hard to keep in your mind, but try to remember Xenophon because he is a very important person. Another great Greek named Plato wrote famous works in which he spoke of "Atlantis," a supposed island, in describing which he pictured an imaginary country, its people, and their history. This writing of Plato's has often been imitated by authors in later times. In ancient Rome fiction copied from the Greek writers was very popular, and one work, called "The Golden Ass," by a writer named Apuleius, is especially famous.

The early Christians wrote many charming works of fiction, chiefly short tales in which the writers tried to show the beauty of the teachings of Christ and the beauty and nobility of a Christian's life. In these Christian stories the aim of the writers was to teach something, just as Plato, in his account of "Atlantis," sought to teach the people of Greece how they could make their country better and nobler and more beautiful. And most forms of fiction down to our day also try to teach something. They show the folly of wickedness and the beauty of goodness, or they teach history, or they describe strange countries and peoples. In fact, there is hardly a single great work of fiction from which something useful may not be learned.

After Christianity was well established and the time came when knights were bold and the great deeds of heroes in battle and tourney were the constant theme of song and story, long tales were invented about the wonderful adventures of imaginary knights who followed the standards of Alexander the Great and King Arthur and the Emperor Charlemagne. These tales were wildly improbable. They were full of magic and witchcraft and all sorts of impossible things, and the heroes in them performed deeds such as no human being could possibly perform. Practically all the writings of that time were written in Latin, but these wonderful tales were written in the language of the people, chiefly in French and Italian and Spanish. French and Italian and Spanish are known as Romance languages, and

so these tales were called romances. For a long time they were the principal form of fiction, and "romance" consequently came to mean any long prose work dealing not with reality but with things of the imagination. You will do well to remember among the most famous of the old romances the "Morte d'Arthur," by Sir Thomas Malory, "Amadis of Gaul," and the always popular "Don Quixote." In "Don Quixote" Cervantes, its author, practically put an end to those extraordinary old romances by purposely exaggerating the ridiculous side of the romantic ideas of his time.

While the romances were still the most popular form of fiction throughout Europe, a number of Italian writers invented a form of story which they called *novella*, or new story. The *novella* was a short story in which the scenes were taken from real life and in which the characters acted and spoke as real people would. The idea of the *novella*, of course, was not really new, as the fiction of the ancient Greeks and Romans and the early Christians tried to picture real life, too. But, anyhow, the *novella* became very popular all over Europe, and writers soon got into a habit of making their romances more like real life than they did before.

The *novella* was especially popular in England, and all stories written in the style of the *novella* were called novels. Later these stories became longer and longer until they filled one or more volumes and took the places of romances. And since that time all long works of fiction which are supposed to be "true to life" are called novels in English. Of course, many long works of fiction had been written in England before the novel came into fashion. Sir Thomas Malory, who wrote the "Morte d'Arthur," was an Englishman, and the famous Sir Philip Sidney wrote a work called "Arcadia"—in imitation of Plato's description of "Atlantis"—which is really a sort of novel.

The credit for founding the novel as it is known to-day is given to three writers who lived about the same time: Henry Fielding, Samuel Richardson, and Tobias Smollett. Richardson's "Pamela" is called the first English novel. He is famous as having made popular the novel of domestic life—that is, a novel which deals with the life of the home; and Smollett's novels are famous examples of what are known as "rogue

stories," or stories in which the hero is a good deal of a roguish character. "Gil Blas," the great Spanish romance, is a celebrated example of a rogue story.

For a time in England tales of horror were very popular, the sort of tales that give you creeps up the back and keep you awake nights. They were written in the form of novels, and the two most famous writers of them were Mrs. Radcliffe and Horace Walpole. They soon passed out of favor as novels, but short tales of horror were very widely read down to quite recent times. Edgar Allan Poe and Nathaniel Hawthorne, the American authors, have written some wonderful tales of horror.

Tales of horror are unhealthy; but a really healthy taste was given to English fiction when Sir Walter Scott came on the scene with his historical novels. A historical novel is one in which the scene is laid in some period before the time of the writer, and in which the principal characters are persons who really played an important part in the history of that period. And a historical novel is supposed to give a correct picture of the time with which it deals. Scott's novel "Ivanhoe," for example, gives a picture of England as it was in the reign of Richard the Lion-Hearted, and Richard himself is one of the characters. Scott is the greatest writer of historical novels and one of the greatest of all novelists. Another English writer who did much for the novel was Jane Austen, who introduced the fashion of having ordinary, everyday people for characters instead of princes and lords and people of high degree.

There are several other forms of fiction besides these that I have mentioned, written more or less in the novel form. Some writers have taken types of people of their own times and represented them as queer monsters engaged in very absurd undertakings. These writings are called satires, and they are intended to hold up to ridicule the manners and customs of the people they are aimed against. The first satire of this kind was the "Vera Historia" (True Story) of the ancient Latin writer Lucian. Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" and the "Pantagruel" of the French writer Rabelais are examples of this kind of writing. So also, to a certain extent, is "Don Quixote." Novels of sentiment, in which all the characters and situations are rather foolishly sentimental, were popular at one time, and were written even

by such famous authors as the great Frenchman Rousseau, and the still greater German Goethe. Another important form of novel is the novel of adventure, of which I shall tell you more elsewhere.

In recent times it has become quite the fashion among novelists to deal with some important question which occupies the minds of the people and try to prove one side or the other. For instance, a novelist might take the question of war and peace, and by painting the horrors of war try to show that war should be abolished from the face of the earth. Perhaps the most famous writer of this sort of novel is the Russian novelist Leo Tolstoy.

Besides the great writers whom I have mentioned in the course of this little talk, there are very many other really great novelists whose names you ought to remember. Among these are the French writers Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and Honoré de Balzac; the English writers Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, George Eliot, and Charles Kingsley; and the American writers James Fenimore Cooper and William Dean Howells.

Of the other forms of fiction I have mentioned—the short story, fairy tale, fable, legend, myth, ghost story, and so on—I shall talk to you more fully in other sections. Here I have space only to give you a few little selections from some of the greatest English novelists. Each selection presents a complete scene or incident, is interesting in itself, and is a good example of the author's style: in one or two cases, however, the original passages are here shortened and adapted to the present purpose. Of course the very best way for you to learn how novels are written is to read a few of them, and I hope these selections will tempt you to read the great books from which they are taken, for those books are among the finest works of fiction ever written.

TINY TIM'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

BY CHARLES DICKENS

(From "A Christmas Carol")

It was Christmas morning. The bells had called the people to church, and there Bob Cratchit had taken Tiny Tim for the first time.

While they were gone, Mrs. Cratchit, assisted

by Belinda Cratchit, had laid the cloth and set the table for dinner; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes.

Now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came running in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelled the goose, and known it for their own.

These young Cratchits danced about the table, while Master Peter Cratchit blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has become of your father?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha was n't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

"Here 's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here 's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There 's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times.

"We had a great deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well, never mind, so long as you are here," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit down before the fire, my dear, and warm yourself."

"There 's father coming!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch!

"Why, where 's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha did n't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits caught up Tiny Tim and carried him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the kettle.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob. "Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice trembled when he told them this.

The little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken. His brother seated him beside the hearth; then off went Master Peter and the two young Cratchits to bring in the goose.

Such excitement followed that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; and in truth it was something very like it in that house.

Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table, while the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves. Then, climbing into their chairs, they held their fingers over their mouths, lest they should call for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. Then a murmur of delight arose all round the table, and Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he did n't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and size were wonderful to think of. With apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was enough dinner for the whole family.

Indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (looking at one small bone upon the dish), they had n't eaten all of it yet. But every one had had enough, even the youngest Cratchits.

And now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room to take up the pudding and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning it! Suppose somebody should have climbed over the wall of the back yard and stolen it while they were merry with the goose!

Hello! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the kettle.

In a moment Mrs. Cratchit entered—smiling proudly—with the pudding looking like a speckled cannon-ball.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said he thought it was the best pudding he had ever seen.

Everybody had something to say about it; but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, and the fire made up.

All the Cratchit family drew round the hearth and watched the chestnuts on the fire as they sputtered and cracked noisily.

Then Bob said, "A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

FOUNDER'S DAY AT THE CHARTERHOUSE

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

(From "*The Newcomes*")

In "*The Newcomes*" we are told how Colonel Thomas Newcome loses his money, and is forced to become an inmate of the almshouse at the Charterhouse School, where he had been educated. This extract describes his discovery on Founder's Day by Arthur Pendennis, a friend of the family and the subject of another novel of Thackeray's.

MENTION has been made once or twice in the course of this history of the Grey Friars' school—where the Colonel and Clive and I had been brought up—an ancient foundation of the time of James I., still subsisting in the heart of London city. The death-day of the founder of the place is still kept solemnly by Cistercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school and the fourscore old men of the hospital, the founder's tomb stands, a huge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy carved allegories.

There is an old Hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time—an old Hall? many old halls; old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which we walk, as it were, in the early seventeenth century. To others than Cistercians, Grey Friars is a dreary place possibly. Nevertheless, the pupils educated there love to revisit it, and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood.

The custom of the school is, that on December 12, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration, in praise *Fundatoris Nostri*, and upon other subjects; and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration, after which we go to chapel and hear a sermon, after which we adjourn to a great dinner, where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration-hall to chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honor.

The boys are already in their seats, with smug fresh faces and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches, the chapel is lighted, and Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shad-

ows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted, and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service time, and how the monitor would cane us afterward because our shins were kicked.

Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys, thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder sit some threescore old gentlemen pensioners of the Hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms. You hear them coughing feebly in the twilight—the old reverend black-gowns. Is Codd Ajax alive? you wonder—the Cistercian lads called these old gentlemen Codd's, I know not wherefore—I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax alive, I wonder? or Codd Soldier? or kind old Codd Gentleman, or has the grave closed over them? A plenty of candles lights up the chapel, and this scene of age and youth, and early memories, and pompous death.

How solemn the well-remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them! How beautiful and decorous the rite! How noble the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children and troops of bygone seniors have cried Amen! under those arches! The service for Founder's Day is a special one, one of the psalms selected being the thirty-seventh, and we hear:

23. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way.

24. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

25. I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.

As we came to this verse, I chanced to look up from my book toward the swarm of black-coated pensioners, and among them—among them—sate Thomas Newcome.

His dear old head was bent down over his prayer-book; there was no mistaking him. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the Hospital of Grey Friars. His Order of the Bath was on his breast. He stood there among the Poor Brethren, uttering the responses to the psalm. The steps of this good man had been ordered hither by Heaven's decree: to this almshouse! Here it was ordained that a life all love and kindness and honor should end! I heard no

more of prayers and psalms and sermon after that. How dared I to be in a place of mark, and he, he yonder among the poor? Oh, pardon, you noble soul! I ask forgiveness of you for being of a world that has so treated you—you my better, you the honest and gentle and good! I thought the service would never end, or the organist's voluntaries, or the preacher's homily.

The organ played us out of chapel at length, and I waited in the ante-chapel until the pensioners took their turn to quit it. My dear, dear old friend! I ran to him with a warmth and eagerness of recognition which no doubt showed themselves in my face and accents as my heart was moved at the sight of him. His own wan face flushed up when he saw me, and his hand shook in mine. "I have found a home, Arthur," said he. "Don't you remember, before I went to India, when we came to see the old Grey Friars, and visited Captain Scarsdale in his room?—a Poor Brother like me—an old Peninsular man. Scarsdale is gone now, sir, and is where 'the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest'; and I thought then, when we saw him—here would be a place for an old fellow when his career is over, to hang his sword up, to humble his soul, and to wait thankfully for the end, Arthur.

"My good friend, Lord H., who is a Cistercian like ourselves, and has just been appointed a governor, gave me his first nomination. Don't be agitated, Arthur, my boy, I am very happy. I have good quarters, good food, good light and fire, and good friends; blessed be God! my dear kind young friend—my boy's friend; you have always been so, sir, and I take it uncommonly kind of you, and I thank God for you, sir. Why, sir, I am as happy as the day is long." He uttered words to this effect as we walked through the courts of the building toward his room, which, in truth, I found neat and comfortable, with a brisk fire crackling on the hearth, a little tea-table laid out, a Bible and spectacles by the side of it, and over the mantelpiece a drawing of his grandson by Clive.

"You may come and see me here, sir, whenever you like, and so may your dear wife and little ones, tell Laura, with my love; but you must not stay now. You must go back to your dinner." In vain I pleaded that I had no stomach for it. He gave me a look, which seemed to say he desired to be alone, and I had to respect that order and leave him.



MAGGIE TULLIVER

BY GEORGE ELIOT

(From "*The Mill on the Floss*")

George Eliot was the assumed name of Mary Ann Evans. Most of her novels are faithful pictures of village and country life in England. Among the most popular of her books is "The Mill on the Floss," the early chapters of which deal with Maggie Tulliver's girlhood.

"MAGGIE," said Mrs. Tulliver, beckoning Maggie to her and whispering in her ear, "go and get your hair brushed."

"Tom, come out with me," whispered Maggie, pulling her brother's sleeve as she passed him; and Tom followed willingly enough.

"Come up-stairs with me, Tom," she whispered, when they were outside the door. "There 's something I want to do before dinner."

"There 's no time to play at anything before dinner," said Tom, whose imagination was impatient of any intermediate prospect.

"Oh, yes, there is time for this; do come, Tom."

Tom followed Maggie up-stairs into her mother's room, and saw her go at once to a drawer, from which she took out a large pair of scissors.

"What are they for, Maggie?" said Tom, feeling his curiosity awakened.

Maggie answered by seizing her front locks and cutting them straight across the middle of her forehead.

"Oh, Maggie," exclaimed Tom, "you 'd better not cut off any more."

Snip! went the great scissors again while Tom was speaking; and he could n't help feeling it was rather good fun: Maggie would look so queer.

"Here, Tom, cut it behind for me," said Maggie, excited by her own daring, and anxious to finish the deed.

"You 'll catch it, you know," said Tom, nodding his head in an admonitory manner, and hesitating a little as he took the scissors.

"Never mind—make haste!" said Maggie, giving a little stamp with her foot. Her cheeks were quite flushed.

The black locks were so thick—nothing could be more tempting to a lad who had already tasted the forbidden pleasure of cutting the pony's mane. One delicious grinding snip, and then another and another and the locks fell heavily on the floor, and Maggie stood cropped in a jagged, uneven manner, but with a sense of clearness and freedom, as if she had emerged from a wood into the open plain.

"Oh, Maggie!" said Tom, jumping round her,

and slapping his knees as he laughed. "Oh, what a queer thing you look! Look at yourself in the glass!"

Maggie felt an unexpected pang. She had thought beforehand chiefly of her own deliverance from her teasing hair and teasing remarks about it, and something also of the triumph she should have over her mother and her aunts by this very decided course of action. She did n't want her hair to look pretty—that was out of the question; she only wanted people to think her a clever little girl, and not to find fault with her. But now, when Tom began to laugh at her, the affair had quite a new aspect. She looked in the glass, and still Tom laughed and clapped his hands, and Maggie's flushed cheeks began to pale, and her lips to tremble a little.

"Oh, Maggie, you 'll have to go down to dinner directly," said Tom. "Oh, my!"

"Don't laugh at me, Tom," said Maggie, in a passionate tone, with an outburst of angry tears, stamping and giving him a push.

"What did you cut it off for, then?" said Tom. "I shall go down: I can smell the dinner going in."

He hurried down-stairs, but Maggie, as she stood crying before the glass, felt it impossible that she should go down to dinner and endure the severe eyes and severe words of her aunts, while Tom and Lucy, and Martha, who waited at table, and perhaps her father and her uncles, would laugh at her—for if Tom had laughed at her of course every one else would; and if she had only let her hair alone, she could have sat with Tom and Lucy, and had the apricot pudding and the custard! She could see clearly enough, now the thing was done, that it was very foolish. What could she do but sob? She sat as helpless and despairing among her black locks as Ajax among the slaughtered sheep.

"Maggie, you little silly," said Tom, peeping into the room ten minutes after, "why don't you come and have your dinner? There are lots of goodies, and mother says you 're to come. What are you crying for?"

Oh, it was dreadful! Tom was so hard and unconcerned; if *he* had been crying on the floor, Maggie would have cried too. And there was the dinner; and she was *so* hungry. It was very bitter.

But Tom was not altogether hard. He was not inclined to cry, and did not feel that Maggie's grief spoiled his prospect of the sweets; but he went and put his head near her, and said in a lower, comforting tone: "Won't you come then, Magsie? Shall I bring you a bit of pudding when I 've had mine?—and a custard and things?"

"Ye-e-es," said Maggie, beginning to feel life a little more tolerable.

"Very well," said Tom, going away. But he turned again at the door and said: "But you 'd better come, you know. There 's the dessert—nuts and custards."

Maggie's tears had ceased, and she looked reflective as Tom left her. His good-nature had taken off the keenest edge of her suffering, and nuts and custards began to assert their legitimate influence.

Slowly she rose from among her scattered locks, and slowly she made her way down-stairs. Then she stood leaning with one shoulder against the frame of the dining-room door, peeping in when it was ajar. She saw Tom and Lucy with an empty chair between them, and there were the custards on a side table,—it was too much. She slipped in and went toward the empty chair. But she had no sooner sat down than she repented and wished herself back again.

Mrs. Tulliver gave a little scream as she saw her, and felt such a "turn" that she dropped the large grávy spoon into the dish with the most serious results to the table-cloth. Her scream made all eyes turn toward the same point as her own, and Maggie's cheeks and ears began to burn, while Uncle Glegg, a kind-looking, white-haired old gentleman, said: "Heyday! What little girl is this? Why, I don't know her! Is it some little girl you 've picked up in the road?"

"Why, little miss, you 've made yourself look very funny," said Uncle Pullet; and perhaps he never in his life made an observation which was felt to be so lacerating.

"Fie, for shame!" said Aunt Glegg, in her loudest, severest tones of reproof. "Little girls who cut their own hair should be fed on bread and water—not come and sit down with their aunts and uncles."

"Ay, ay," said Uncle Glegg, meaning to give a playful turn to this denunciation, "she must be sent to jail, I think, and they 'll cut off the rest of her hair there and make it all even."

"She 's more like a gypsy than ever," said Aunt Pullet in a pitying tone.

Maggie seemed to be listening to a chorus of reproach and derision. Her first flush came from anger, which gave her a transient power of defiance, and Tom thought she was braving it out, supported by the recent appearance of the pudding and custard. Under this impression he whispered, "Oh, my! Maggie, I told you you 'd catch it." He meant to be friendly, but Maggie felt convinced that Tom was rejoicing in her ignominy. Her feeble power of defiance left her

in an instant, her heart swelled, and, getting up from her chair, she ran to her father, hid her face on his shoulder, and burst into loud sobbing.

"Come, come," said Mr. Tulliver soothingly, putting his arm round her. "Never mind. You were in the right to cut it off if it plagued you; stop crying; father will take your part."

Delicious words of tenderness! Maggie never forgot any of these moments when her father "took her part"; she kept them in her heart and thought of them long years after.

"How your husband does spoil that child, Bessy!" said Mrs. Glegg in a loud "aside" to Mrs. Tulliver. "It 'll be the ruin of her if you don't take care."

MR. PICKWICK'S PARTY ON THE ICE

By CHARLES DICKENS

(From the "*Pickwick Papers*")

"Now," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch had been done ample justice to, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye—yes; oh, yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I 'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening, "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy* announced that there were half a dozen more downstairs, whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice, and the fat boy and Mr. Weller† having shoveled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satis-

faction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies, which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now then, sir," said Sam in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show 'em how to do it!"

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates, ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I 'm afeerd there 's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I 'm coming."

"Just a-goin' to begin," said Sam. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I 've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank 'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle hastily. "You need n't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas box, Sam. I 'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You 're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that 's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam—not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller in a very singular manner when

* Mr. Wardle's servant.

† Sam Weller, Mr. Pickwick's servant.

Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank:

"Sam!"

"Sir?"

"Here; I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a-callin'? Let go, sir!"

With a violent effort Mr. Weller disengaged himself, and in so doing administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the reel at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind—in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you 'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.*

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I 'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice: "Take his skates off!"

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off!" repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders, and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:

"You 're a humbug, sir!"

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir! I will speak plainer if you wish it. An impostor, sir!"

*Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen were medical students.

With those words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavors cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding which is currently denominated "knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice warm exercise that, does n't it?" he inquired of Wardle.

"Ah, it does indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh do, please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I have n't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" cried Wardle, dragging off his skates. "Here, I 'll keep you company; come along!" and away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, balked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a-bilin'!" said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face

toward the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank, with an ardor and enthusiasm that nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp, smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush toward the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared; the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface: and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance, the males turned pale, and the females fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any person who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might.

It was at this moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer, on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice—it was at this very moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant!" bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do; let me implore you—for my sake!" roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I could n't get on my feet at first."

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The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valor were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh! he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah! that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller, presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman, dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground, without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case, and, urged on by Sam Weller, he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm, where Mr. Tupman had arrived some five minutes before, and had frightened the old lady into palpitations of the heart by impressing her with the unalterable conviction that the kitchen chimney was on fire—a calamity which always presented itself in glowing colors to the old lady's mind when anybody about her evinced the smallest agitation.

Mr. Pickwick paused not an instant until he was snug in bed. Sam Weller lighted a blazing fire in the room, and took up his dinner; and when *he* awoke next morning there was not a symptom of rheumatism about him.

THE SIEGE OF TORQUILSTONE

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

(From "*Ivanhoe*")

THE noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations, which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamor. The heavy, yet hasty step of the men-at-arms traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartisans and points of defense. The voices of the knights were

heard, animating their followers, or directing means of defense, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armor, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them, which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear, and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text—"The quiver rattleth—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting!"

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go!—If I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance!—It is in vain—it is in vain—I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca, "the sounds have ceased of a sudden—it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest nought of it," said Wilfred impatiently; "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm—it will burst anon in all its fury.—Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft—"

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime—do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me forever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the

protection of a large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed, the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favorable for this purpose, because, being placed in an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sallyport corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defense of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed!—Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armor, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shackbolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance—God of Zion protect us!—What a dreadful sight!—Those who advance first bear huge shields, and defenses made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on.—They raise their bows!—God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamor that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defense on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the longbow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post, or might be suspected to be stationed—by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain and several others wounded. But, confident in their armor of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf and his allies showed an obstinacy in defense proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large crossbows, as well as with their longbows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles, on both sides, was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives

me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others!—Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath.—Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca. "I see him now; he heads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes.—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife.—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his, single arm.—His sword is broken—he snatches an ax from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow.—The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca—"and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault.—Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts.—Who yield?—who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie groveling under them like crushed reptiles.—The besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge ax—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle.—Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"*

"The postern-gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—O God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat.—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others.—Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered; and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen's shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfred, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained—O no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose ax hath rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron.—Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there be two who can do a deed of such derring-do!—a fetterlock, and a shacklebolt on a field-sable—what may that mean?—seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further—but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength; there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God forgive him the sin of bloodshed!—it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero. Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant enterprise; since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honor of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"



* The knight in the black armor afterward proves to be Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

JOHN BRIMBLECOMBE

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY

(From "Westward Ho!")

Jack Brimblecombe had been a schoolfellow of Amyas Leigh, and, after going to Oxford, became a clergyman. He accompanied Frank and Amyas Leigh to the West Indies in search of Rose Salterne, who had been carried off from Bideford by a Spaniard named Don Guzman. On the way out the adventurers capture a Spanish vessel.

THE Spaniards yielded without a blow, crying, "Misericordia," and the negroes, leaping overboard, swam ashore like sea-dogs. Meanwhile, the third boat, which was not an oar's length off, turned to pull away, whereby befell a notable adventure; for John Brimblecombe, casting about in a valiant mind how he should distinguish himself that day, must needs catch up a boat-hook, and claw on to her stern, shouting, "Stay, ye Papists! Stay, Spanish dogs!"—by which, as was to be expected, they being ten to his one, he was forthwith pulled overboard, and fell all along on his nose in the sea, leaving the hook fast in her stern.

Where, I know not how, being seized with some panic fear (his lively imagination filling all the sea with those sharks which he had just seen), he fell a-roaring like any town bull, and in his confusion never thought to turn and get aboard again, but struck out lustily after the Spanish boat, whether in hope of catching hold of the boat-hook which trailed behind her, or from a very madness of valor, no man could divine; but on he swam, his cassock afloat behind him, looking for all the world like a great black monk-fish, and howling and puffing, with his mouth full of salt water:

"Stay, ye Spanish dogs! Help, all good fellows! See you not that I am a dead man? They are nuzzling already at my toes! He hath hold of my leg! My right thigh is bitten clean off! Oh that I were preaching in Hartland pulpit! Stay, Spanish dogs! Yield, Papist cowards, lest I make mincemeat of you, and take me aboard! Yield, I say, or my blood be on your heads. I am no Jonah; if he swallow me he will never cast me up again! It is better to fall into the hands of men than into the hands of devils with three rows of teeth apiece. *In manus tuas. Orate pro animâ—!*"

And so forth, till the English, expecting him every minute to be snapped up by sharks, or brained by the Spaniards' oars, let fly a volley

into the fugitives, on which they all leaped overboard like their fellows; whereon Jack scrambled into the boat, and, drawing sword with one hand, while he wiped the water out of his eyes with the other, began to lay about him like a very lion, cutting the empty air and crying, "Yield, idolaters! Yield, Spanish dogs!"

However, coming to himself after a while, and seeing that there was no one on whom to flesh his maiden steel, he sits down panting in the stern-sheets, and begins stripping off his hose. On which Amyas, thinking surely that the good fellow had gone mad with some stroke of the sun, or by having fallen into the sea after being overheated with his rowing, bade pull alongside, and asked him in Heaven's name what he was doing. On which Jack, amid such laughter as may be conceived, vowed and swore that his right thigh was bitten clean through, and to the bone; yea, and that he felt his hose full of blood, and so would have swooned away for imaginary loss of blood (so strong was the delusion on him) had not his friends, after much arguing on their part and anger on his, persuaded him that he was whole and sound.

Frank and Amyas take Jack to task for his cowardice, and the poor simple-hearted fellow is much ashamed. The crew land on one of the islands, where Jack has a chance of redeeming his reputation, which he does not miss.

Now John Brimblecombe had gone apart as soon as they landed, with a shamefaced and doleful countenance, and, sitting down under a great tree, plucked a Bible from his bosom, and read steadfastly, girded with his great sword, and his arquebuse lying by him. This, too, was well for him and for the rest, for they had not yet finished their watering when there was a cry that the enemy was on them; and out of the wood, not twenty yards from the good parson, came full fifty shot, with a multitude of negroes behind them, and an officer in front on horseback, with a great plume of feathers in his hat, and his sword drawn in his hand.

"Stand, for your lives!" shouted Amyas, and only just in time; for there were ten good minutes lost in running up and down before he could get his men into some order of battle. But when Jack beheld the Spaniards, as if he had expected their coming, he plucked a leaf and put it into the page of his book for a mark, laid the book down soberly, caught up his arquebuse, ran like a mad dog right at the Spanish captain, shot him through the body stark dead, and then, flinging the arquebuse at the head of him who stood next, fell on with his sword, breaking in among the

arquebuses, and striking right and left such ugly strokes, that the Spaniards, who thought him a very fiend, gave back pell-mell, and shot at him five or six at once with their arquebuses; but whether from fear of him or of wounding each other, made so bad play with their pieces that he only got one wound in his thigh, which made him limp for many a day.

But as fast as they gave back he came on, and the rest by this time ran up in good order, and altogether nearly forty men well armed. On which the Spaniards turned, and went as fast as they had come, while Cary hinted that "The dogs had had such a taste of the parson, that they had no mind to wait for the clerk and people."

"Come back, Jack! Are you mad?" shouted Amyas.

But Jack (who had not all this time spoken one word) followed them as fiercely as ever, till, reaching a great blow at one of the arquebusiers, he caught his foot in a root, on which down he went, and, striking his head against the ground, knocked out of himself all the breath he had left (which between fatness and fighting was not much), and so lay. Amyas, seeing the Spaniards gone, did not care to pursue them, but picked up Jack, who, staring about, cried, "Glory be! glory be! How many have I killed? How many have I killed?"

"Nineteen, at the least," quoth Cary; "and seven with one back stroke"; and then showed Brimblecombe the captain lying dead, and two arquebusiers, one of which was the fugitive by whom he came to his fall, besides two or three more who were limping away wounded, some of them by their fellows' shot.

"There!" said Jack, pausing and blowing; "will you laugh at me any more, Mr. Cary, or say that I cannot fight, because I am a poor parson's son?"

Cary took him by the hand, and asked pardon of him for his scoffing, saying that he had that day played the best man of all of them; and Jack, who never bore malice, began laughing in his turn, and—

"Oh, Mr. Cary, we have all known your pleasant ways, ever since you used to put drumble-drones into my desk to Bideford school." And so they went to the boats, and pulled off, thanking God (as they had need to do) for their great deliverance, while all the boat's crew rejoiced over Jack, who after a while grew very faint (having bled a good deal without knowing it), and made as little of his real wound as he made much the day before of his imaginary one.

Frank asked him that evening how he came to show so cool and approved a valor in so sudden a mishap.

"Well, my masters," said Jack, "I don't deny that I was very downcast on account of what you said, and the scandal which I had given to the crew; but, as it happened, I was reading there under the tree, to fortify my spirits, the history of the ancient worthies, in St. Paul his eleventh chapter to the Hebrews; and just as I came to that 'out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens,' arose the cry of the Spaniards: at which, gentlemen, thinking in myself that I fought in just so good a cause as they, and, as I hoped, with like faith, there came upon me so strange an assurance of victory that I verily believed in myself that if there had been a ten thousand of them, I should have taken no hurt. Wherefore," said Jack modestly, "there is no credit due to me, for there was no valor in me whatsoever, but only a certainty of safety; and any coward would fight if he knew that he were to have all the killing and none of the scratches."



ADVENTURE TALES AND ANIMAL STORIES

TALKS ABOUT ADVENTURE STORIES

There is probably no sort of story you would rather read than a story of adventure, and you may be glad to know that your taste has been shared by millions of other people since the beginning of writing. Thousands of years ago the Egyptians and Greeks had tales in which the characters went through all sorts of strange and wonderful adventures, and those tales were the most popular of all. The Chinese too had many such tales, and so had the Arabians. Many of the stories in the "Arabian Nights" are little more than adventure tales.

The romances of the Middle Ages of which I told you in my talk on fiction contained more adventures than anything else, and the historical tales and novels which came later are all largely adventure also. But nowadays we give the name of adventure tales to stories which are altogether devoted to adventures or in which the adventures form the chief interest.

The first real approach to such tales was made in the "rogue stories" I told you about before, such as Le Sage's "Gil Blas" and some stories of Cervantes, the author of "Don Quixote." Daniel Defoe, however, first brought the adventure tale to perfection in his delightful story of "Robinson Crusoe," the sailor who was wrecked on a desert isle. Defoe also wrote another stirring adventure tale called "The Life, Adventures, and Piracies of Captain Singleton," which tells all about a boy who was kidnapped and sold to gypsies. After Defoe many writers of fine adventure tales sprang up, especially in England. And as the English people love the sea more, perhaps, than most other nations, the best of those tales treated of adventures on the ocean. The

first of the great English sea-tales was "The Adventures of Roderick Random," by Tobias Smollett, in which the principal characters are naval officers and rough sailors who are never at home except when afloat. After Smollett came Captain Marryat, who wrote a large number of delightful adventure tales of the sea. The best known of these, perhaps, is "Peter Simple," which tells of a boy whom everybody thought a dunce and who was sent to sea because that was the only thing to be done with "the fool of the family." Peter passed through a number of great perils and adventures and at length became captain of a ship. "Jacob Faithful" and "Mr. Midshipman Easy" also tell of boys who went to sea and had plenty of fun and adventure. Another writer, who lived at the same time as Captain Marryat, and who wrote the same sort of tales, was Michael Scott. Scott's "Tom Cringle's Log" and "The Cruise of the Midge" are two splendid stories of adventures on the sea and are full of fine descriptions of the West Indies and Bermuda.

Ten years after Scott's death William Clark Russell was born, the next great writer of sea-stories. "The Romance of a Midshipman," one of the best of his stories, tells of the school life of an English boy who afterward goes to sea and has any amount of dangerous adventures and wonderful escapes. Another of Russell's tales, called "The Frozen Pirate," is a strange story of a sailor in the arctic regions who comes upon an old wrecked ship and finds a pirate who has been preserved alive in the ice for over a hundred years.

The next important English writer of adventure tales of the sea is Robert Louis Stevenson. Stevenson wrote only one real

sea-tale, "Treasure Island," but it is such a great one that it places him among the foremost writers of adventure stories. It is a story of pirates and of concealed treasure, and is full of the most thrilling adventures. "The Black Arrow," another fine story by Stevenson, might perhaps better be called a historical tale, but it is full of the adventures of outlaws, barons, and men-at-arms during the Wars of the Roses, and is as good an adventure tale as you could read.

Tales of adventure on land have not taken such a place in English literature, but there are many fine ones nevertheless, such as "The White Company" and "The Refugees" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, "A Gentleman of France," "The Man in Black," and "The Red Cockade" by Stanley John Weyman, and a number of delightful stories of Northern Canada by Sir Gilbert Parker. George Alfred Henty has also written many dashing adventure stories for boys, and you can enjoy them if only you remember that they were specially written for English boys and contain many things that an American boy would not be likely to agree to. Another English story, which perhaps can not be strictly called an adventure story, is "Tom Brown's School-days," which tells of the life and adventures of a boy at a famous school. But I mention it, anyhow, because it is, in a way, an adventure story, and it is so wholly delightful that you ought not to miss reading it. You will find more about it in another part of this volume.

In America we have not had many great writers of adventure tales. But among the few we have had was one of the greatest writers of adventure tales that ever lived. This was James Fenimore Cooper, whose stories of adventure are read all over the world. "The Spy," "The Deerslayer," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pathfinder," "The Pioneers," and "The Prairie" are tales of adventure which equal anything of the kind that has ever been written; and if we take into consideration the large number of tales that Cooper wrote we should not go far wrong in calling him the greatest of all writers of adventure stories. Some of Francis Bret Harte's stories of the West contain many elements of the adventure tale, and the thousands of stories of cowboy life and Indian fighting, and that sort of thing, are all more or less adventure tales. But none of them come near equaling Cooper's tales. The best adventure tales

that have been written in America since Cooper, though they are of a totally different kind, are Mark Twain's two delightful stories, "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" and "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

Animal stories are a form of writing with which you are no doubt familiar, so that it is hardly necessary to explain to you what they are. In case you don't know, however, you can get a good idea of what they are like by reading the following selections. Among them are a couple of adventure stories.

THE STORY OF SMALL ROOSTER

BY MARGARET EYTINGE

SMALL ROOSTER was a very fine bird. He was dressed in green and gold feathers, and he wore a high, bright-red comb. And oh, how proud he



was! He was proud of his green and gold dress, and his high, bright-red comb, and he was proud because he could crow so long and loud. Not one of his three big brothers or his five big cousins could crow as long and loud. That was all very well, but he should not have always crowed so long and loud just at the break of day, when almost every one else was still asleep.

"Why *will* you do it?" said Pretty Hen to him one morning. Pretty Hen was his mother.

"I don't know," said Small Rooster.

"Well don't do it again," said his mother.

"Yes, ma'am—I mean no, ma'am," said Small Rooster.

But the very next morning, as early as ever, "Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo — Cock-a-doodle-doo-

oo-oo!" crowed Small Rooster at the top of his voice, waking all the fowls for a mile around and startling his mother so that she fell off the perch. Old Chanticleer ruled the roost, though he was

"Cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck," called Pretty Hen, as she picked herself up all covered with straw and sand: "What did I tell you only yesterday morning, Small Rooster?"



"OLD CHANTICLEER OPENED HIS SLEEPY EYES."

too old to fly up to it. At the sound of Small Rooster's crowing, he opened his sleepy eyes and clucked angrily to Pretty Hen: "He's a boisterous young scamp! Scold him well!" And then Chanticleer went back to his dreams.

"Ma'am?" said he.

"What did I tell you only yesterday morning?" repeated she, shaking her toe at him.

"Not to crow again at break of day," answered Small Rooster.

"Then why did you do it?" said his mother.

"Because—because—I don't know," said Small Rooster.

"Well, if you do it again, and don't know, you 'll go without your breakfast," said his mother.

"No, ma'am—I mean—yes, ma'am," said Small Rooster, and the very next morning crowed longer and louder than he had ever crowed before.

Then, his mother was so angry she could scarcely cluck. But when Small Rooster saw her coming toward him, he called out, "Cock-a-doo-dle-doo-oo-oo—I know, I doo-oo-oo."

"Oh, you doo-oo-oo!" said his mother. "Well, if you doo-oo-oo, you 'd better tell me quickly, for I 'm out of all patience with you. And mind, if it is n't a good reason, no breakfast do you get."

"I crow so long and loud at the break of day," said Small Rooster, "because—because I want to wake the boy that lives in the house near our barn, so that he may be ready in time for school. It takes him a long time to get ready, because—because he does n't get out of bed for an hour or two after I crow."

"How did you know all this?" asked Pretty Hen.

"I heard the cat talking to the dog about it," answered Small Rooster. "And now, I 'd like to have my breakfast."

"Well, I can't see what good your crowing so very early does the boy after all," said his mother, "if he does n't get up for an hour or two after you crow. And then there 's Saturday and Sunday and all sorts of holidays, when you do just the same. But, dear me!" she went on, wrinkling her forehead, and looking at him sharply, "what 's the good of talking? It 's my opinion that you crow just to hear yourself crow, as many older and bigger roosters do."

Then she gave him his breakfast, for she was his mother; and, as you all know, mothers are so forgiving!

HOW GRANDPA WAS LOST IN A FOREST

ONE evening Johnny climbed up in his grandpa's lap.

"Please tell me a story, grandpa," he said. "Tell me a story about something you did when you were a little boy."

"Well," laughed grandpa, "how would you like an Indian story?"

"Very much," said Johnny. "Is it true?"

"Yes," said grandpa, "every word of it, but it happened many years ago when I was not much older than you.

"My father and mother had just moved to the West where the country was new.

"I was the only little boy they had, and as no one lived very near us, I was often much alone.

"There were no schools anywhere around, so I studied a little at home. But father and mother were always busy at work and I used to help all I could.

"One day mother sent me up on a hill near the house to pick some berries for supper.

"I remember it was about five in the afternoon when Watch and I started.

"Watch was my dog, and he always followed wherever I went.

"The berries were large, and it did not take long to fill my two little pails.

"Then I whistled for Watch, but he did not hear me.

"He had seen a wild rabbit away in the woods and was trying hard to catch it.

"Ever since I owned Watch I had tried to teach him better tricks, but he would never let rabbits alone.

"Well, after whistling and calling, I set my pails down under the bushes and ran for the woods myself.

"I hurried as fast as I could, and soon I came up with Watch, chasing a rabbit.

"I tried to help Watch and thought we would catch the rabbit, but it was too quick for us.

"At last the rabbit ran under a log and there the poor thing stayed.

"Then I lay down on the ground, for I was all tired out.

"I lay there some little time looking up at the trees and watching a pretty gray squirrel.

"But by and by I remembered the berries and that mother would be waiting supper; so I jumped up and started for home.

"Watch and I ran on and on through the woods, till I wondered we did not come in sight of the fields.

"The trees were thick all around us, and it was now growing dark.

"What if we had not come the right way!

"The thought frightened me so that I began trembling all over.

"Just then I remembered something father had said—that I was never to go into the woods without him.

"He said the woods were a great forest where many wild animals lived.

"I knew that was true, for once that summer he had taken me with him when he had gone there to hunt.

"How could I have forgotten his words!

"I was afraid we were lost, but I would not give up.

"It grew darker and darker. I could not see where to go and pretty soon I fell.

"When I tried to get up I could not stand on my foot. I had hurt it in falling.

"Now I knew that Watch and I must stay in the woods all night, unless some one came and found us.

"I tried to be brave, but I cried just a little.

"Soon the moon came up and I could see the stars through the trees.

"Then I thought of father and mother and wondered what they were doing at home.

"All at once Watch began to bark and I knew that he heard some one coming. Was it father looking for me?

"I called his name over and over so he would know where we were. But soon a strange man rode in sight. It was a big Indian.

"Many Indians lived in the West, but I had never seen one before.

"This man had a kind voice, and spoke English.

"When I told him my trouble he lifted me up on his horse and put a nice warm blanket around me.

"He said he was on his way home and would take me there for the night. The next day he would find where I lived.

"Well, after a long ride we came in sight of his house. It was just outside the forest and near a great river.

"The house looked like a tent, but the Indian called it a wigwam. It was made of poles tied together at the top and covered with skins.

"Near the doorway stood a woman waiting to help us. An Indian woman is called a squaw.

"She carried me inside the wigwam and laid me down on a rug.

"Watch followed us and lay down beside me.

"How strange everything looked in that room! There were neither beds, tables, nor chairs, and the only floor was the smooth, hard ground.

"In the middle of the ground was a hole, where a bright fire was burning.

"The smoke rose in clouds from the fire. Some of it went out through an opening at the top of the wigwam, but much of it stayed inside.

"The squaw put some meat over the fire in a kettle, and when it had boiled she brought me some soup.

"It tasted so good that I ate it all up; then I went fast to sleep on the rug.

"When I awoke the next morning there was no one in sight but a queer little baby.

"The baby was fastened in its cradle, and the cradle hung up on a pole.

"What a queer little cradle that was!

"While I was wondering how it was made, an Indian boy came inside the doorway.

"His hair was straight and black and his skin a very dark red.

"He said his name was White Cloud, and the baby's name was Little Papoose.

"He carried Little Papoose out into the sunshine and hung her cradle on a branch of a tree.

"I followed along very slowly and was glad to find I could walk.

"The squaw was at work in a field near by, but the Indian was not in sight.

"White Cloud said he had gone for my father and would not come back till he found him.

"Pretty soon White Cloud brought me some corn cakes. Then he sat down beside me and talked about the great forest.

"He said he was learning to hunt and to fish and could go a long way without getting lost.

"His father had told him that the tops of the pine trees bend toward the east. This helped him to find his way home.

"Often he sat with his mother at the door of the wigwam, listening to the trees as they whispered together.

"Then she told him many beautiful stories.

"One story was about a wonderful Indian who lived many years before.

"His name was Hiawatha, and every one loved him because he did so many kind things for his people.

"All these and many other things the Indian boy told me as we lay on the grass together.

"Pretty soon Watch began barking and jumping, just as he did in the woods.

"And then my dear father rode in sight with the Indian close beside him.

"That is all of the story, Johnny.

"The squaw gave us a nice warm dinner and early that afternoon we started for home.

"White Cloud let me take his white pony and his father went with us to show us the way.

"White Cloud came to see me many times after that, but after we moved back to the East I never saw or heard from him again."

ANECDOTE OF A DOG

A MAN on horseback, with a fine dog, was joined by another horseman: they entered into conversation, and the owner of the dog began to boast of the cleverness of his animal. By way of proof he dismounted, took a silver dollar from his purse, marked it, and put it under a stone, mounted again, and rode away with his companion. When they had gone four or five miles, he

told the dog to go back and fetch the dollar. He was perfectly understood by the sensible and willing creature, and in a very short time the dog had found the stone, and endeavored to obtain the coin.

But the stone was large and heavy, and after trying in vain to turn it over, or to scratch away the hard soil underneath it, the dog gave up the attempt, sat down beside it, and waited patiently. He had not waited long before two horsemen came up, traveling in the opposite direction to that by which his master had gone.

When the dog saw the travelers approach, he began to scratch and howl, and show the plainest signs of anxiety to overturn the stone. The horsemen very naturally thought that underneath the stone there was a rat, or weasel, or some other creature, and one of them dismounted and overturned it: to his great surprise he found the silver dollar, and never imagining for a moment that this could be the object of the dog's anxiety, he put it into his purse, and that into his trousers' pocket.

The dog had now quite recovered his composure; he paid no more attention to the stone, but followed the two strangers on their journey. In vain they tried to drive him away, and at length, supposing he had lost his master, they allowed him to have his own way. In the evening, when they reached the inn, the dog was still with them, lay quietly under the table, and took readily the food they gave him. But when they prepared to go to bed, nothing would satisfy the dog but he must sleep in the same room with the man he seemed to have chosen for his new master, the man who had taken the dollar. He had his own way again, and a mat was provided for him at the foot of the bed.

Meantime the other two horsemen had reached their journey's end, and put up for the night. The master of the dog had boasted all the way that Peto would soon join them again, and certainly bring the dollar; but as time passed he grew uneasy, and when bedtime arrived he retired with a heavy heart, feeling certain that his dog was killed; for nothing else, he said, could have prevented his return, and he was sure that no one could ever take him alive by force, or entice him away. But Peto, far from being dead, was sleeping very comfortably on his mat at the foot of a stranger's bed.

The moment, however, that daylight appeared the dog was stirring. Whether a servant opened the door, or whether Peto made his way through the window, which the traveler had opened for air in the hot summer night, certain it is that when the unfortunate man arose the

dog was gone—and the man's trousers were gone, too!

And now for Peto's master again. He arose disconsolate, met his friend at the breakfast, and sighed while he confessed that his dog had not appeared. But in the middle of breakfast Peto rushed into the room, and with great demonstrations of joy, and evidently in perfect health and high good humor, laid down a pair of trousers at his master's feet.

The whole proceeding was at first puzzling enough, but a light soon broke in upon the gentleman's mind, and turning to his companion, he exclaimed, "In these trousers we shall find the lost dollar." He drew forth a purse as he spoke, and there indeed he found, among other coins, the very piece he had marked the day before. Some months passed away before an explanation took place, and the unfortunate owner of the trousers received his property.

BIRDS OF SPRING

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

THOSE who have passed the winter in the country are sensible of the delightful influences that accompany the earliest indications of spring; and of these none are more delightful than the first notes of the birds. The appearance of the bluebird, so poetically yet truly described by Wilson, gladdens the whole landscape. You hear his soft warble in every field. He sociably approaches your habitation, and takes up his residence in your vicinity.

The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark, in my estimation, is the Boblincon, or Boblink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at this choice portion of the year, which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May, so often given by the poets. With us it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer.

But in this genial interval Nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: "the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweetbrier and the wild rose; the meadows are enameled with clover-blossoms; while the young apple, the

peach, and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow, among the green leaves.

This is the chosen season of revelry of the Boblink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows; and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long, flaunting weed, and, as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich, tinkling notes; crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character.

Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he is upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his paramour; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the Boblink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in that purgatory of boyhood, a schoolroom, it seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no tasks, no hateful school; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather!

Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart for the benefit of my schoolboy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted, he was sacred from injury; the very schoolboy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the difference.

As the year advances, as the clover-blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, his notes cease to vibrate on the ear. He gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical and professional suit of black, assumes a russet or rather dusty garb, and enters into the

gross enjoyments of common, vulgar birds. He becomes a bon-vivant, a mere gormand; thinking of nothing but good cheer, and gormandizing on the seeds of the long grasses on which he lately swung, and chanted so musically. He begins to think there is nothing like "the joys of the table," if I may be allowed to apply that convivial phrase to his indulgences.

He now grows discontented with plain, everyday fare, and sets out on a gastronomical tour in search of foreign luxuries. He is to be found in myriads among the reeds of the Delaware, banqueting on their seeds; grows corpulent with good feeding, and soon acquires the unlucky renown of the ortolan. Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! the rusty firelocks of the country are cracking on every side; he sees his companions falling by thousands around him; he is the *reed-bird*, the much sought for tidbit of the Pennsylvanian epicure.

Does he take warning, and reform? Not he. He wings his flight still farther south, in search of other luxuries. We hear of him gorging himself in the rice-swamps; filling himself with rice almost to bursting; he can hardly fly for corpulency. Last stage of his career, we hear of him spitted by dozens, and served up on the table of the gormand, the most vaunted of southern dainties, the *rice-bird* of the Carolinas.

Such is the story of the once musical and admired, but finally sensual and persecuted Boblink. It contains a moral worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits, which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity, during the early part of his career; but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence, which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end. ♦

THE RESCUE OF THE SHEEP

BY RICHARD D. BLACKMORE

(From "Lorna Doone")

It must have snowed most wonderfully to have made that depth of covering in about eight hours. And here it was, blocking up the doors and stopping the ways and the water-courses. However, we trudged along in a line; I first and the other men after me, trying to keep my track, but finding legs and strength not up to it. All this time it was snowing harder than it had ever snowed before, so far as a man might guess at it; and the leaden depth of the sky came down, like a mine turned upside down on us. Not that the flakes were so very large, but that there was no room

between them, neither any relaxing nor any change of direction.

Watch, like a good and faithful dog, followed us very cheerfully, leaping out of the depth, which took him over his back and ears already, even in the level places; while in the drifts he might have sunk to any distance out of sight, and never found his way up again. However, we helped him now and then, especially through the gaps and gateways; and so, after a deal of floundering and some laughter, we came all safe to the lower meadow, where most of our flock was huddled.

But, behold, there was no flock at all! None, I mean, to be seen anywhere; only at one corner of the field, by the eastern end, where the snow drove in, a great white billow as high as a barn and as broad as a house. Ever and again the tempest snatched little whiffs from the channeled edges, twirled them round and made them dance over the monster pile, then let them lie like herring-bones, or the seams of sand where the tide has been. And all the while, from the smothering sky, more and more fiercely at every blast, came the pelting, pitiless arrows, winged with murky white and pointed with the barbs of frost.

But although, for people who had no sheep, the sight was a very fine one (so far, at least, as the weather permitted any sight at all), yet for us, with our flock beneath it, this great mount had but little charm. Watch began to scratch at once, and to howl along the sides of it; he knew that his charge was buried there and his business taken from him. But we four men set to in earnest, digging with all our might and main, shoveling away at that great white pile and fetching it into the meadow. Each man made for himself a cave, scooping at the soft, cold mass, which slid upon him at every stroke, and throwing it out behind him in piles of castled fancy. At last we drove our tunnels in (for we worked, indeed, for the lives of us), and all converging toward the middle, held our tools and listened.

The other men heard nothing at all, or declared that they heard nothing, being anxious now to abandon the matter, because of the chill in their feet and knees. But I said: "Go, if you choose, all of you. I will work it out by myself"; and upon that they gripped their shovels.

But before we began again I laid my head well into the chamber, and there I heard a faint *ma-a-ah* coming through the snow, like a plaintive, buried hope or a last appeal. I shouted aloud to cheer him up, for I knew what sheep it was. And then we all fell to again, and very soon we hauled him out. Watch took charge of him at once, with an air of the noblest patronage,

lying on his frozen fleece, and licking all his face and feet, to restore his warmth to him. Soon Fighting Tom jumped up and made a little butt at Watch, as if nothing had ever ailed him, and then set off to a shallow place and looked for something to nibble at.

Farther in, and close under the bank, where they had huddled themselves for warmth, we found all the rest of the poor sheep, packed as closely as if they were in a great pie. It was strange to observe how their vapor and breath and the moisture exuding from their wool had scooped a room for them, lined with a ribbing of deep yellow snow. Also the churned snow beneath their feet was as yellow as gamboge.

"However shall we get them home?" John Fry asked in great dismay, when we had cleared about a dozen of them, which we were forced to do very carefully, so as not to fetch the roof down.

"You see to this place, John," I replied, as we leaned on our shovels a moment and the sheep came rubbing round us. "Let no more of them out for the present; they are better where they are. Watch! here, boy, keep them!"

Watch came, with his little scut of a tail cocked as sharp as duty, and I set him at the narrow mouth of the great snow-anitre. All the sheep sidled away and got closer, that the other sheep might be bitten first, as the foolish things imagine; whereas no good sheep-dog even so much as licks a sheep to turn it.

Then of the outer sheep (all now snowed and frizzled like a lawyer's wig) I took the two finest and heaviest, and with one beneath my right arm and the other beneath my left, I went straight home to the upper fold, and set them inside and fastened them. Sixty-and-six I took home in that way, two at a time on each journey; and the work grew harder and harder each time, as the drifts of the snow were deepening. No other man should meddle with them; I was resolved to try my strength against the strength of the elements; and try it I did, ay, and proved it. A certain fierce delight burned in me as the struggle grew harder, but rather would I die than yield, and at last I finished it. People talk of it to this day, but none can tell what the labor was who has not felt that snow and wind.

A BOY'S ADVENTURE

BY ELIHU BURRITT

THE scene opens with a view of the great natural bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with

awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments "when the morning stars sang together."

The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is midday. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them, and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments.

A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword; while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth that there is "no royal road to learning." This youth sees a name just above his name—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte are forgotten. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above any of his predecessors.

It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great father of his country! He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'T is a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall.

While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and then he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures

his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear.

He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn halfway to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meager chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment.

His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair: "William! William! don't look down! Your mother and Henry and Harriet are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eyes toward the top!" The boy did n't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint toward heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there.

He grasps again the knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is halfway down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get

from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom.

The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart, his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last! At the last flint-gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his nerveless hand, and, ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet.

At the height of nearly three hundred feet the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'T is but a moment. There! one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity. Hark!—a shout falls on his ears from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth.

No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God" and "Mother" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting and such leaping and weeping for joy never greeted a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

THE FLIGHT IN THE MOONLIGHT

THERE lived in Normandy nearly a thousand years ago a little boy named Richard, grandson of the famous Rollo, who came with the vikings of the North to conquer the fair land about the river Seine. Little Richard had a lonely childhood. His stepmother disliked him, and he rarely saw his father, William Longsword. But when the boy was eight years of age his father became very ill, and thinking he was about to die, he took Richard to Bayeux and made the barons swear loyalty to the little heir.

Soon after, the father was treacherously murdered, and for little Richard there began a long series of troubled days. King Louis of France was his enemy, and thought he could easily deprive so small a boy of his dukedom.

But there were loyal barons and chieftains who loved and stood by the little Richard; and when the boy was taken prisoner, they rescued him. But not long did he remain free, for Louis, under some pretense of kindness, again got possession of the boy, who was then eleven years old, and shut him up in a tower at Laon in charge of Osmond, a Norman noble.

Now, Osmond was clever, and he taught Richard all he knew during the lonely hours that they spent in the tower. Moreover, he loved his little charge, and it pained him to see the boy growing pale and feeble for want of fresh air.

It was a wet season, and the damp and confinement in the tower made Richard really ill, so ill that the King and all those about the court thought the boy's days were numbered. Osmond wished them to think Richard was really worse than he was, for he had made a plan of escape, and was just waiting a favorable opportunity for carrying it out.

Before long the opportunity came. A great banquet was to be given in the castle, and preparations, watched by the boy prisoner from his window in the tower, went merrily forward.

The day wore on, and as the hour of the banquet came, and the guests had entered through the gateway, the courtyard and the entrance and passages inside seemed quite deserted. Osmond opened the door of the room, looked down the winding stairway, and listened. Then, beckoning to Richard to follow him, they stole down the steps and across the courtyard, keeping in the shadows as much as possible.

Fortunately, Osmond knew his way to the barn even in complete darkness, and with the boy close at his heels he entered it, tore down a large truss of hay, snatched up a cord and bound the hay round the boy's body, so that no one would have dreamed there was a small boy in the middle of it. Then very carefully he set the bundle against a wall and hoisted it onto his back.

"Be quiet. Don't make a sound," he whispered into the bundle.

Now came the dangerous part of the venture, for Osmond had to cross the courtyard in the moonlight to reach the stables.

When he arrived at the stables, he put his bundle down, saddled a horse, set little Richard free from the hay, and led the horse out through a side door. Then, keeping the boy up in front of him, he wrapped a big cloak round the two of them, and rode quietly through the streets of the town, and when the houses were left behind, galloped away with his precious charge. Little Richard lived to rule his dukedom and win the love and approval of the subjects.



MAGGIE'S VERY OWN SECRET

By

SARA JOSEPHINE ALBRIGHT

(For Very Little Folk)



Mr. and Mrs. Squeaky were two little, gray mice. They lived away back in the corner of a great, big, empty box in the cellar.

One morning Mr. Squeaky went up the cellar stairs on tiptoes, to hunt for some bread and cheese in the kitchen.

All at once he heard some one talking, and he hid behind the broom and was as still as he could be.

It was the little boy Johnnie, who lived up-stairs. He had a big hammer and a saw in his hand, and he was talking to his little sister.

"I think that big, empty box down cellar would make a fine dolls' house, Maggie. I can fix a little porch on it, and make an up-stairs and a down-stairs," the little boy said.

"Oh, Johnnie, that will be lovely," his little sister said. "I'll do something for you sometime. Maybe—maybe—I'll draw a whole slate full of el'phants, for you to look at!"

Then they started down the cellar steps.

Mr. Squeaky was so frightened that he almost tumbled down the stairs.

"Oh, my dear," he whispered, "they are going to break up our house with a big hammer and a saw, and make a dolls' house out of it! Let's run as fast as we can!"

Poor little Mrs. Squeaky began to cry.

"Where shall we go?" she whispered. "Oh, I am so afraid, and there are always those dreadful traps around to catch us!"



But they ran as fast as they could to the darkest corner. Mrs. Squeaky's sharp little eyes saw a hole, and she ran into it, and Mr. Squeaky squeezed in after her.

Now where do you think they found themselves? Right inside of an old shoe! The hole that they came through was just a hole in the shoe and made a nice little door. And there was another hole a little higher up that made a nice little window to peep out of.

"Why, this is the dearest little house, so cozy and warm," Mrs. Squeaky said. "Nobody will ever find us in here, I know."

After they lived there a while, a whole family of little pink baby mice came to live with them. The papa mouse and the mama mouse were so proud and so glad, they got little bits of cotton and soft paper and rags, and made the nicest little beds you ever saw.

The little pink baby mice could only say, "Squeak! Squeak!" and cuddle up under the warm covers, but Mr. and Mrs. Squeaky laughed, and thought they were the smartest babies in the whole world.

"Why, I feel like 'The Old Woman Who Lived in the Shoe and had so many children she didn't know what to do,'" Mrs. Squeaky said one day. She was sitting by the little window rocking the baby mouse and taking a little rest.

Mr. Squeaky had gone out to hunt for some supper, and the four other little mice were peeping out of the little hole in the toe of their shoe house, for Papa to come home.

All at once, Maggie, the little girl who lived up-stairs, ran into the dark corner to hide from Johnnie, just for fun. And what do you think she saw?

The four little mice peeping out of the door, and the poor, frightened mama mouse and the little baby at the window.

Maggie stopped just a minute to whisper gently to little, gray Mrs. Squeaky, "Don't be frightened, 'Little Old Woman Who Lives in the Shoe.' I'll never, never tell anybody where you live. No, I won't even tell Johnnie or my kitty. They might try to catch you. It shall be my VERY OWN SECRET — and yours!"

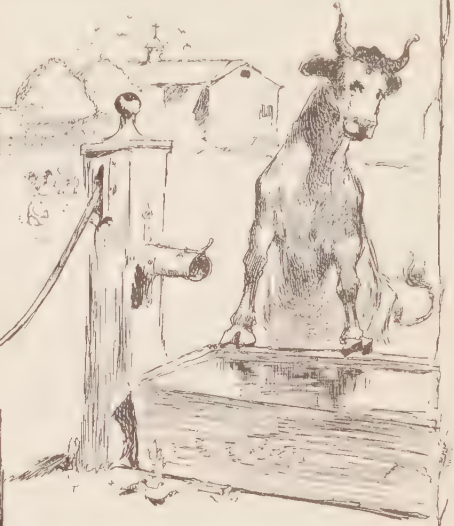
So nobody but little Maggie ever knew about Mr. and Mrs. Squeaky, and their little pink babies in the old shoe — until long afterward, when she told me the story, as I have told it to you.



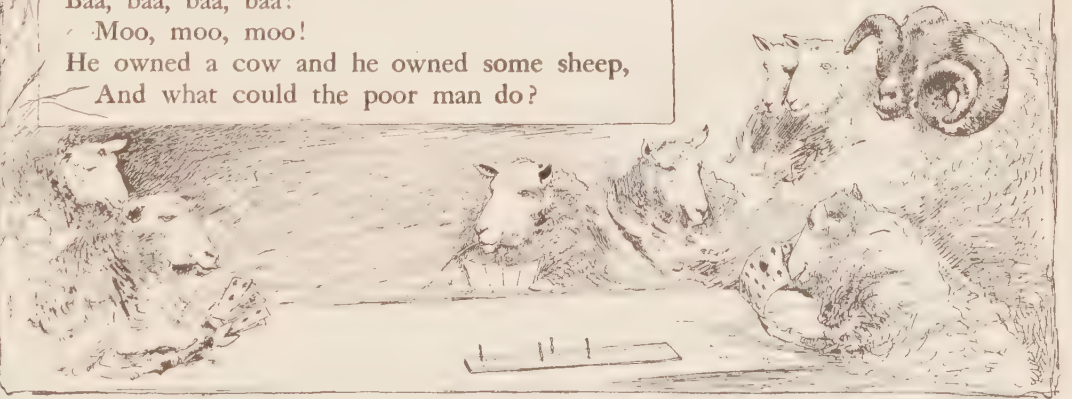
WHAT COULD THE FARMER DO?

BY GEORGE WILLIAM OGDEN

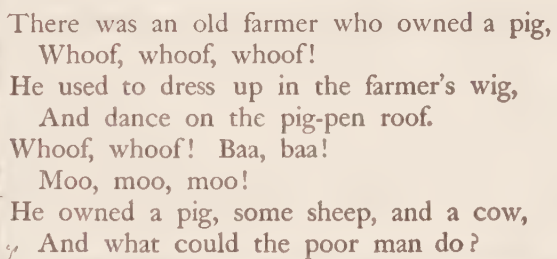
There was an old farmer who had a cow,
Moo, moo, moo!
She used to stand on the pump and bow,
And what could the farmer do?
Moo, moo, moo, moo,
Moo, moo, moo!
She used to stand on the pump and bow,
And what could the farmer do?



There was an old farmer who owned some sheep,
Baa, baa, baa!
They used to play cribbage while he was asleep,
And laugh at the farmer's ma.
Baa, baa, baa, baa!
Moo, moo, moo!
He owned a cow and he owned some sheep,
And what could the poor man do?



2



There was an old farmer who owned a pig,
Whoof, whoof, whoof!
He used to dress up in the farmer's wig,
And dance on the pig-pen roof.
Whoof, whoof! Baa, baa!
Moo, moo, moo!
He owned a pig, some sheep, and a cow,
And what could the poor man do?

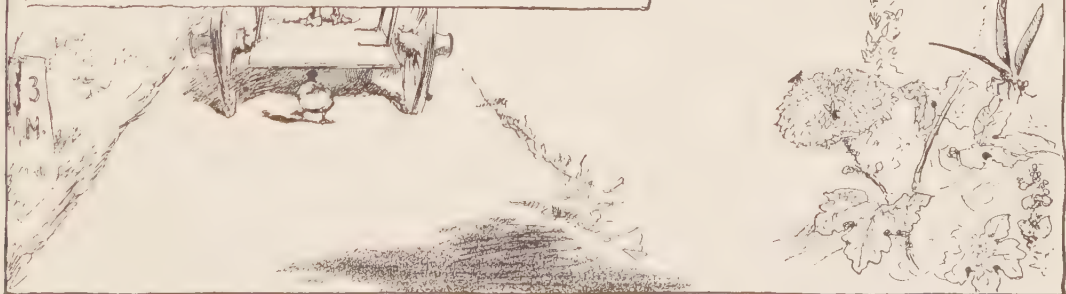


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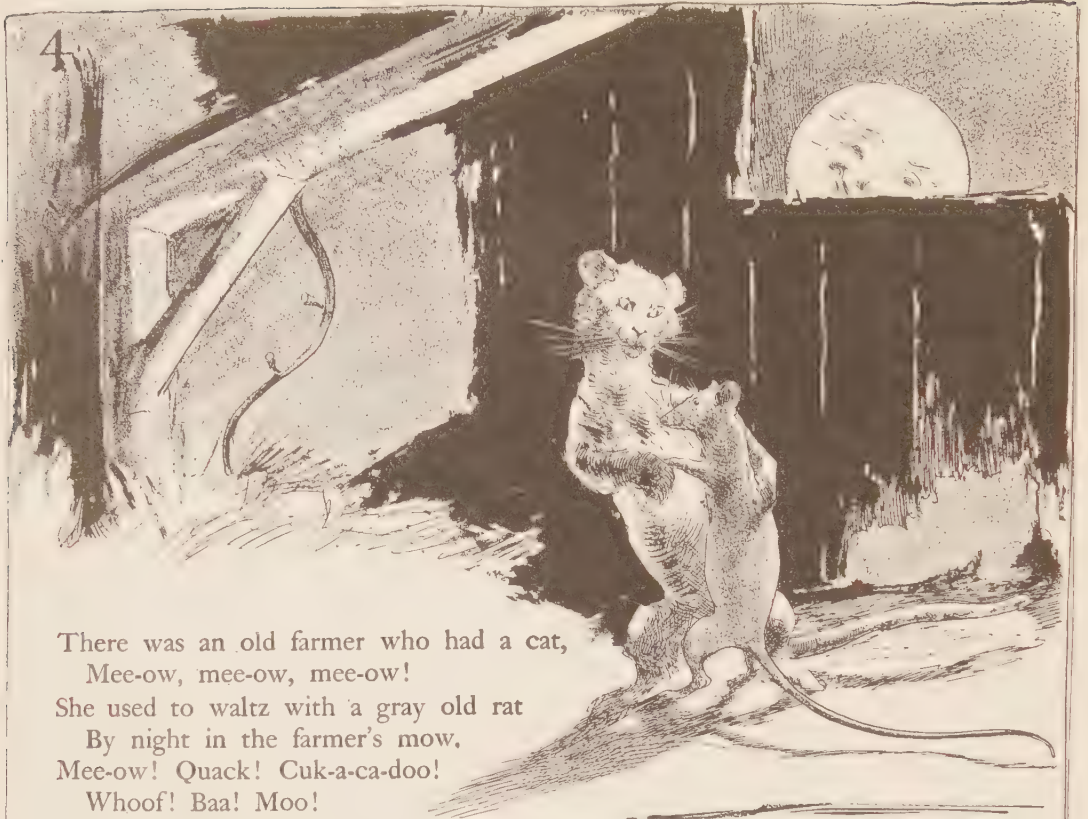
There was an old farmer who owned a hen,
 Cuk-a-ca-doo, ca-doo!
 She used to lay eggs for the three hired men,
 And some for the weasel, too.
 Cuk-a-ca-doo! Whoof, whoof!
 Baa, baa! Moo!
 He owned a hen, pig, sheep, and a cow,
 And what could the poor man do?



There was an old farmer who had a duck,
 Quack, quack, quack!
 She waddled under a two-horse truck
 For four long miles and back.
 Quack, quack! Cuk-a-ca-doo!
 Whoof! Baa! Moo!
 With a duck, hen, pig, a sheep, and a cow,
 Pray what could the poor man do?



4



There was an old farmer who had a cat,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!

She used to waltz with a gray old rat
By night in the farmer's mow.

Mee-ow! Quack! Cuk-a-ca-doo!

Whoof! Baa! Moo!

With cat, duck, hen, pig, sheep, and a cow,
Pray what could the poor man do?





WRITERS OF FAIRY STORIES

IN olden times people were more superstitious than they are to-day, and readier to believe in unnatural and supernatural beings, so that accidents, misfortunes, and "lucky" events were supposed to have been brought about by spirits or by creatures who had the power of making themselves visible or invisible as they chose. Such creatures were the fairies, the brownies, the goblins, and the gnomes. Of course, there was no end to what these fairy folk could do, and in lonely country places everybody would have some tale about them which he thought to be true. Thus was created what we call folklore, or the simple stories told by the countryfolk of all lands. Out of this folklore many fairy tales have come, and no one knows who told them first, as they existed for long centuries before people wrote stories down and signed them with their names. Even famous tellers of fairy tales have often been content merely to relate some of these old stories, and not to invent new ones.

In that marvelous city which is itself a fairy story, Venice, whose grand old palaces and magnificent churches seem to rise up amid the shallow salt waters by the Adriatic Sea as if at the touch of some great magician's wand, lived in the early years of the sixteenth century a man named Giovanni Francesco Straparola.

We know very little about this Straparola, except that he was a writer of stories. In those days Venice was the wonder of the world, and all sorts of clever men were drawn to the town because of its riches, and the splendid company to be found there.

Straparola was a clever Italian who had gone there doubtless because it was a famous place for printing books; and there, for many years, in some unknown house by the side of some old canal this man with the strange-sounding name wrote his stories and got them printed in that lovely city of the sea.

All the stories that he wrote cannot be called fairy tales; but as he drew very largely from folklore, most of them are pure fairy stories. It was a later writer who wrote the story of "Puss

in Boots," yet Straparola had told the tale before him, though his Puss wore no boots.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century, and in the early years of the eighteenth, "the pleasant land of France" was noted for its writers of fairy tales. It was then that "Blue Beard," "Little Red Riding Hood," "The Sleeping Beauty," Mother Goose, "Beauty and the Beast," and many another of our old favorites first took the form in which we know them to-day. The two great writers of fairy stories at that time were a Parisian named Charles Perrault, and a French countess, Madame D'Aulnoy. And now we see how grateful we should be for many of our happiest hours to that forgotten Straparola, when we are told that both Perrault and the countess got most of their ideas from his writings.

He must have been a kindly old gentleman, this Monsieur Perrault—who was busy with the affairs of state, being the official in charge of the Royal buildings, and a member of the great French Academy—to have found time and delight in telling his own children these charming stories, and then writing them down for the children of all the world. He was nearly seventy years of age when his principal book of fairy stories appeared, and in dedicating it to one of the young princes of France, he made believe the stories were told by one of his own children, which was only a pretty device for commending them to other young folk; for Perrault, though a very learned scholar, was not ashamed to set the fashion of writing fairy stories, which now became very popular with the ladies and gentlemen of leisure. The proper title of his book was "Stories or Tales of Past Times," but it had another and better title, "Tales of Mother Goose."

THE GRAND LADY WHO WROTE THE TALE OF CINDERELLA

ONE of many grand ladies who lived in France at the same time as Perrault and amused themselves by writing stories was Madame D'Aulnoy. Her

stories, like those of Perrault, are full of entertainment. "The White Cat," "The Yellow Dwarf," "The Fair One with the Golden Locks," "Cinderella," and many another nursery favorite were shaped by her pen from the earliest tales of Straparola. There were many other ladies who, about the time of Madame D'Aulnoy and somewhat later, practised this delightful art of weaving fairy tales, but none of them calls for notice, and as they all borrowed from that little-known writer who plied his pen by the sparkling waters of Venice, a hundred years before them, our thanks for the pleasure of these old tales are perhaps more due to him.

The names of the authors of whom we have been reading may be unknown to all our readers, but we come now to those whose names are familiar to every one of us.

THE BROTHERS GRIMM, WHO WROTE GERMAN FAIRY STORIES

WHAT delight is associated with the otherwise forbidding name of Grimm! "Tom Thumb," "The Queen Bee," "Hänsel and Gretel," "The Frog Prince," "Rumpelstiltskin," and ever so many other stories that boys and girls for nearly a hundred years now have been reading with endless entertainment, were all written down by two brothers named Grimm, who lived in Germany during the first half of last century. Jakob Grimm was the elder of the two brothers, being born at the town of Hanau on January 4, 1785, while his brother Wilhelm was born on February 24, 1786.

These two brothers were probably not in the least like the sort of people one would expect to be fond of telling fairy tales. As a matter of fact, they were sober, industrious scholars whose whole lives were devoted to literary studies and teaching, both of them becoming professors at the university of Berlin. Grave and learned gentlemen they were, whose greatest concern was to produce books of a kind that only students read, and yet they quite unconsciously made themselves famous forever by collecting the old German fairy stories into a book, which has been translated into all the principal languages of the world, and has made the name of the brothers Grimm as well known in America as it was in their native land.

They went out together, these two industrious scholars, among the country people of Germany, and induced them to tell such stories as they knew of the fairies. What a charming occupation, and how delightful were the results!

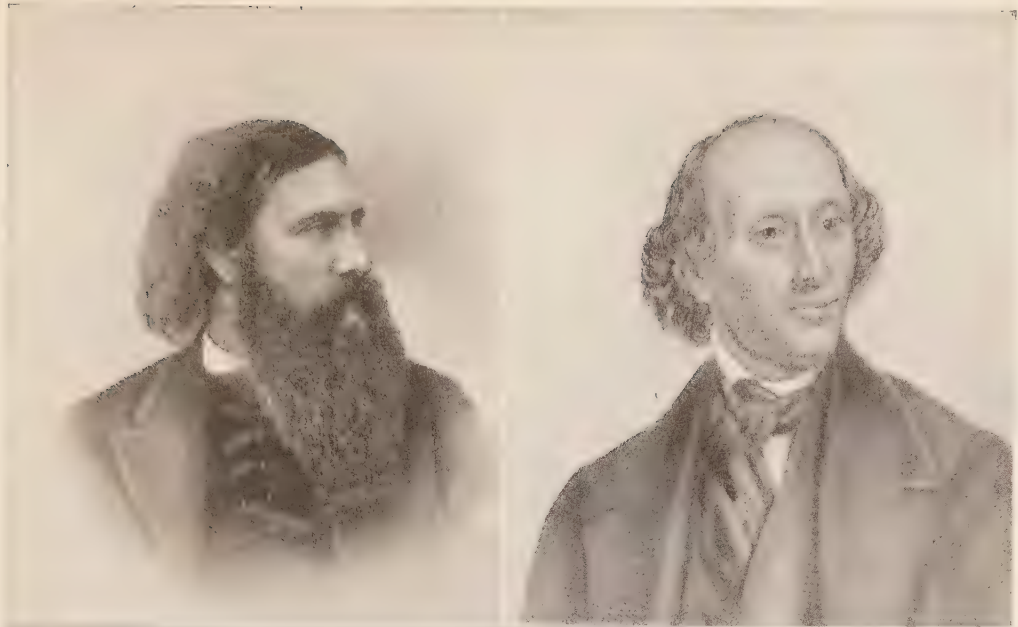
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, THE COBBLER'S SON

THE other name that stands beside the Grimms in fame is that of Hans Christian Andersen, the great Danish story-teller, who is really a much abler writer than the Grimms. Hans Andersen was certainly one who knew the fairies, as most of his wonderful stories—such as "Little Klaus and Big Klaus," "The Little Mermaid," "The Tinder-box," "The Wild Swans," "The Ugly Duckling," and "The Snow Queen"—were told to him not by the peasant folk, but by the fairies of his own brain. We might almost say that while Hans Andersen knew the fairies, the Grimms, and the others we have spoken about, only knew the folk who knew the fairies.

A wonderful and a strange man he was, this Hans Christian Andersen. The son of a poor cobbler, he was born in the year 1805 in the ancient city of Odense, in Denmark. The poor cobbler was a learned man in his way, and used to read books at night with his son Hans, who was growing up a long, lanky lad. But neither his father nor his mother was sufficiently strict about his attending school, so that as a boy his education was very irregular. He was perhaps more sensitive than most children, being of a nervous, highly strung nature, and his mother found it necessary to arrange at the first school he attended that he should never be birched. One day when the mistress, forgetting this, gave him a slight tap with the rod he immediately took up his books and slate and marched off home. His mother then sent him to another school, where, among the scholars, was a tiny girl who told Hans once that her ambition was to be a dairymaid at a large country house.

"You shall be a dairymaid at my castle when I am a gentleman," said the boy in jest, and he drew upon his slate a rough picture of what his castle was like. The little fairies of the brain were already at work prompting him to tell strange stories about himself. So he went on to assure the little scholar that he was really of noble birth, but that the fairies had changed him in his cradle. The girl was very matter-of-fact, and she only replied to his fanciful tale by turning to some playmates and exclaiming, "He is mad, like his grandfather." Alas, it was true his grandfather was weak-witted, and this unhappy reception of one of his earliest efforts to tell a fairy story must have filled the sensitive boy with dread.

It would be quite a long story if we were to follow the incidents of Hans Andersen's life, though everything concerning this strange genius



GEORGE MACDONALD.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

JAKOB AND WILHELM GRIMM.

would be well worth telling. We can only, however, mention a very few of the facts of his life. His father died when the lad was eleven, and even at that age he had made very poor use of his schooling, dreaming and idling his time away.

HOW HANS ANDERSEN WENT OUT TO MAKE A FORTUNE

It was not very long before he had a stepfather, and soon he had to think of making his way in the world by going to Copenhagen, the capital of his country. It was all because of having appeared on the stage of the theater at Odense in a very tiny part in "Cinderella," and having written a boyish play which he thought good enough for the stage, that long, dreamy Hans, the laughing-stock of all the lads of Odense, set off on the coach, with a little bundle packed by his mother, and the sum of thirty-seven shillings in his pocket, to seek fame and fortune in Copenhagen; but many a sad and hungry day he was to have before he was famous, and even after his name was known throughout Europe he was so poor a man of business, and made so little money from his stories, that he had grown into an old bachelor before he could have afforded to marry. So he never had any children of his own to listen to his fairy tales, which have charmed the children of all the world. Nor did he think so much of these tales himself at first. His ambition was to be a great dramatist or novelist or poet. Some success he had in each of these branches of the literary art, and indeed, for a time, was very famous as a novelist.

His fairy stories were written at first to please his own fancy or to entertain the children of friends in Copenhagen; but, you see, it was fairy stories the world wanted him to write, and although his novels and poems, as well as his plays, are seldom read by any one now, the world will never let the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen, the poor cobbler's son, who died in 1875, be forgotten.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, WHO WROTE "THE WONDER BOOK"

IN that pleasant part of America which is called New England is the old home of the next storyteller who claims our attention—Nathaniel Hawthorne. He, too, was born in an old-fashioned town and lived among old-fashioned people; for Salem, in the State of Massachusetts, some fifteen miles distant from Boston, was one of the old homes of the Puritans. It was there that Hawthorne was born in the year 1804. His an-

cestors for generations had been seafaring folk, and his own father never returned from one of his long and dangerous voyages.

Nathaniel seems to have been an imaginative, sensitive boy, proud of his brave forefathers and his beautiful mother. He entered into all sorts of boyish games, but meeting with an accident at bat and ball, he was crippled for a time, and during those days he became a great reader. He was very fond of "The Faerie Queene" and "The Pilgrim's Progress." A little later he had another illness, and had to stay so long an invalid that he could only pass his time in reading. But his accident and his illness were not altogether misfortunes if they stored his young mind with so much of what is best in English literature. When he himself came to write down stories of the people he had known and the life of old Salem, the richness of his mind, as the result of his early reading, was seen in the beauty of his literary style.

Nathaniel Hawthorne had written a great many beautiful stories before he began the book which should endear his name to all young people and entitles him to come into our little company of those who knew the fairies. This is called "The Wonder Book," and it is surely one of the most delightful series of fairy stories ever written.

THE STRANGE OLD LEGENDS OF GREECE TOLD OVER AGAIN

THE author's own children were just tiny tots when he wrote "The Gorgon's Head," "The Three Golden Apples," "The Dragon's Teeth," and ten other stories that every boy and girl must read. They tell over again with a wonderful freshness, and in a way that is altogether unique, the strange old legends of Greece. As soon as he wrote these stories he read them to his own children, and so keen were they to hear and clever to remember, that they could repeat most of "The Wonder Book" by heart before it was printed.

For grown-up readers Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote one of the greatest novels, which he called "The Scarlet Letter," and it is for this he is chiefly famous. He was for some years the American Consul at Liverpool. He died at Plymouth, in New Hampshire, in the year 1864.

THE STORY-TELLERS OF IRELAND, A REAL HOME OF FAIRIES

IRELAND is a real home of fairies, the Irish people having had in the old days far more stories

of "the wee folk," as the fairies are often called, than the English. So it is surprising that there are not many Irish story-tellers to mention in the present company. Perhaps Thomas Crofton Croker, who was born in 1798, and died in 1854, is the most notable of those who, like the brothers Grimm, collected and recorded the folklore of his country. He wrote a fascinating book called "The Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland," which we know that that great writer of romance, Sir Walter Scott, took delight in reading.

But more interesting than Croker and a closer friend of the fairies—for they must have come to her, as she could not go to them—was a blind Irish lady named Frances Browne, who wrote "Granny's Wonderful Chair." The fairy stories told from Granny's wonderful chair are full of delicious fancy and bright with pictures of nature. Yet it would not be too much to say that there is nothing so wonderful about them as the fact that their gay and lively scenes could have been described by a poor woman whose eyes had never looked upon the beauties of nature. Frances Browne was blind from infancy, but she must have had that "inner vision" which enables its possessor to see into the mysteries of life with the eyes of the soul.

A wonderful figure in every way was this poor Irish woman, and since she had not the use of her eyes, she developed the use of other faculties. For example, while her brothers and sisters were saying their lessons aloud for the next day at school, she would learn their lessons by heart, and to induce them to read to her, she began inventing stories from her own imagination.

THE BLIND LADY WHO WROTE "GRANNY'S WONDERFUL CHAIR"

WHEN only seven years of age Frances Browne had composed a poem, but at fifteen she was so impressed with the wonderful music of Homer's "Iliad," when that was read to her, that she had her own poor childish efforts destroyed, and did not again attempt to compose poems until she was twenty-four. From that age onward, she composed much charming verse and many stories. She removed from her Irish home to Edinburgh, where she became a busy contributor to the magazines.

"Granny's Wonderful Chair" she wrote in 1856, after settling in London, and it immediately became the favorite fairy-story book of the day. Her last novel was written in 1887, when she was seventy-one years of age; and the life of Frances Browne, though one of comparative

poverty, was rich in the pleasures of the imagination and in the joy her fairy stories have brought, and still bring, to multitudes of readers.

That fine novelist and splendid type of the Christian gentleman, Charles Kingsley, might be included here, for did he not write "The Water Babies," which he must have had from the fairies? And John Ruskin also, for he wrote "The King of the Golden River," a perfect fairy tale.

And now we pass to one who is surely the greatest of all our modern explorers of fairyland—none other than the creator of "Alice in Wonderland."

THE STORY-TELLER WHO TOOK US ALL TO "WONDERLAND"

ON the title-pages of his books we know this most celebrated of modern fairy-story tellers as "Lewis Carroll," but in real life he had a very different and much less attractive name—Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. We will only think of him as Lewis Carroll, however, as it was under that name he became the favorite story-teller for boys and girls.

Everybody, of course, has read "Alice in Wonderland," and perhaps his other fairy books as well—"Through the Looking-Glass," "The Hunting of the Snark," and "Sylvie and Bruno." It is quite unnecessary to recall the names of the many strange characters, such as the Mad Hatter, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, the White Rabbit, and all that varied throng with which every boy and girl loses no time in making acquaintance.

But what sort of man was he from whose brain of teeming fancies these strange and delightful creatures came? Should we picture him as a jolly, middle-aged gentleman, leading a life free from care, and happiest with his children round his knees, telling stories?

Such a picture would be curiously incorrect, for Lewis Carroll was in certain ways as strange a character as some of his own fairy folk. In the first place, he was, of all things in the world, a mathematician, and lectured at Oxford University on that science which is the terror of most young scholars. Perhaps it was because he spent so much time over difficult problems in mathematics that he liked to clear and refresh his brain with humorous thoughts and happy fancies, which he turned into the shape of fantastic stories for the amusement of the children of his friends.

Perhaps he was just a little "moody," being sometimes rather a dull companion to grown-

ups, and although he was sixty-six years of age at the time of his death, on January 14, 1898, he had never been married. But though he was an "old bachelor" for many years before his death, he was a comparatively young one when he wrote his immortal story of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," first published in 1865. It is very interesting to know how he came to write this story. There really was a little girl named Alice, one of many little girls who were delighted when Lewis Carroll came to visit their parents, as they had never any difficulty in getting him to tell a story. The real Alice was a daughter of Dean Liddell, and she herself has told us how the wonderful story was first begun.

HOW LEWIS CARROLL TOLD ALICE A STORY BY THE RIVER

WE cannot do better than let the words of the real Alice be heard again. "Most of Mr. Dodgson's stories," she says, "were told to us on river expeditions to Nuneham or Godstow, near Oxford. My eldest sister, now Mrs. Skene, was Prima, I was Secunda, and Tertia was my sister Edith. I believe the beginning of 'Alice' was told one summer afternoon when the sun was so burning that we had landed in the meadows down the river, deserting the boat to take refuge in the only bit of shade to be found, which was under a new-made hayrick. Here from all three came the old petition of 'Tell us a story,' and so began the ever-delightful tale.

"Sometimes, to tease us—and perhaps being really tired—Mr. Dodgson would stop suddenly and say, 'And that's all till next time.' 'Ah, but it is next time!' would be the exclamation from all three, and after some persuasion the story would start afresh. Another day, perhaps, the story would begin in the boat, and Mr. Dodgson, in the middle of telling a thrilling adventure, would pretend to go fast asleep, to our great dismay."

Is not that a pretty story of how the gate was opened that leads us into Wonderland? Lewis Carroll himself has told us of that afternoon when little Alice Liddell and her sisters first induced him to begin describing Wonderland, for at the beginning of his book we read of it in these lively verses:

"All in the golden afternoon
Full leisurely we glide;
For both our oars, with little skill,
By little arms are plied;
While little hands make vain pretence
Our wanderings to guide.

"Ah, cruel Three! In such an hour,
Beneath such dreamy weather,
To beg a tale of breath too weak
To stir the tiniest feather!
Yet what can one poor voice avail
Against three tongues together?

"Anon, to sudden silence won,
In fancy they pursue
The dream-child moving through a land
Of wonders wild and new,
In friendly chat with bird or beast,
And half believe it true.

"And ever, as the story drained
The wells of fancy dry,
And faintly strove that weary one
To put the subject by,
'The rest next time.' 'It is next time!'
The happy voices cry.

"Thus grew the tale of Wonderland;
Thus slowly, one by one,
Its quaint events were hammered out—
And now the tale is done;
And home we steer, a happy crew,
Beneath the setting sun."

HOW LEWIS CARROLL FOUND A GIRL READING "ALICE"

WE could go on to tell so many stories about this dear friend of the little girls that there would be no space left for all the other people that must come into this book, and, indeed, a large book has been written about his life; but one little story we must find room for. He was traveling in a railway carriage one day with a lady and her little daughter, neither of whom he knew. The girl was reading his famous book, and he, who always pretended that Mr. Dodgson was no relation of Lewis Carroll, began talking to the little reader about "Alice in Wonderland." At this her mother joined in and said:

"Is n't it sad about poor Mr. Lewis Carroll? He's gone mad, you know."

"Indeed," said the astonished author, "I had never heard that."

"Oh, I assure you, it is quite true; I have it on the best authority!"

A few days later the little girl received a copy of "Through the Looking-glass" inscribed with her name and the words: "From the author, in memory of a pleasant journey."

It was not only to the little girls that Lewis Carroll told his stories. Little boys also were his friends, and one of these was named Greville Macdonald, whom he almost convinced on one occasion that it would be an excellent thing to have a marble head, as he would not need to comb his hair!

GEORGE MACDONALD, AND THE MEN
WHO WROTE "BRER FOX" AND
"MR. TWO-LEGS"

THE father of this lad was a very famous man, a great preacher, the author of many fine novels, a poet. His name was George Macdonald. He, too, was one who knew the fairies. Though he did not invent such strange and comic characters as Lewis Carroll has imagined for us, yet he wrote many books of fairy tales—"At the Back of the North Wind," "The Princess and the Goblin," and many more. Only a few years ago his son Greville, who is now a well-known physician and has long known how impossible it is to have a marble head, prepared a new edition of his father's famous fairy stories. George Macdonald was born in the north of Scotland in 1824 and died in 1905.

There are, of course, many other fairy-story tellers. Joel Chandler Harris, the American writer, who was born in 1848, and died on July 4, 1908, told those charming negro tales of

"Uncle Remus," in which Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit and the Tar Baby have such wonderful parts to play; and Carl Ewald, a Danish school-master, born in 1856 and died in 1908, who wrote "Mr. Two-legs," and some seventy other fairy tales. When we have mentioned them, we have noticed most of those who knew the fairies.

THE BEST OF ALL THE FAIRY PLAYS,
"PETER PAN"

THOUGH, after all, we may be asked, "What about 'Peter Pan'?"

Certainly, Mr. J. M. Barrie, the writer of that most charming of all the fairy plays, knows the little folk as well as any we have mentioned; but, of course, he is famous for many other things than the writing of "Peter Pan."

Let us hope the time will never come when great authors may not think it worth their while to tell any more stories of the fairies, for we may be sure there never will be a time when boys and girls will not be ready to listen to them.



"A FAIRYLAND MESSENGER."



STRANGE TALES AND HUMOROUS STORIES

WHAT IS MEANT BY STRANGE TALES?

There is no form of story that cannot be found as far back as we can trace stories at all. And this is true because by the time that men were wise enough to have a language rich in words they were also clever enough to have learned how to please those who loved story-telling. They had found out ways to make their hearers laugh or to make them grieve. A great English writer gives as the rule for pleasing readers: "Make them laugh, make them cry, keep them guessing." But the rule was well known in the far distant past when some hunter dressed in furs told in a fire-lighted cave the story of slaying a big bear.

But we all know that in telling a story it is so hard as to be nearly impossible to tell only the plain facts. One tries to make a story interesting—to put in the things he thought rather than the things that happened. So a story-teller soon finds out that he can make a story quite different by telling it in different ways; then he learns that he can tell a story that is all just "make-believe"; and next he learns that in made-up stories he can have things happen just as he likes, whether they are possible or not.

Thus the hunter whom we mentioned above may one day have felt in the mood for a little fun with his friends; and so, having gathered them together some stormy night around a blazing fire, he tells them of meeting in the woods a bear "as big as an elephant"; then he tells how scared he was, and how he got into a cave, and how the bear was so strong that he tore the cave to pieces, and was just about to devour him when a big hunter taller than the tallest tree came down out of the sky, slew the bear with a great club, and carried him away. Then, perhaps the teller of the story would

say that it was not a true story, but only something like a dream.

If his hearers liked the story, the hunter might get into the habit of making up tales of this kind, and then he would soon learn how to make them funny or sad, exciting or merely strange.

By the time that there came to be poets and writers of stories, this way of telling tales that did not pretend to be true was well understood, and among the works of Homer there is a long poem that tells of a war between a nation of tiny creatures known as pygmies and the long-legged cranes that lived in the marshes. Now, the Homeric poems were made more than two thousand years ago, and the pygmy and crane war probably was known even before Homer's time. So we may be sure that fanciful stories have been told and written for more than twenty centuries.

Among the made-up stories that do not pretend to be like the truth there are two kinds that have always been greatly liked—those that are meant to scare or excite us and those meant to be amusing. The first sort may be called "Strange Tales," and the second, "Humorous Stories."

The strange tales deal with ghosts, with things that are unlucky, and the like. In them the story-teller tries to imagine the things we fear or the troubles we dread, and he is satisfied if he can make us believe the tales while we are reading them. He delights in old superstitions, such as the belief that certain men turned at times into wolves, or that old women known as witches had power to sail the sea in sieves and cause fierce storms to arise, or that some persons had the power of bringing bad luck by the mere glance of the "evil eye."

The strange stories deal with haunted houses, with lunatics, with "banshees," with peculiar and thrilling experiences—in short, with whatever notions or ideas will bring the creepy or excited feeling that all of us now and then like to feel. Little folks enjoy hearing how Little Red Riding-Hood met the fierce old Wolf in the wood, or how Saint George slew the Dragon, even though they know they are in no danger from either of those fearsome beasts. In the same way older readers like to read the tales of Edgar Allan Poe, of Fitz-James O'Brien, of Hoffmann, or of Herbert G. Wells, even though these deal with events that are most terrifying. We are so made that when we are excited the blood runs quicker in our veins, we breathe faster, and we have the same lively feeling that we have when exercising, and so we enjoy stories that quicken our pulses, even at the cost of a little fright.

The humorous stories, on the other hand, have nearly an opposite effect. They surprise us by turning our thoughts into a pleasant form just as we are expecting either something commonplace or not pleasing. Of course this may be while we are imagining ourselves one of the persons in a story. Thus in the story about Brer Fox and the Tar Baby, we know just how Brer Fox feels when he slaps the Tar Baby, and share his surprise when the Tar Baby does n't at all mind being slapped and when each slap gets the fox into a worse fix.

The humorous story may be only a short anecdote, like those in the comic papers, or it may be a long tale or even a book telling the adventures of characters. Thus the story, "Vice Versa," tells of a grown-up man who takes the form of his own son, and goes to a boarding-school where he is treated like a small boy although he feels just as a man would. "Alice in Wonderland" shows us a sensible child who is made to meet absurd characters, who persist in acting as if they were more sensible than she. They keep us in a state of surprise by asking to be taken seriously. We feel a wish to show how absurd they are, and then we remember that it does n't matter what they think or do.

"Gulliver's Travels," though it was meant to teach grown-ups, has been adopted by young folks as a wonder story, and "Baron Munchausen," written to make bragging absurd, also has been read ever since as a book of fun. Indeed, it is only of

recent years that books not pretending to be anything but nonsense have been popular; and this is because reading just to be amused was not so usual when books were rarer.

When we think of the hours of harmless happiness we owe to the writers of amusing stories, we shall find that the world has been made a better and brighter home by their genius; and we may come to think them worthy of more honor than we have yet given them.

I have not enough room in this book to give you many examples of "Strange Tales and Humorous Stories," and there are so many fine examples to select from that I cannot venture to pick out the best ones. But the few following selections will give you some notion of the sort of writing I have been trying to tell you about and will pass a half-hour very pleasantly for you.

CONFESSIONS OF A BASHFUL MAN

You must know that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion and light flaxen hair, but of such extreme sensibility to shame that on the smallest subject of confusion my blood all rushes into my cheeks. Having been sent to the university, the consciousness of my unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamored of a college life.

From that peaceful retreat I was called by the deaths of my father and of a rich uncle, who left me a large fortune. I now purchased an estate in the country; and my company was much courted by the surrounding families, especially by such as had marriageable daughters. Though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I was forced repeatedly to excuse myself, under the pretense of not being quite settled. Often, when I have ridden or walked with full intention of returning their visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have returned homeward, resolving to try again the next day.

Determined, however, at length to conquer my timidity, I accepted of an invitation to dine with one, whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet with an estate joining to that I purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living, with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly Hall. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance"; and though I at

first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the center of gravity to the five positions.

Having acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory when unsupported by habitual practice! As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance I summoned up all my fortitude and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family.

The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness till at length I ventured to join the conversation and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I supposed, willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book; which made me more eager to prevent him; and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood inkstand on the table under it.

In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up; and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell. In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table.

Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a fire-brand; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, for some minutes I seemed to be in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, amid the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

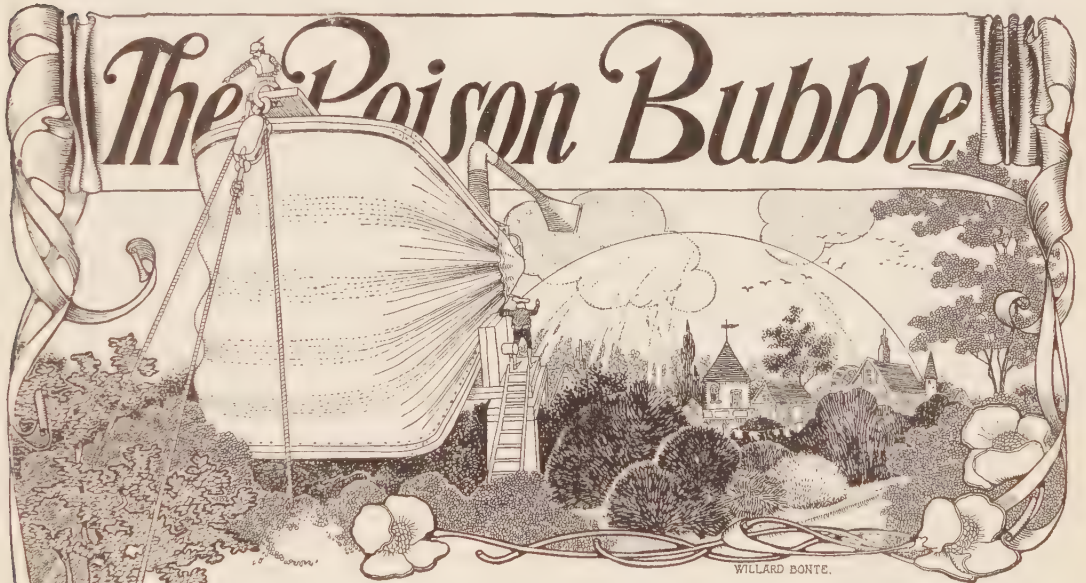
I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me; spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite. I had a piece of rich, sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal. It was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate.


Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil, another water; but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness; but oh! how shall I tell the sequel? Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy; with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue,

throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the liquor squirted through my fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete.

To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, with-

out considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support the shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.



 FEW hundred years ago, in a country called Germany, there was a village known as Grosshufelten, which was on a lake. The lake is so small that I have forgotten its name, and you will not find the village on any map of the country—which is still called Germany—unless it is on the back, where I did n't look.

The people in this village were greatly annoyed by a robber baron who dwelt on a mountain near by, and who was in the habit of levying tribute on them because he did n't like to work. The last time that he told them they must pay what he called their annual dues, they refused to do so. The baron was greatly surprised—as people are usually surprised when others refuse to do things that they have been in the

habit of doing whether they ought to or not—and he resolved to punish the villagers.

At first he thought of descending on them with his band and burning their houses; but this would have required effort, so he changed his mind and called before him two magicians whom he kept to do things by magic, which he found more easy than doing them by hand.

One of these magicians was a good man who stayed with the robber only because he was afraid to go away. The other was a bad man who stayed for no particular reason.

"I am resolved," said the baron, "to kill all the people in Grosshufelten, because they will not do what I decree."

"That seems very natural," said the bad magician.

"I now wish to learn the easiest way of loing it," continued the robber.

"That, also, seems very natural," said the good magician.



"THE BARON TOOK A CROSSBOW AND PREPARED TO SHOOT."

The bad magician suggested a number of methods, none of which the baron liked, and he finally told him that he could take a half-holiday, and he would consult with the good magician, who worked for less money, anyhow.

"If you are bound to do this thing, the best way will be to do it quickly and painlessly," began the good magician.

"You mean the best way for them," said the robber.

"Yes, and for you," answered the magician; "for then they will have no chance to conceal their treasures, and you can get as many of them as you wish."

"Who will carry the treasures back?" the baron asked anxiously.

"You might make the bad magician do that."

The good magician then proposed a plan. Leading from the mountain to the lake was a passage which was subterranean. (That is a rather long word, but it was a rather long passage.) He suggested that through this tunnel he send some poisonous gas he had invented, which he usually used for killing potato-bugs. This gas would come up through the lake, be blown into the village, and overcome the people. The good magician did not like this idea, but he knew it was more humane than anything the bad magician would suggest, and thought he might get a chance to warn the villagers before it was carried out, so that they could escape. The robber baron was delighted with the scheme, and, telling the magician to execute it as soon as he could, he proceeded to take his afternoon nap, sleeping that kind of sleep which comes to the unjust.

As soon as the good magician was sure that the baron was sound asleep, he started the gas down the passage, and then hurried to warn the villagers. This happened on Wednesday, the day on which the people of Grosshufelten made soap, and when he arrived he found a number of them on the shore of the lake, washing out their soap-kettles. Just as the magician started to warn them of their danger, the gas began to rise. The water was rather soapy, and when the vapor rose it formed an enormous bubble that covered half of the lake.

The villagers were greatly astonished, and looked at the bubble with their mouths open and their minds closed. The magician, who made his living by thinking, began to consider the matter. In the first place, he knew that if the robber baron found that he had warned the people he would be very angry, and there was no telling what he would do—there was no telling what he would do when he was n't angry. In the next

place, the wind might blow the gas away from the village when the bubble burst. At all events, the magician would have time to think, and he might devise some plan for saving the villagers without making the baron angry.

While he was considering these things, a youth named Hans Spratzleberger-and-a-few-other-syllables ran to the shore with his bow and arrow.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked the magician.

"I'm going to shoot that big bubble, out there, and see it burst," said Hans.

"Do you know what will happen if you do that?" inquired the magician. "This town will disappear from the map."

Hans, who did n't know that the town was n't on the map, was much impressed. The villagers, many of whom did n't know what a map was, advised him not to shoot.

While they were watching the bubble, the bad magician, who was taking his half-holiday, approached. "What is that?" he asked. They told him. "Who blew it?" he added.

"When in the course of human events—" said Hans, who was very fond of making fine speeches.

The bad magician looked at Hans with interest. "You are wasting your talents here," he said. "If you will come with me I will train you so that you will become an orator. What is your name?" Hans told him all of it.

"Well," said the bad magician, "if you can remember all of your name, you certainly must have a good memory; and that will be an advantage to you in your oratory."

Hans's parents, who now regarded the bubble as a good omen, did not want to have it destroyed; and when the other villagers learned that he would practise oratory somewhere else, they decided to let it remain for a time.

The good magician returned to the mountain, and told the robber baron what had taken place. The baron was far from pleased.

"This is what comes of using so much soap," he said. When the bad magician arrived with Hans, the baron was still less pleased. "Any speech-making that is to be done on this mountain I can do myself," he declared. "As for you," he added, turning to the good magician, "you had better go back to Grosshufelten and tell the villagers what that bubble is. You can take a cross-bow, and if they are not willing to pay up, burst the bubble. If they are willing, burst it after they have paid up."

"But what will become of me?" asked the good magician.

"I will think about that to-morrow," said the robber baron.

When the good magician delivered the baron's message the villagers were offended. Instead of offering to pay their annual dues, they seized him and put him in jail. He was perplexed at this, as the baron had not told him what to do if such a thing should happen. However, as his cell window overlooked the lake and he could see the bubble, he made the best of things, and ate the meals they brought to him.

The weather was favorable for bubbles, and the next morning, when the good magician looked out of his window, the big one was still there. Large crowds of people were coming from the surrounding country to look at it, and the villagers were trying to charge them two pfennigs apiece. It was hard to collect the money, however, as the bubble could be seen from any spot on the shore; so that afternoon the people decided to fence in the lake.

The next morning a committee of villagers, headed by the burgomaster, called on the good magician.

"We are much shocked to find a good man like yourself associating with robbers," said the burgomaster. "We had decided to leave you in jail, but having found a way in which you can help us to make money, we will release you."

The magician was overcome by their kindness. He thanked them, but said he could not see how the money would benefit them if the bubble happened to burst.

"We will run that risk," said the burgomaster. "With that robber baron in the neighborhood, we are so used to risks that we don't mind them. We want you to put a magic fence around the lake, as it will take our people too long to build the one they began this morning."

The magician had n't his wand with him, so he borrowed the burgomaster's cane, waved it a few times, and a fence appeared around the lake. But as most of the country folk who lived near by had already seen the bubble, this fence was of little use. The burgomaster thought for a while, and suggested that the magician turn the gas in the bubble red. He did this, and that afternoon some of the villagers went out in the country with a banner on which was printed:

See the Great Red Bubble of Grosshufelten!
Admission, 4 Pfennigs.
Near-sighted People Half-price.

This attracted a big crowd, and when the burgomaster thought the people had looked at the bubble long enough, he made a little speech, in which he told them that it was filled with poison,

and was liable to burst at any moment. Then they all ran away. The next day the magician made the bubble green, the third day blue; and as long as the bubble and the colors held out the people kept coming back.

In the meantime the robber baron was getting impatient, not only because Hans was learning oratory, but because he heard nothing from Grosshufelten. He called the bad magician to him and told him that if he could not suggest some way to bring the villagers to terms he should be thrown into the bubble. The bad magician was greatly alarmed at the baron's threat, and thought as hard as he could, which was not very hard. At last he suggested that the baron and his band go to the opposite side of the lake, shoot the bubble, and allow the gas to float over Grosshufelten. Then, when the villagers were overcome, they could take their treasures, which he would transport to the mountain by magic. The baron thought it would be easier to do it all by magic, but the bad magician said he was not clever enough to arrange a spell for that; besides, there would be the sport for the baron of shooting the bubble.

The next day, the baron, his band, and the bad magician appeared opposite Grosshufelten, and saw nothing but a big fence. They were rather disappointed, but climbed some trees and got a view of the bubble, which was then chrome-yellow. The baron took a crossbow and prepared to shoot.

But meanwhile the good magician—who was much pleased at living among honest people—had not been idle. He had devised an enormous bellows, and when he saw the baron aim his crossbow at the bubble, he told the villagers to get ready to blow it.

The baron fired a bolt which struck the bubble. It burst, and as the gas rose from it the villagers blew the bellows with great force, and the vapor floated over among the trees where the baron was.

So far as I know, this was the last of that robber baron and his band, and also of the bad magician; but Hans, who had stayed behind at the mountain, became a mighty orator.

BENNET MUSSON.

THE RUNAWAY CANNON

BY VICTOR HUGO

(From "Ninety-three")

A TERRIBLE thing had happened. One of the short cannons of the battery, a twenty-four-pounder, had got loose. This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.

A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard-ball, rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching, goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate, resumes its course, rushes like an arrow from end to end of the ship, circles about, rears, breaks, kills. The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of an elephant, the agility of a mouse, the obstinacy of an ass, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. What is to be done? How to end this?

A tempest ceases, a wind falls, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out; but how to control this brute of bronze? In what way can one attack it? How foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, which seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction each instant. The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies.

The fault was the chief gunner's. He had neglected to fasten the gun securely in place. As a heavy wave struck the port, the carronade, weakly attached, recoiled, burst its chain, and began to rush wildly about.

At the moment when the lashings gave way, the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform when expecting the command to clear for action. The cannon, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men and crushed four at the first blow; then flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glanced off to the larboard side, and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it.

Then arose the cry of distress. The men rushed to the ladder; the gun-deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was her own mistress, and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. The whole crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, trembled now.

The captain and lieutenant, although both brave men, stopped at the head of the stairs, and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended. It was their passenger, the peasant,—the man of whom they had been speaking the moment before. When he reached the foot of the ladder he stood still.

The cannon came and went along the deck.

One might have fancied it the living chariot of the prophet's vision. The marine lanterns swinging from the ceiling added a dizzying whirl of lights and shadows. The shape of the cannon could not be distinguished, so rapid was its course. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his order the sailors threw down into the deck everything which could deaden and check the mad rush of the gun—mattresses, hammocks, sparesails. But what could these rags avail? No one dare descend to arrange them in any needful fashion, and in a few instants they were mere heaps of lint.

There was just enough sea to render an accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable; it might have thrown the gun upside down, and the four wheels once in the air, the monster could have been captured. But the destruction increased. The mizzenmast was cracked, and the mainmast itself was injured, under the convulsive blows of the gun. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of thirty were disabled; the breaches multiplied in the side, and the ship began to take water.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun-deck, looked like a form of stone. He stood motionless, gazing sternly about. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward.

Each bound of the cannon menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more, and shipwreck must come. They must perish or put a summary end to the disaster; a decision must be made; but how? They must check this mad monster. They must seize this flash of lightning. They must overthrow this thunderbolt.

"Do you believe in God, chevalier?" said the captain to the lieutenant.

"Yes. No. Sometimes," was the reply.

"In a tempest?"

"Yes; and in moments like this."

"Only God can aid us here," said the captain.

All were silent. Only the cannon kept up its horrible din. The waves beat against the ship; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon. It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, into the midst of this inaccessible circus, there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of the accident, the gunner whose negligence caused it—the captain of the gun. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller-rope with a slipping-noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun-deck.

Then a strange combat began—the struggle of the gun against the gunner, a battle between matter and intelligence. Livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited. He waited for the cannon to pass near him. He began to address it as he might have done his dog.

"Come!" said he.

Perhaps he loved it. He seemed to wish it would turn toward him. But to come toward him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. All stared in terrified silence. No one breathed freely, except, perchance, the old man, who stood, a stern second, in his place at the foot of the ladder. He might himself be crushed by the piece. He did not stir. Beneath them the blind sea directed the battle.

At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner came near to challenge the cannon, some chance movement of the waves kept it for a moment still, as if stupefied.

"Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen. Suddenly it darted upon him. He avoided the shock. The struggle began—struggle unheard of; the thing of flesh attacking the brazen mute; on the one side blind force, on the other a soul. A soul; but you would have said that the cannon had one also—a soul filled with rage and hatred. The monster seemed to be watching the man.

There was—one might have fancied so at least—cunning in the mass. It became a gigantic insect of metal, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. Sometimes it struck the low ceiling of the gun-deck, then, falling back on its four wheels like a tiger upon its four claws, it darted anew on the man. He—supple, agile, adroit—would glide like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements. He avoided the blows; but they fell upon the vessel with continued destruction.

An end of broken chain remained attached to the gun. This chain had twisted itself—one could not tell how—about the screw of the breech button. One end of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun.

Nevertheless the man fought. Sometimes even it was the man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of understanding, and fled as if it saw the snare. The man pursued. Such a duel could not last long. The gun seemed suddenly to say to itself, "Come, we must make an end," and it paused. One felt the approach of a crisis.

It sprang unexpectedly upon the gunner. He jumped aside and cried out, with a laugh, "Try

again!" The gun, as if in a fury, broke a cannon to larboard, then seized anew by the invisible sling which held it, was flung to starboard toward the man, who escaped. Three cannon gave way under the blows of the gun; then, as if blind, and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned back on the man, rolling from the stern to the bow, bruising the stern and making a breach in the planking of the prow.

The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man, who was watching. The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an axe-stroke. The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a cry.

But the old passenger, until now motionless, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of false assignats, and, at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the cannon. The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree-branch turn an avalanche.

The cannon stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon was stopped. It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slipping-noose about the bronze neck of an overthrown monster.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The pygmy had taken the thunderbolt prisoner. The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed.

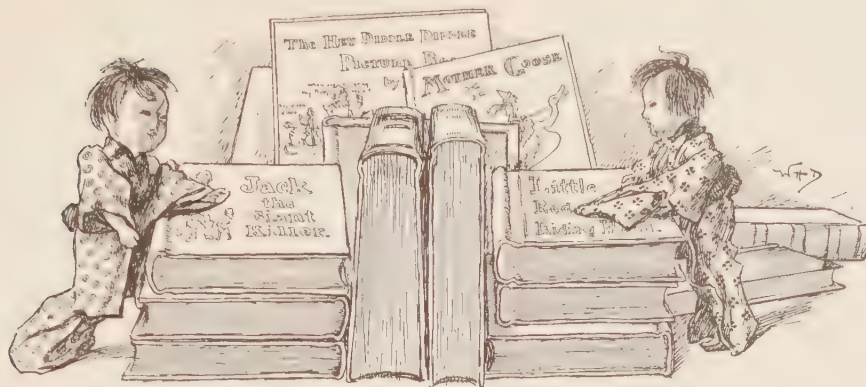
AFTER YOU WERE ASLEEP

BY CLARA MARIE PLATT

WHEN you went to bed, the rubber doll still stood on his head, where you threw him, just as if he enjoyed it; the horse whose tail you clipped short stood patiently, pretending not to care; the two little Japanese dolls looked lonesomely at each other from across a great pile of books, but never shed a tear—when you went to bed. Ah, but after you were asleep!

I WAS sitting in the nursery all in the dark, when suddenly there was a chattering of little voices in the playhouse.

"Open that door!" somebody called. "Now, all together: one—two—three!"



The door flew open, and out rattled all the ninepins.

"It's good to stretch a bit," said the kingpin. "It's a shame that we are n't allowed any exercise just because those children are tired of us! I've been lying in one position until I'm fairly stiff."

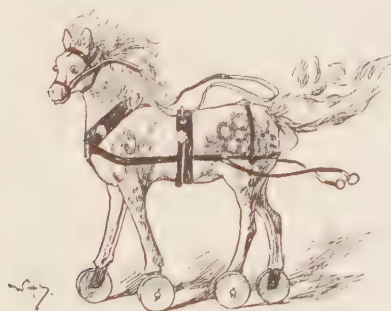
There was a puffing and snorting, and the little pony on wheels dashed by, with his eyes sticking straight out in front, and his tail sticking straight out behind. After him waddled the dancing bear, growling fiercely.

"I've been in such a fright all day," neighed the pony, when he was safe between the rockers of the big horse. "Why is n't that bear caged? He growls dreadfully, and he does not belong with domestic animals, anyway."

"The worst of it is that I can't do anything but growl," answered the toy bear. "I'll be glad when they learn to make us so that we can bite, too, and relieve our feelings. To be shut up all

The toys tried in vain to comfort them in English.

Then with a rustle and flutter, the pile of picture-books came sliding to the floor. "It was n't our fault," said one. "We did n't mean to keep them apart all day."



day with dolls and Mother Goose books is enough to make any healthy bear growl!"

Behind the bear came two forlorn little Japanese figures and two forlorn little Japanese voices wailed together:

"Oh, take us back to our home o'er the seas,
For not a toy here can speak Japanese."

"I can't even keep myself together," said another. "The children have mixed my pages so that I can't tell whether I'm Hop-o'-my-Thumb or Jenny Wren. I've almost lost my wits."

"I have an idea!" exclaimed the rubber doll, turning a somersault and landing on his head.

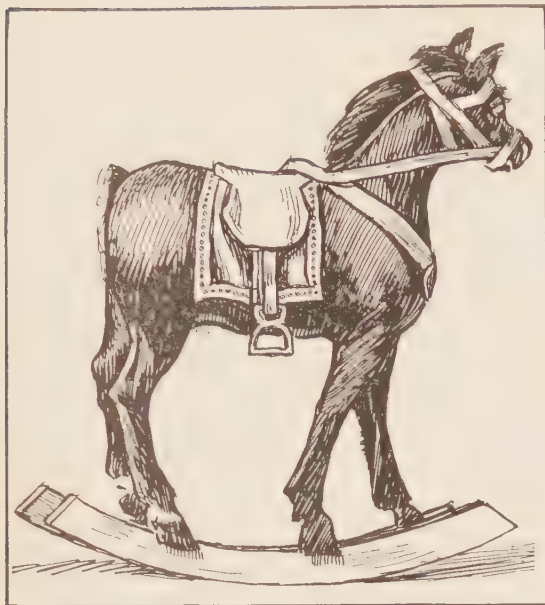
"Suppose we all fix ourselves comfortably, and see if those children won't take the hint."

A moan came from the rocking-horse: "I never can be comfortable again. My tail, my proudly waving tail, is gone forever!"

"Why, what's this in the waste-basket?" exclaimed the rubber doll. "I do believe it is your tail. But I can tie it on with a string."

He did it so skilfully that the rocking-horse rocked for joy.

"What about the rest of us?" asked the little



"Then you are the one," answered the rubber doll. "I myself never had any education," he added, sighing.

Soon all the books could tell their stories straight, and were piled neatly on the shelf. The



pony. "I sha'n't be comfortable until that bear is chained up; and who is to chain him?"

"I 'll go in myself," replied the bear. "But it 's very hard to give up frightening the pony, for it 's the only fun I have." With a last growl, that almost made the pony's glass eyes pop out of his head, he stalked back to his corner.

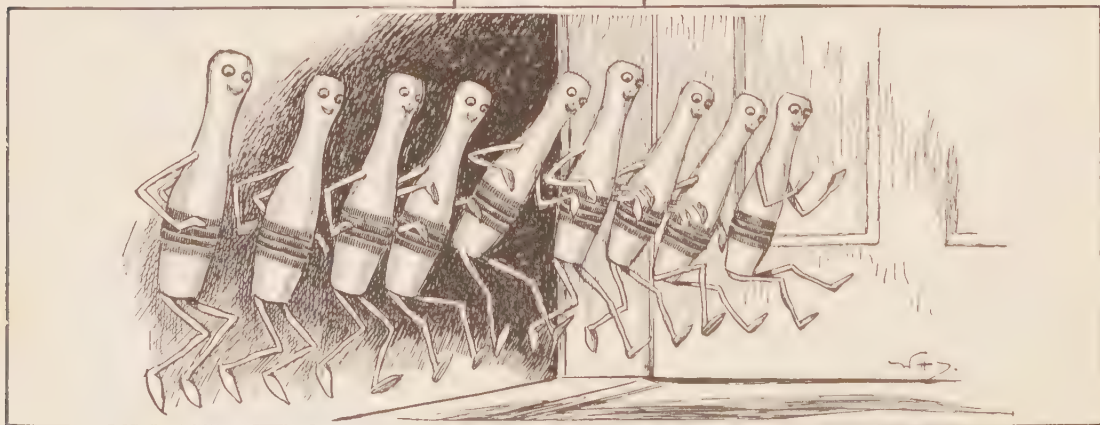
"Now let us straighten out these books," directed the rubber doll. "Who is there here that has ever learned to read?"

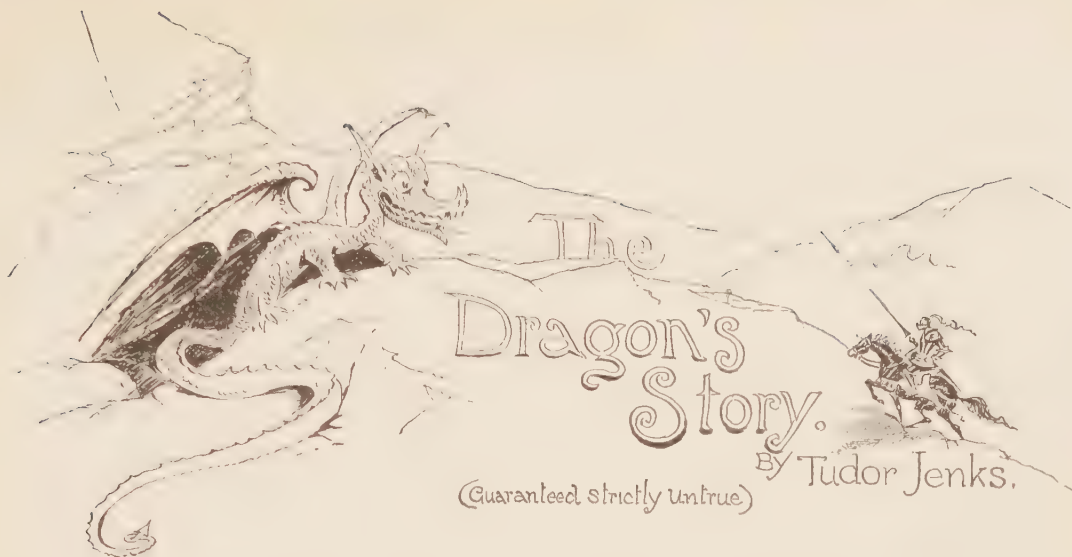
"I can say 'mama' and 'papa,'" came shyly from a pretty little doll in a pink bonnet.



ninepins marched in good order on one side of the room. As the little pony rolled in, the bear started to growl, but on second thought mumbled to himself instead. The two Japanese babies sat with their arms clasped so tightly that they never could be parted. "Now are you all fixed?" asked the rubber doll. "All I want is to be put on my feet and out of the way of the tin fire-engine. That fireman would run over every toy in the playhouse if he saw a burnt match on the carpet!"

He climbed on the shelf above, the toys settled comfortably down in their places, and the state of mind in the playhouse was better.





"MAMMA, please tell us a story!" cried all the young dragons.

"Children, do be less noisy!" said their father, the Honorable Samuel P. Dragon. He had slain a knight that very evening and was perhaps a little irritable. Young dragons should be thoughtful, and should never disturb their parents after the night's fighting is over.

"Hush, children!" said Mrs. Dragon. "Your father has to fight hard all night, and in the day he needs his rest. I will tell you one nice story, if you will promise to go quietly to bed afterward."

The youngsters coiled down into comfortable hollows in the rock, and Mrs. Dragon prepared to begin her story.

"I suppose you would prefer a man-story?"

"Please, Mamma. We are *so* tired of 'When I was a little dragon.' Tell us a real man-story; but be sure not to have the dragon hurt. We like it to end happily, Mamma."

"Very well. Listen quietly, now. Don't rustle your wings nor flop your tails—Sammy! stop blowing flames into your sister's face, this moment! or not a word shall you hear.

"There was once a most delightful land, full of bogs and moist-smelling marshes, of dark rocky caves, all damp and cold. The lakes were covered with beautiful green mold, no flowers grew in the fields—nothing but cool rushes, ferns, and mosses. In short, it was a land in which any dragon might be glad to crawl; no sunshine to crinkle the scales or dry up the wings, no bright glaring fields to dazzle one's poor eyes. Why, even at midday one could slide comfortably about on the slippery, slimy banks and never catch a blink of a sunbeam on the water."

"Oh, how nice! Really and truly, Mamma?"

asked the small dragons, laughing with so much delight that the flames from their pretty scarlet throats lighted up the cave until Mr. Dragon stirred uneasily in his dreams; for he had fallen asleep.

"Really and truly," their mother went on, in a lower tone. "In this charming country, your father and I began our cave-keeping. We were very happy for a time, for not too far from us was your father's estate—a fertile valley well stocked with plump and well-flavored inhabitants. You have never seen any whole men, have you?"

"No," they replied eagerly. "What are they like?"

"Oh, so ugly. To begin with, they have no scales, no wings, no claws—"

"No wings and no claws? How frightful they must be!" exclaimed young Samuel Dragon, Jr., proudly expanding his green pinions.

"Not a wing!" replied Mrs. Dragon. "And they walk, when mature, exclusively on their hind legs."

"Why is that?" asked the children.

"I can not tell. It does seem absurd. When young they go on all fours like sensible animals, but the elders pull and persuade, teach and coax, until the poor little things rear up on their hind legs, and then the foolish old ones seem satisfied. Men are very queer. When they first came on this earth—this earth where dragons dwell—they lived, properly enough, in caves like the rest of the world. But they are a stupid and restless kind of creatures, and soon began to tear pieces out of the world to make caves to suit themselves. Now they slaughter trees, slice and split them, fasten the pieces together, and stalk in and out of queer little holes called 'doors.' But I can

not spare time to tell you any more about their curious instincts—you must read it for yourselves some day in the 'Dragon's Economical Cave-keeper,' the marketing manual. Look in the index under 'Animal Foods: Apes, Men, and various Bipeds.' You will find it interesting—and useful too.

"As I said, we were happy for a time. We used to stroll out quietly in the evening, and often managed to secure a nice chubby man or two, in an hour's flight. But at length came an age when those mean creatures decided to revolt. That is, they kept in their little caves at night, and compelled us to go out so frequently in the unhealthy, glaring daylight, that our scales were hardly fit to be seen. Even with all this exposure, we would succeed in catching only some of the little ones—indeed, during a whole month I caught nothing but two thin miserable specimens. Think how your poor mother suffered! I was almost starved. I became so thin that I rattled!"

Mrs. Dragon looked at the young audience, and saw that the eyes of the two smallest were really shedding sparks. She was touched by their sympathy, but, fearing the story was becoming too sad, hastened to brighten it.

"Well, dears, it did not last long. Your father



was young, rash, and brave, in those nights. One dawn he said, 'Really, Scalena, this will not do. I can stand this foolishness no longer!' I asked what he intended, but he waved his tail in a threatening way, and smiled knowingly as he

whetted his claws on a new piece of sandstone. The next night, bidding me not to be anxious, he left me. I looked after him as long as I could see the flames in the sky, and then returned wearily to our cave to pick the last bone.

"The next morning, just at dawn, he returned with a delicious marketing—he said it was a *butcher*, I think, though it may have been a *judge*, the flavor is much the same. Then, when we had retired into the darkest, dampest, coziest corner of the cave, he told me very modestly the story of his great achievement.

"Your brave father, children, had been down to where the whole swarm of men lived, and actually had beaten to pieces one of the wooden caves! He made light of his exploit, and only rejoiced in it because, as he said, he had no fear now of famine or even of scarcity. We sat up late that happy morning, enjoyed a delicious supper, and slept soundly until nightfall.

"We arose with the moon, and after a hasty but effective toilet on his new sandstone, your father advanced glidingly toward the mouth of the cave, when suddenly there presented itself a dark object with a shiny coat, much like that of a dragon. Indeed, we thought for a moment it was some neighbor who had dropped in to breakfast. But in a few seconds we saw that it was what is called a *knight*. A knight, children, is an animal which, though edible, is noxious, and sometimes dangerous to young or careless dragons. I have

heard of such being even killed by this spiteful little pest. They are found among men—in fact, they are a species of men that has a hard shell. You know there are hard-shell crabs and soft-shell crabs, and so, likewise, there are hard and soft shelled men. Our visitor was a hard-shell who had, while prowling about, found our cave either by accident or wilfully.

"I do not deny that I was a trifle anxious; but your father was merely angry. Giving a great roar, he blew out a mass of dark smoke and

scarlet flames at the unfortunate little knight.

"But, though small, the knight was plucky and showed fight. As your father carelessly leaped toward him, the knight scratched dear Papa slightly with a long, hard stick, on the end of



which was a bit of very hard shell. Then the knight rode out—for he had enslaved an unfortunate horse, as these cruel men do, my pets, and by means of a contrivance in its mouth, he made it carry him about wherever he chose.

"Your father eagerly followed, though I sought

"Oh, Mother, and was Father killed?" asked one of the youngest—little Tommy Dragon.

"Of course not!" replied his elder brother, scornfully. "Don't you see him sleeping over there, all safe and sound? Don't be so silly!"

"You must not speak so sharply to your little brother!" said Mrs. Dragon, "or I shall end the story at once!"

"Oh, please go on," exclaimed all the young dragons; "it is just the most interesting part!"

Pleased with their eagerness, she resumed:

"I did not see the hunt, but your father has often described it to me. The knight came wickedly at him, hoping to scratch him with the sharp stick; but with one whisk of his long green tail, your father broke the thing into small pieces! So you see, Sam," said this thoughtful parent, turning slyly to her eldest son, "it is most important to practise your tail-whisking—and I hope you will not forget it when you go to your next lesson."

Sammy Dragon turned saffron with confusion, but it was evident that he resolved to profit by the little moral so ingeniously woven, by careful Mrs. Dragon, into a mere man-story.

"After the stick was broken," she went on, "the vicious little knight snatched out another, made entirely of the hard shell with which the first was only tipped. With this he tried his worst to

break some of your father's lovely scales. Think what a ferocious animal this knight must have been! I can not see what they are made for; but then, it is instinct, perhaps, we must not judge him too harshly.

"This new weapon met the fate of the other. It was crunched up by your father's strong teeth, and then he descended upon the little hard-shell man with a great swoop—and that ended the battle! Your father is a modest dragon, but he was really proud of the swiftness with which he



"THERE WAS NO DOUBT OF THE RESULT!"

in vain to restrain him. 'No, Scalena,' said he. 'This is a question of principle! As a true dragon and your loving mate, it is my duty to destroy this dangerous little fellow. Do not be foolish; I will bring you the body of the fierce creature. They are excellent eating. But you must sharpen your claws, my dear, for the shells are exceedingly hard to remove and most difficult of digestion.'

"I obeyed him, for your father is always right, and out he flew with a rush of smoke and flame."

ended that conflict. After he once had a fair opportunity to use his newly sharpened claws, there was no doubt of the result!

"We ate the knight at our next meal. I was glad to welcome your father; but he said, 'Pooh! nonsense!' and made light of the whole matter."

The young dragons were delighted, and even thought of asking for another story; but their mother, for the first time, noticed that it was almost broad daylight.

"But goodness, children, I hear the horrid little birds singing!" said she. "Run away to bed with you. Wrap yourselves up tight in your moist wings, and be sure to sleep on damp rocks in a draft where you will keep good and cold."

The youngsters crawled away to rest, while Mrs. Dragon went to rouse the Honorable Samuel P. Dragon. To her surprise she saw his great

green eyes glowing with a sulphurous satisfaction.

"There are no times like the old times!" said he, drowsily. "That was really a splendid hunt!"

"Yes, dear," replied his mate, with a proud and happy smile; "but I had no idea *you* were listening to my foolish stories. We must now go to rest, or you won't be up till midnight—and then there won't be a single man about. Remember, 'it is the late dragon that catches the knight.'"

The Honorable Samuel P. Dragon rubbed his claws gently together as he selected a nice cozy place for the day. He was humming to himself, and faithful Mrs. Dragon smiled fondly as she recognized the tune. It was:

"I fear no foe in shining armor!"

"Ah!" said she to herself, "the old people like man-stories as well as the little ones!"

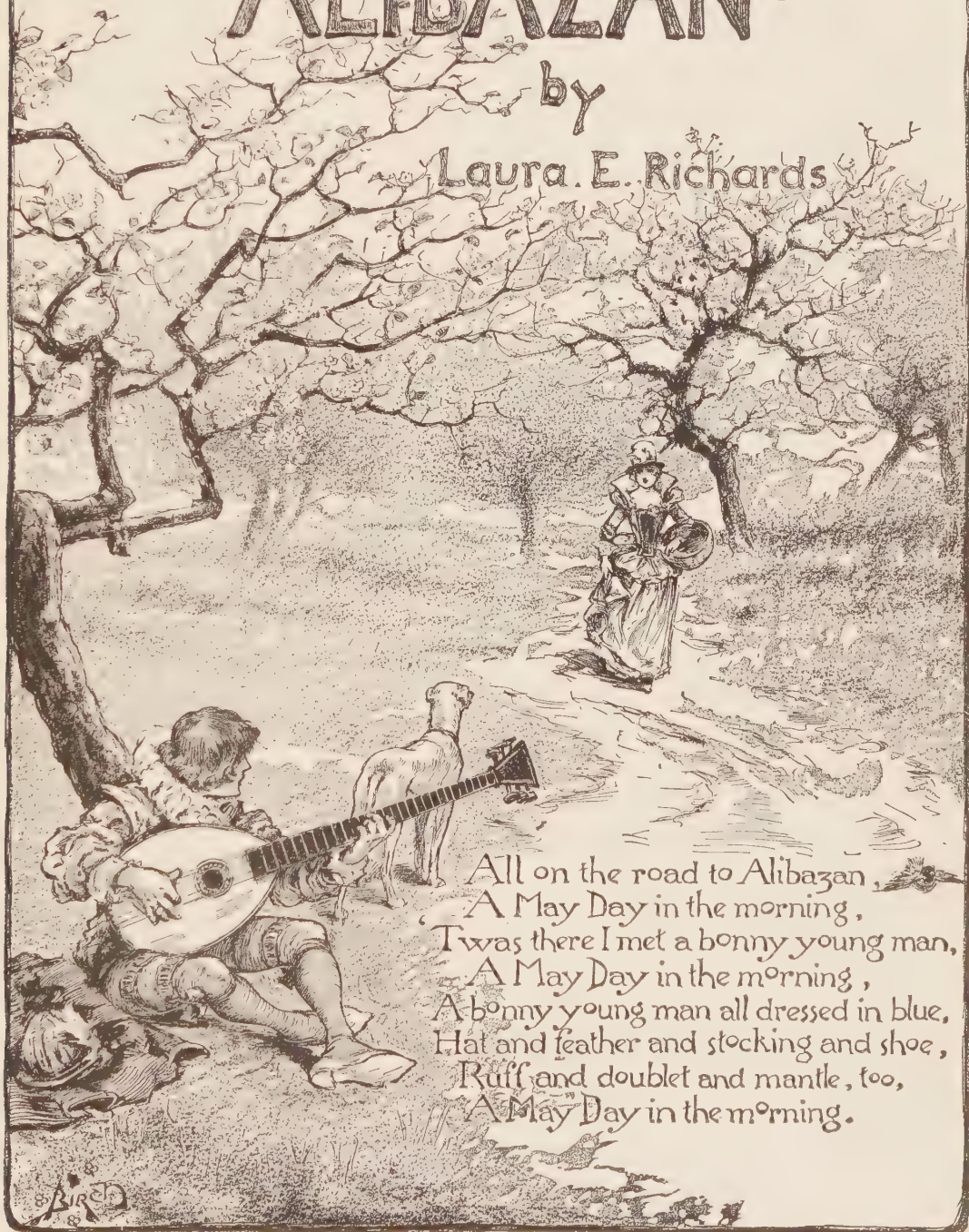


MRS. TOM COD, TO A TRAMP SAW-FISH: "YES, MY POOR MAN, I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO EAT IF YOU'LL SAW UP THAT PILE OF CORAL VONDER."

ALIBAZAN.

by

Laura E. Richards



All on the road to Alibazan,
A May Day in the morning,
Twas there I met a bonny young man,
A May Day in the morning,
A bonny young man all dressed in blue,
Hat and feather and stocking and shoe,
Ruff and doublet and mantle, too,
A May Day in the morning.



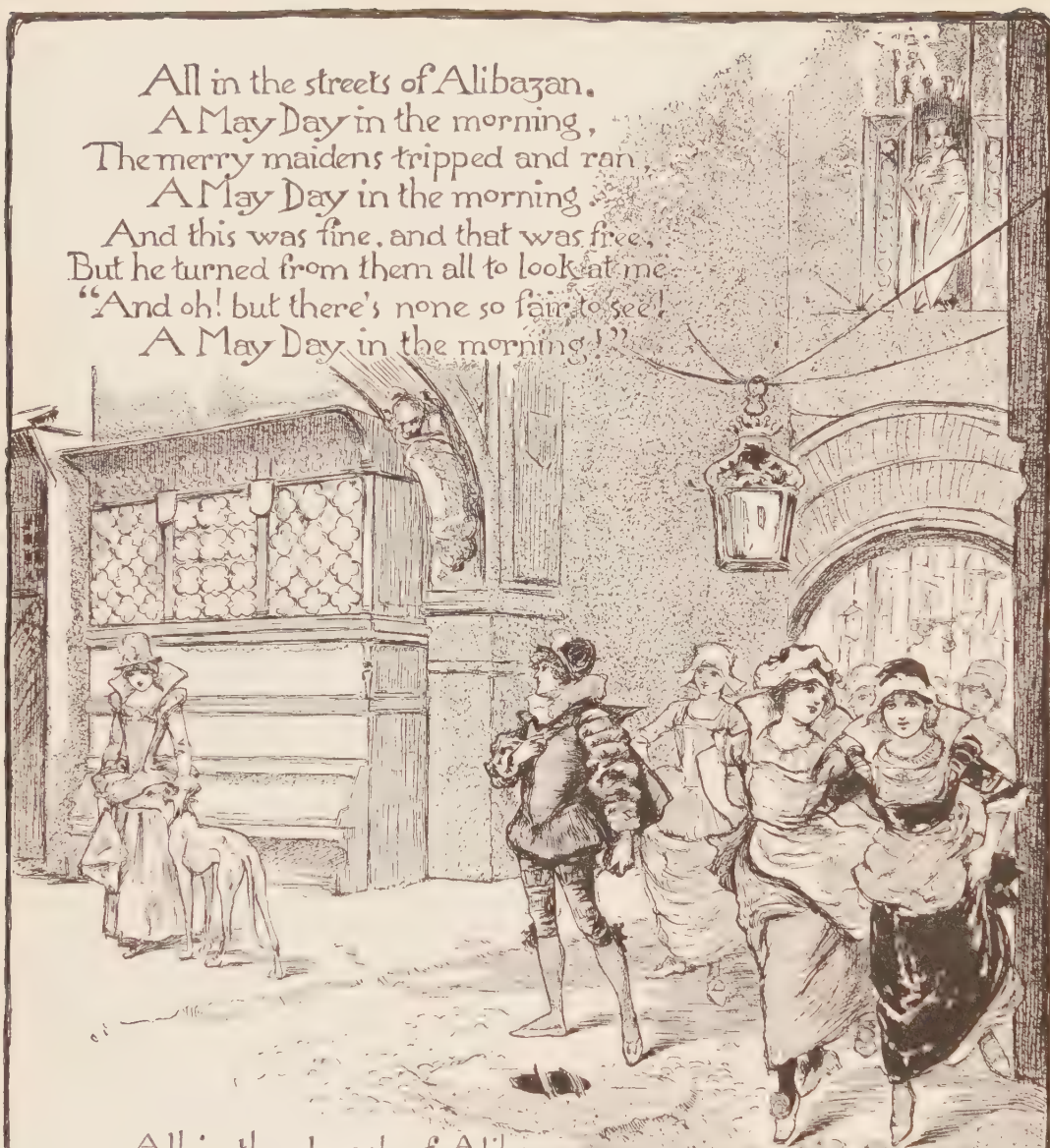
He made me a bow, and he made me three,
 A May Day in the morning,
 He said, indeed, I was fair to see,
 A May Day in the morning,
 "And say, will you be my sweetheart now?
 Ill marry you truly with ring and vow!
 I've ten fat sheep and a black-nosed cow,
 A May Day in the morning."



"What shall we buy in Alibazan
 A May Day in the morning?
 A pair of shoes and a feathered fan,
 A May Day in the morning,
 A velvet gown all set with pearls,
 A silver hat for your golden curls,
 A pinky hood for my pink of girls,
 A May Day in the morning."



All in the streets of Alibazan,
 A May Day in the morning,
 The merry maidens tripped and ran,
 A May Day in the morning
 And this was fine, and that was free,
 But he turned from them all to look at me
 "And oh! but there's none so fair to see!
 A May Day in the morning!"



All in the church of Alibazan,
 A May Day in the morning,
 'Twas there I wed my bonny young man,
 A May Day in the morning,
 And oh! 'tis I am his sweetheart now!
 And oh! 'tis we that are happy I trow,
 With our ten fat sheep and our black-nosed cow,
 A May Day in the morning



SOME GREAT WRITERS OF OLDEN TIMES

HOMER

I WANT you to come with me in thought back nearly three thousand years and into the beautiful land of Greece, for there is somebody of that land and time that I want to introduce to you. We shall not have much trouble in finding him, because everybody knows him, and besides he is always likely to be found in the house of some great prince. So we will knock at the door of a big palace, where, to judge from the sounds, a great feast is going on, and perhaps we shall find him there.

We see a big crowd of beggars sitting on mats round the door and eating the good things the prince has sent out to them. They move aside to let us pass, and we find ourselves in a great hall, decorated with ivory and gold and silver, where a great many guests are assembled. Near the fire sit the prince and princess, and beside them sits an old, blind man.

Now it is this old, blind man I wish to introduce to you. His name is Homer and he is a minstrel. All the people, even the prince and princess, do him honor because he is the greatest of all minstrels and his fame is spread over the whole of Greece. And from the time when we are looking at him—nearly three thousand years ago—the fame of Homer is to become greater and wider, for there will never be a country in the world where his name will not be known.

You see, in the time of Homer nobody could write for others to read; but there were minstrels who were something like what our writers are to-day, except that instead of writing down things they made up poetry about them and sang or recited the poetry at feasts. And the people, instead of reading, went and listened to the minstrels. All the people of Greece, from the prince to the peasant, honored the minstrels as superior beings, and many men learned the poems of the minstrels by heart. These men taught the poems

to their children, and when those children grew up and became fathers they taught them to their own children. So at length, when people learned to write, these poems were written down that they might be preserved for future ages.

Now, as I told you, the very greatest of all the minstrels is this old, blind man called Homer, whom I have just introduced to you. He goes about from prince's house to prince's house, and makes up poetry such as no other man could make up. He can describe a flower or a field of corn, or a horse or an ox, or a chariot or a soldier's armor in such a way that you can see those things just as if he painted a picture of them. He knows all about Greece because he loves it and has studied it. And he can tell you all about the people, their work and their play, their tastes and their ideas, their virtues and their faults. He knows all about the great heroes of Greece and their glorious deeds and wonderful adventures, and he never tires of singing their praises and telling about their lives.

All those things that Homer knows about Greece and its people and its glories he has put into two long epic poems called the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." Nearly every grown person nowadays has read both of these poems, and you will surely read them yourself sometime. So I will just give you an idea of what they are like.

The "Iliad" tells about the great war between Greece and Troy that lasted for ten years. It was all caused by Paris, a son of Priam, King of Troy, who ran away with Helen, the wife of Menelaus, a Grecian prince. The people of Greece were terribly angered by this wicked deed, and so they gathered together all their strength and sailed against Troy. Now the people of Troy—the Trojans as they are called—were very fine soldiers, and their town was of great strength. So the Greeks had to face a very hard task. For ten years the war waged fiercely round the walls of Troy without advantage to

either side. Great heroes engaged in single combat, and sometimes a Trojan fell and sometimes a Greek.

Among all these great heroes the greatest by far was Achilles, who had no equal in strength and beauty and courage. For part of the time Achilles sulked in his tent because he was displeased by an action of Agamemnon, the leader of the Grecian army. And while Achilles sulked in his tent the Grecian army suffered many defeats, for there was no one in all the Grecian host who could overcome the great Hector, the hope of Troy and the bravest and best of King Priam's fifty sons. But one day Hector slew a very dear friend of Achilles, named Patroclus. And when Achilles heard this he got terribly angry, and, rushing like a lion into the fight, he killed Hector, the hope of Troy.

Still Troy was not captured, and it was only by a clever trick that the Greeks finally got into the town. They built a very big wooden horse, and inside this horse they put a number of armed men. Then they pulled the horse up close to the walls of Troy and engaged in a sham fight with the Trojans, in which they allowed themselves to be beaten back, leaving the horse behind them. Naturally enough the Trojans thought that the horse was some new engine of destruction invented by the Greeks, and so they pulled it back with them into the town. When the Greeks in the horse found that they were inside the walls of Troy they rushed out and opened the gates to their comrades. And in that way Troy was captured.

In the "Odyssey" Homer tells all about the wonderful adventures of Ulysses, who was one of the great Grecian chiefs that fought against Troy, and who was far-famed for his wisdom and courage. Ulysses was Prince of Ithaca, a part of Greece, and on his way home from the siege of Troy he was blown out of his course by a great storm. For the next twelve years he wandered about the world looking for his home and meeting with the strangest adventures.

Ulysses came across many queer monsters and had several very narrow escapes. For instance, he once landed on an island inhabited by a fierce and bloodthirsty race of one-eyed giants called Cyclops. Ulysses and some who were with him were captured by their chief, a giant named Polyphemus, one of whose fingers was almost as big as a man. Polyphemus thought nothing of eating half a dozen men just to give him an appetite, and he ate several of the companions of Ulysses. But Ulysses was crafty, so he pretended to be very friendly with the giant, and gave him a goatskin filled with very strong wine which he

got Polyphemus to drink. This made him quite drunk, and while he was lying in a stupid, drunken sleep Ulysses and his companions got the giant's club, which was as big as a tree; and they sharpened the end of it and made it red-hot in the fire. With this they put out the big eye of the giant, and after they had thus made him blind of course it was easy for them to escape.

This is only one of the many strange things that happened to Ulysses. In his wanderings he met some very nice people, and was treated very well in some places. For instance, he was wrecked on the island of the beautiful nymph Calypso, who wanted him to stay with her always and who would give him everything his heart could desire; and he visited the island of the beautiful enchantress Circe, who turned men into swine, but who was very nice to Ulysses.

But Ulysses was longing to get back to his own country and to his beautiful wife, Penelope, who was waiting patiently for him all this time. Of course everybody at home thought that Ulysses was dead; and rich, noble suitors from all over Greece came to Penelope to beg her hand in marriage—for she was wise and good as well as beautiful. Still Penelope remained faithful to Ulysses.

Now, after twelve years the counselors of Penelope told her that it would not be right for her to remain unmarried any longer. So Penelope, with a heavy heart, made up her mind that she would marry one of the suitors, but which one she did not know. Well, there was an old rusty bow belonging to Ulysses that had not been bent since Ulysses left home more than twenty years before, and Penelope said that she would marry any one who could shoot an arrow from that bow and hit the mark that Ulysses used to hit. Of course all the suitors tried it, but none of them could as much as bend the bow. Now among the crowd that stood watching the trial was a bent, withered old beggar with dirty, tattered clothes. And this old beggar had the boldness to make the trial. Everybody laughed at the old man and thought it a great joke. But imagine the astonishment of the crowd when the old beggar bent the bow as easily as if it had been a willow twig, and sent the arrow flying straight and true to the mark. And imagine how much more they all were astonished when the beggar threw off his tattered clothes, and his look of old age, and stood up straight and tall and strong. And who do you think that old beggar was? Why, none other than Ulysses himself! So Ulysses turned round and slew all the suitors, and he and Penelope, his faithful wife, lived happily together for the rest of their lives.



A READING FROM HOMER.
LAURENZ ALMA-TADEMA.

HERODOTUS

AFTER the time of Homer, Greece grew gradually greater and greater, until it became the greatest country the world had yet seen. Its people were victorious in war, its merchant ships covered the seas, its laws were the best laws ever made in the ancient world, its land was rich and fertile, and its cities big and prosperous. The fame of its poets and statesmen and philosophers, of its painters and sculptors and architects, went out all over the civilized earth.

But Greece was not one closely united nation like our own country. It was split up into a number of small states. These states were not united under one central government, as the United States are, but had only a sort of very loose connection with each other. Sometimes they united against a foreign foe, sometimes they fought among themselves.

Always, however, the states of Greece met together every four years in a beautiful valley called Olympia, and there they held what are called the Olympic Games. Every sort of contest you could think of was held at those Olympic Games. They had races on foot and on horseback and in chariots. They had contests in jumping, in wrestling and boxing, in throwing the javelin and the discus. And besides these and many other physical contests they had literary competitions in which the greatest writers of Greece took part. The prize in every contest was only a plain crown of laurel, but the greatest honor a Greek could wish for was to win such a crown.

Now once at the Olympic Games, between four and five hundred years before the time of Christ, a stranger whom nobody knew entered for one of the literary competitions. Nobody was interested in him, because nobody knew him. But when he began to read the splendid piece he had written the coldness of the crowd melted away like snow before the sun, and they listened to him "with all their ears." Some were so affected that they burst into tears, and when he had finished he was awarded the crown.

The name of this man was Herodotus, who is known as the "Father of History." And, as you may guess, he is so called because he was the first man who wrote a real history. Before his time there were story-tellers who wrote or told about their own times or former times, and some of the great epic poets wrote things that were little histories in a way—the "Iliad," for instance, is a sort of history of the Trojan War. Still, no real history had ever been written until Herodotus wrote one.

The history written by Herodotus is intended

to be an account of the great war between the Greeks and the Persians. But it is more than that, because Herodotus traced back the history of the Greeks and the history of the Persians, and told all about the nations that surrounded them, so that he really almost wrote a history of the world, so far as it was then known. And he made it all so interesting that every writer of history since his time has studied him in order to learn how to write history attractively. He describes all the different countries he writes about, and gives us a view of their scenery, the dress and habits and manners of their people, the way their houses are built—everything, even to the way the people talk and eat. He even tells all the interesting tales and legends that are popular among the different nations he writes about, so that no story-book you ever read could be more charming than this history; in fact, you could make any number of story-books out of it. And he tells everything in a plain, simple way that any one can understand.

We don't know much about the life of Herodotus except that he was born in Asia Minor and was not a Greek citizen, although his family was Greek. After he won the crown at the Olympic Games he went to Athens, most famous of the Greek cities, which had many learned men and great writers. The people of Athens were devoted to literature, and they received Herodotus with great honor and presented him with many valuable gifts. He did not live long in Athens, however, and we do not know what he did with himself after he left the city. But it is enough to know that he wrote the first great history, that he gave us more information about ancient times and peoples than any other man, and that he did it in a way to give pleasure as well as instruction to all his readers.

VERGIL

AFTER she had stood for many years in the eyes of the world supreme in glory and wealth and power, Greece began to decay, as has been the way with many nations, and in her place arose another nation, called Rome, which became in some respects greater than Greece ever was. When Julius Cæsar died, nearly fifty years before Christ, Rome was mistress of the known world. Every nation bowed down before her and half the world paid tribute to her. In the reign of the Emperor Augustus, who came after Cæsar, Rome was at the height of her greatness. War had ceased for the time, and the people gave themselves up to splendor and luxury. Fleets of ships from every nation on the earth came loaded



CICERO.

VERGIL.

with silks and jewels, and gold and silver, and perfumes and spices, and all the rare and delicate things of the world, for the Romans spared no expense to provide pleasure and comfort for themselves.

If you could see Rome as it was then, with its stately palaces and temples, its beautiful monuments and bridges, its broad streets and brightly-colored shops, all bathed in the warm Italian sunshine, you would not soon forget the sight; and if you were a stranger you would be somewhat confused at all the bustle and chatter and color in the crowded streets. At least one stranger who walked into that city on a bright summer's day was as much confused as any man could be. He was a tall, dark, delicate-looking young man. He seemed awkward and ill at ease, and if he saw any one gazing at him he blushed to the roots of his hair. The name of this young man was Vergil, and he afterward became famous as the greatest poet the world had seen since Homer.

Vergil, whose full name was Publius Vergilius Maro, was born in the year 70 B.C., of humble parents, on a little farm near the village of Andes in the Roman province of Cisalpine Gaul, which is now a part of Italy. He went to school at Cremona, Milan, and Naples, and finally came to Rome. As I have told you, he was shy and awkward, and at first he did not make his way very well. But there was at that time in Rome a rich man named Mæcenas, who was very fond of literature. And Mæcenas thought that the best way to make use of his wealth was to help poor writers and give them a chance to do their best work. So he took Vergil under his protection and introduced him to the Emperor Augustus and all the famous people of Rome, and in every way made it easy for the poor, shy country lad. He even got him a pretty villa near Rome, where he could live in peace and quiet and comfort. Mæcenas did the same thing for another great poet, named Horace, and for many other writers. So, when we are enjoying the pleasures of their writings, we ought not to forget the good man whose kindness to the writers made it possible for them to do such good work.

Vergil had many friends because he was mild and gentle and modest. Even at the height of his fame, when all the greatest men in Rome were his friends, he was just as modest and shy as when he first entered the city, and, if he thought people were noticing him in the streets, he would dodge into a shop, and slip out again when nobody was looking. He was never very strong in health, and he died in 19 B.C., at the early age of fifty-one, on his way home from a journey in Greece.

The first great work that Vergil wrote was the

"Eclogues" or "Bucolics." It is nearly all about the love-making of fancy shepherds and shepherdesses, and has many very pretty descriptions of country scenes. One of the "Eclogues" is all about the birth of a wonderful child who was to bring back the golden age in which everybody was happy and free from sin; and in former times many people thought that perhaps Vergil was trying to foretell the coming of Christ.

The country about Rome in the time of Vergil was much deserted, partly because it was wasted by war before Augustus became emperor, and partly because people were attracted to the big, bright city—just as they are now to New York and Chicago and other cities—not knowing that by living in the country they might be healthier and happier. So Augustus asked Vergil to write a poem that might help the Emperor to make people leave the city and settle in the country. And Vergil wrote a great poem, the "Georgics," which is all about fields and trees, horses and cattle, bee-keeping, and other things belonging to rural life. It tells you all about farm life, and contains such beautiful descriptions of the country as almost make a city dweller want to go and live there. And although the "Georgics" has such an every-day subject as farming, it is written so perfectly that Joseph Addison, the great English essayist, calls it "the most finished of all poems."

The last great poem of Vergil, the "Æneid," is even more famous than the "Georgics," and it has influenced nearly every poet since Vergil's time. Vergil himself borrowed a good deal of the material for this poem from Homer, and when you have known the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" you will meet several old friends in the "Æneid." It tells all about the wooden horse and the capture of Troy, and then goes on to describe the wonderful adventures of Æneas, a Trojan prince, who escaped after the fall of Troy with his old father, Anchises, and his little son, Ascanius. Æneas wanders over the world and meets with many strange adventures, just as Ulysses did; in fact, he sees some of the very persons and things that Homer tells us Ulysses saw. Now he meets the giant Polyphemus; now, Andromache, the widow of Hector, the hope of Troy; at another time he goes down into the lower regions and speaks to the spirits of many great Greeks and Trojans, as well as to the spirits of many famous Romans who were not yet born. Finally he lands in Italy, and after conquering the people who oppose him he settles down there. Many years afterward his descendants founded Rome. And the nation founded by a Trojan became greater than the great nation of the Greeks who conquered and destroyed Troy!



GREEK DIVINITIES.

ZEUS.
ATHENA.

DIONYSUS.
HERMES.

LIVY

As I have told you, Rome in the reign of Augustus contained many other writers besides Vergil. In fact, so many great writers were produced during this time that the Augustan Age, as it is called, is regarded as the golden age of Roman literature. Among the greatest of those writers were the poets Horace and Propertius, and the historian Livy. It is about Livy that I want to tell you especially, because he is very important. He holds about the same place in Roman literature that Herodotus holds in Greek literature, and most of the information we have about Rome up to his time we owe to him.

Titus Livius, whom we call Livy, was born in Padua, Italy, in the year 59 B.C., and was educated there and at Rome. He was of a noble family and so had not the same trouble in getting on that Vergil had. He led a quiet life and kept out of public view as much as he could, partly because he was fond of work and study, and partly because he did not like the Emperor Augustus or the way in which things were done in Rome. But though Livy showed his dislike of the emperor plainly enough, Augustus took it in good part because he admired Livy's genius, and he allowed him to live and work in peace. Livy died in the year 17 A.D.

How hard Livy worked, you can imagine when you hear that he wrote a complete history of Rome from the time it was founded up to his own time—about seven hundred years. He had no large libraries near at hand, no great number of books from which to get his information. Very few histories had been written then, and fewer still were of much value. Still, Livy wrote a splendid history of Rome in 142 books. We have only 35 of those books now, yet in those we get more information about ancient Rome before the time of Livy than we can get anywhere else. Like Herodotus, Livy always tries to give us an interesting picture of the people and times he writes about, and like Herodotus he has served as a model and a storehouse of information to the historians who followed him. As you grow older, and take more interest in history than perhaps you do now, don't miss reading Livy, for—let me repeat it—nobody else can tell you so much about the ancient Romans and the things they did.

CICERO

For many years before the time of Vergil Rome was a very unsafe and unpleasant place to live in. There was no real leader in the state, and the chief men were constantly fighting among them-

selves for the leadership. So there was nothing but trouble and scheming and bloodshed, and no man knew how long his life would be safe. Now, in the midst of all this trouble arose a young lawyer named Marcus Tullius Cicero, who had a most wonderful talent for public speaking. So beautifully and powerfully did he speak that no other lawyer had a chance of winning a case against him, for he seemed to charm away the reason of his hearers with his golden language.

Cicero was really an aristocrat. His father held knightly rank and was the leading man of the town of Arpinum, not very far from Rome, where Cicero was born in the year 103 B.C. At the age of seventeen he went to war, not because he liked war but because every Roman youth had to serve in the army. He was very glad to get out of the army and go to study in Asia and in the famous city of Athens.

Then Cicero went to Rome and began to practise law. He wanted to lead a peaceful life, but that was impossible in Rome at that time. At first he succeeded very well. His wonderful eloquence charmed the people of all parties, and he was elected to several public offices. He was even made consul, which was the highest office in the state. Up to that time he had managed to escape any serious trouble, but at last it overtook him and he was sent into exile. After a year he was recalled to Rome and the people welcomed him with every sign of joy and affection. He was soon afterward made governor of Cilicia, and when his term as governor was over he retired to his villa at Tusculum.

While Julius Cæsar was in power Cicero was safe, but after Cæsar's death Cicero's enemies got after him and he had to fly to Greece. When he tried to return to Italy he was taken by his enemies and beheaded. His hands and tongue were brought to Rome and nailed up in a public place.

With the exception of Demosthenes, the Greek orator, Cicero was the greatest orator that ever lived. Fifty-seven of his speeches have come down to us, and from them we can easily understand how they must have charmed the people who heard them.

But Cicero is not only famous for his speeches. He also wrote many discourses on various subjects, which are nearest like essays of any writings that the ancient world can show; and all of them are written in the same beautiful style as his speeches. Many of these discourses, such as those on "Friendship" and "Oratory," are very widely read even now. And Cicero is equally famous for his letters. There are in all eight hundred of them, and they give us a complete picture of men and things at Rome in his time.



DIANA.
JOVE.

ROMAN DIVINITIES.

MARS.
JUNO.

POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

PART II

COME, LITTLE LEAVES

BY GEORGE COOPER

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day.
"Come over the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer is gone and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the sweet little song they knew.

"Cricket, good-by, we've been friends so long;
Little brook, sing us your farewell song;
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we watched you in vale and glade;
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went,
Winter had called them, and they were content;
Soon, fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlid over their heads.

ONE, TWO

ONE, two,
Buckle my shoe;

Three, four,
Knock at the door;

Five, six,
Pick up sticks;

Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;

Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;

Eleven, twelve,
Let them delve;

Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting;

Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids in the kitchen;

Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;

Nineteen, twenty,
My plate 's empty.

A BOY'S MOTHER*

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

My mother she 's so good to me,
Ef I was good as I could be,
I could n't be as good—no, sir!—
Can't any boy be good as her.

She loves me when I 'm glad er sad;
She loves me when I 'm good er bad;
An', what 's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me—
That don't hurt—but it hurts to see
Her cryin'.—Nen I cry; an' nen
We both cry an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts an' sews
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,
She loves him 'most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;
An' I hug *her*, an' hug my Pa,
An' love him purt' nigh much as Ma.

*From "Rhymes of Childhood," by James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright, 1890. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A SUGGESTION.

STACY E. BAKER

Who shall be queen of the May, to-day;
 Verna, or Dora, or Belle, or Bess?
 This is the way to be gay, to-day;
 Each little lady may play, to-day,
 Royalty's plenty, I say, to-day,
 Titles all four of them may possess

Verna, the countess of verdant leas;
 Dora, the duchess of dale and dell;
 Belle, as the princess of birds and bees;
 Bessie, the empress of calm and breeze—
 A truce to the queen of the May, when these
 Are titles that please as well!



TROT, TROT, THE BABY GOES

BY MARY F. BUTTS

EVERY evening Baby goes
Trot, trot, to town—
Across the river, through the fields,
Up hill and down.

Trot, trot, the Baby goes,
Up hill and down,
To buy a feather for her hat,
To buy a woollen gown.

Trot, trot, the Baby goes;
The birds fly down, alack!
"You cannot have our feathers, dear,"
They say; "so please trot back."

Trot, trot, the Baby goes;
The lambs come bleating near.
"You cannot have our wool," they say;
"But we are sorry, dear."

Trot, trot, the Baby goes,
Trot, trot, to town.
She buys a red rose for her hat,
She buys a cotton gown.

A BLESSING FOR THE BLESSED

BY LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA

WHEN the sun has left the hilltop,
And the daisy-fringe is furled;
When the birds from wood and meadow
In their hidden nests are curled,
Then I think of all the babies
That are sleeping in the world.

There are babies in the high lands
And babies in the low,
There are pale ones wrapped in furry skins
On the margin of the snow,
And brown ones naked in the isles
Where all the spices grow.

And some are in the palace,
On a white and downy bed;
And some are in the garret,
With a clout beneath their head;
And some are on the cold, hard earth,
Whose mothers have no bread.

O little men and women,
Dear flowers yet unblown—
O little kings and beggars
Of the pageant yet unshown—
Sleep soft and dream pale dreams now,
To-morrow is your own.

THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING
LEAVES

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

SEE the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty elder tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink
Softly, slowly: one might think
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending,
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.
But the kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws and darts!
First at one and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop and there are none:
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap, halfway,
Now she meets the coming prey;
Lets it go as fast and then
Has it in her power again.
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjuror;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.

THE CHILD AND THE WORLD

I SEE a nest in a green elm-tree
With little brown sparrows—one, two, three!
The elm-tree stretches its branches wide,
And the nest is soft and warm inside.
At morn the sun, so golden bright,
Climbs up to fill the world with light;
It opens the flowers, it wakens me,
And wakens the birdies—one, two, three.
And leaning out of my window high,
I look far up at the blue, blue sky,
And then far out at the earth so green,
And think it the loveliest ever seen—
The loveliest world that ever was seen!



LITTLE WHITE LILY

By GEORGE MACDONALD

Little white Lily
 Sat by a stone,
 Drooping and waiting
 Till the sun shone.
 Little white Lily
 Sunshine has fed;
 Little white Lily
 Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
 Said, "It is good—
 Little white Lily's
 Clothing and food."
 Little white Lily
 Drest like a bride!
 Shining with whiteness,
 And crowned beside!

Little white Lily
 Droopeth with pain,
 Waiting and waiting
 For the wet rain.
 Little white Lily
 Holdeth her cup;
 Rain is fast falling
 And filling it up.

Little white Lily
 Said, "Good again—
 When I am thirsty
 To have fresh rain!
 Now I am stronger;
 Now I am cool;
 Heat cannot burn me,
 My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
 Smells very sweet:
 On her head sunshine,
 Rain at her feet.
 "Thanks to the sunshine,
 Thanks to the rain!
 Little white Lily
 Is happy again!"

THE DIFFERENCE

By LAURA E. RICHARDS

Eight fingers,
 Ten toes,
 Two eyes,
 And one nose.
 Baby said
 When she smelt the rose,
 "Oh! what a pity
 I 've only one nose!"

Ten teeth
 In even rows,
 Three dimples,
 And one nose.
 Baby said
 When she smelt the snuff,
 "Deary me!
 One nose is enough."

GOING TO SLEEP

When little Birdie bye-bye goes,
 Quiet as mice in churches,
 He puts his head where no one knows,
 On one leg he perches.

When little Babie bye-bye goes,
 On Mother's arm reposing,
 Soon he lies beneath the clothes,
 Safe in the cradle dozing.

When pretty Pussy goes to sleep,
 Tail and nose together,
 Then little mice around her creep,
 Lightly as a feather.

When little Babie goes to sleep,
 And he is very near us,
 Then on tip-toe softly creep,
 That Babie may not hear us.
 Lullaby! Lullaby! Lulla, Lulla, Lullaby!

HOW TO GET BREAKFAST

Said the first little chick,
 With a queer little squirm,
 "I wish I could find
 A fat little worm."

Said the next little chick,
 With an odd little shrug,
 "I wish I could find
 A fat little bug."

Said the third little chick,
 With a shrill little squeal,
 "I wish I could find
 Some nice yellow meal."

Said the fourth little chick,
 With a small sigh of grief,
 "I wish I could find
 A little green leaf."

"See here," called the hen,
 From the near garden patch,
 "If you want any breakfast
 Just come here and scratch."

THE BARNYARD

BY MAUD BURNHAM

WHEN the Farmer's day is done,
In the barnyard, ev'ry one,
Beast and bird politely say,
"Thank you for my food to-day."

The cow says, "Moo!"
The pigeon, "Coo!"
The sheep says, "Baa!"
The lamb says, "Maa!"
The hen, "Cluck! Cluck!"
"Quack!" says the duck;
The dog, "Bow Wow!"
The cat, "Meow!"
The horse says, "Neigh!"
I love sweet hay!"
The pig near by,
Grunts in his sty.

When the barn is locked up tight,
Then the Farmer says, "Good-night!"
Thanks his animals, ev'ry one,
For the work that has been done.

MARY'S LAMB

BY SARAH J. HALE

MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day—
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

THE FIRST OF MAY

THE fair maid who, the First of May,
Goes to the fields at break of day,
And washes in dew from the hawthorn tree,
Will ever after handsome be.

PLAYGROUNDS

BY LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA

IN summer I am very glad
We children are so small,
For we can see a thousand things
That men can't see at all.

They don't know much about the moss
And all the stones they pass:
They never lie and play among
The forests in the grass:

They walk about a long way off;
And, when we're at the sea,
Let father stoop as best he can
He can't find things like me.

But, when the snow is on the ground
And all the puddles freeze,
I wish that I were very tall,
High up above the trees.

THE CATS' TEA-PARTY

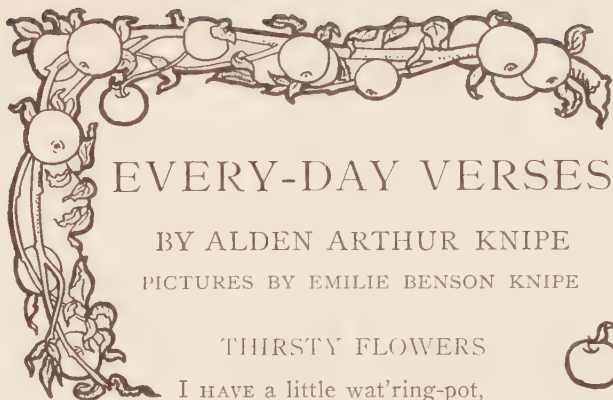
BY F. E. WEATHERLEY

FIVE little pussy-cats, invited out to tea,
Cried: "Mother, let us go—Oh, do! for good
we'll surely be.
We'll wear our bibs and hold our things as you
have shown us how—
Spoons in right paws, cups in left—and make a
pretty bow;
We'll always say, 'Yes, if you please,' and 'Only
half of that.'"
"Then go, my darling children," said the happy
Mother Cat.

The five little pussy-cats went out that night
to tea,
Their heads were smooth and glossy, their tails
were swinging free;
They held their things as they had learned, and
tried to be polite—
With snowy bibs beneath their chins they were
a pretty sight.
But, alas, for manners beautiful, and coats as
soft as silk!

The moment that the little kits were asked to
take some milk,
They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow, and—
oh, what do you think?
They put their noses in the cups and all began
to drink!

Yes, every naughty little kit set up a miou for
more,
Then knocked the teacups over, and scampered
through the door.



EVERY-DAY VERSES

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

PICTURES BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE

THIRSTY FLOWERS



I HAVE a little wat'ring-pot,
It holds two quarts I think,
And when the days are very hot
I give the plants a drink.

They lift their heads as flowers should,
And look so green and gay;
I 'm sure that if they only could,
"We thank you, Sir," they 'd say.



SHARING WITH OTHERS

SOMETIMES Mother gives to me
Such a lot of money—See!
But it 's very hard to buy
All the things you 'd like to try,
And you always share your penny
With a child who has n't any.





A



Day with Baby



BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS

THE baby I 'm acquainted with
Knows naught of battle's harms,
Although he 's of the infantry,
And often up in arms.



He puts his grandpa's glasses on,
Then imitates his frown,
And reads the paper backward, while
He holds it upside down.

Sometimes he cries, and oh, so hard,
I think he understood
The good old doctor when he said
That it would do him good.



With kitty oft upon the rug
He has a wrestling match,
And kitty, it may be, will win
By just the merest scratch.



He croons a little song that sounds
Like "Gum, oh, gum with me!"
And, as he is a minor, he
Selects a minor key.



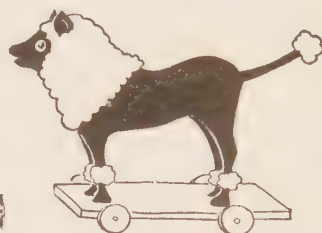
Each day nurse wheels him to the park,
So, in his carriage there,
A little son and heir may find
A little sun and air.

As in his crib he dozes off,
With such a funny snore,
We wish he 'd sleep till eight, instead
Of waking up at four.



THE STRANGE ADVENTURES

of the HOBBY-HORSE and the WOOLLY DOG.

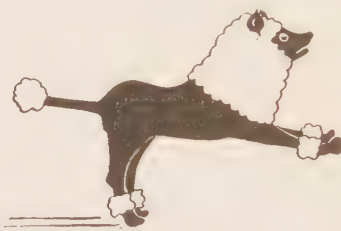


BY H. H. BENNETT

*Listen all and straight I 'll tell
Of strange adventures that once befell.*



"Now let us hunt!" the dog he barked;
The hobby-horse ran fast;
The trumpeter raised up his horn,
And blew a merry blast.



The dog he barked; the horse he ran;
The trumpeter blew his horn;
And over the house they hunted the mouse
From midnight until morn. .

Through kitchen and through dining-room—
For woods they had the chairs—
Through parlor and through hall they chased,
And down the cellar stairs.

ONE night when the house was dark and still,
These adventures did begin,
Of the hobby-horse and the woolly dog,
And the trumpeter made of tin:
What time they went a-hunting,
For to see what they could win.

Slyly through the door went they,
Slyly through the house,
Hoping they might find a deer;
But found, instead, a mouse.



The hobby-horse knocked down a chair;
 The dog fell in a pail;
 The trumpeter reached for the mouse,
 But only touched its tail!



They hunted the mouse all over the house,
 Until they nearly dropped:
 They thought at last they had it fast,
 When in a hole it popped!

Then back to the nursery they crept,
 As the day was coming in—
 The hobby-horse and the woolly dog
 And the trumpeter made of tin.

*This is the tale I heard them tell
 Of a strange adventure that once befell.*

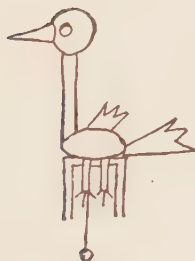
THE ROBIN TO HIS MATE

BY MRS. CARTER

SAID Robin to his pretty mate,
 "Bring here a little hay;
 Lay here a stick and there a straw,
 And bring a little clay.

"And we will build a little nest,
 Wherein you soon shall lay
 Your little eggs, so smooth, so blue;
 Come, let us work away.

"And you shall keep them very warm;
 And only think, my dear,
 'T will not be long before we see
 Four little robins here."



THE PROUD BIRD OF GENEVA

THE bird of Geneva sits up on his perch
 (He is carved out of pieces of wood),
 He holds his head up on his very long neck,
 And he looks far more proud than he should.

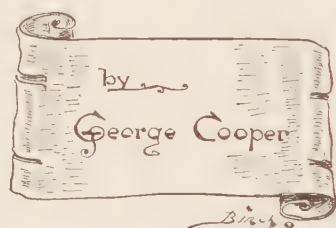
But you just pull a string that 's attached to his
 leg,
 And he changes his dignified mien.
 His head and his tail tumble flipperty flop—
 He 's the sorriest bird ever seen.



The End.



BOY



I

He was not at all particular
To keep the perpendicular,
While walking, for he either skipped or jumped.
He stood upon his head awhile,
And, when he went to bed, awhile
He dove among the pillows, which he thumped.



II

He never could keep still a bit;
 The lookers-on thought ill of it;
 He balanced on his ear the kitchen-broom;
 And did some neat trapezing,
 Which was wonderfully pleasing,
 On every peg in Grandpa's harness room.



III

From absolute inanity,
 The cat approached
 insanity
 To see him slide the
 banisters, so rash;
 But once, on that mahogany,
 While trying to toboggan,
 he
 Up set his calculations
 with a crash!



IV

And since that sad disaster
 He has gone about in plaster—
 Not of Paris, like a nice Italian toy;
 But the kind the doctor uses,
 When the bumps and cuts and bruises
 Overcome a little, regular, live boy!





POCKETS

Pockets are fine
For marbles and twine,
For knives and rubber bands;
So, stuff them tight
From morning till night
With anything else but hands!



WAITING FOR DINNER

When one is very hungry,
It's hard to wait, I know,
For minutes seem like hours
And the clock is always slow.

There is n't time to play a game,
You just sit down and wait,
While Mother says, "Be patient,
Our cook is never late."

It's best when one is hungry,
To think of other things,
For then, before you know it,
The bell for dinner rings.



MYTHS AND LEGENDS FROM MANY LANDS

WHAT ARE LEGENDS AND MYTHS?

Both these words at first meant only "stories," but they have come to mean very old tales that have been known for hundreds of years, and have been handed down since early ages, at first by memory alone, and after that by writing and printing.

Some of them began as true stories, but as the years went on they became so changed that now it is hard to tell what part of them is true and what has been added by the thousands of story-tellers who have tried to make them more wonderful or more interesting.

They are found in all parts of the world, and among all races of men—being told during the dark winter months in the snow-houses of the Eskimos, and in the shade of palm-trees by the Arabs who wander over sandy deserts.

Of late years these stories have been carefully collected by students and printed in books, so that they may be saved; for now that there are so many stories printed the old custom of story-telling no longer exists except in the lands where few learn to read, and the wandering singer or story-teller can still find listeners. But for thousands of years the myths and legends were kept in the memory alone, and the young people learned them from the lips of their elders and told them in turn to their own young folk.

Some of the myths had to do with the deeds of noble men or women; others told of the wonders of nature; still others told of the powers that were not seen but that ruled the world and all things upon its surface or in its depths.

But all these old stories became greatly changed as they were handed down, changed either to make them better suited to the listeners or to please the taste of the story-

tellers. Rhymes or tales that told the deeds of heroes were made over to fit a new hero when the older ones were forgotten; and thus it comes about that in England we find stories told about King Arthur or Robin Hood, and then in Europe we find the same things told of William Tell, of Odin, or of some less known hero. And it was the same in olden times. We find that the Egyptians had legends about their gods, and that these same legends are found in Greece, and later in Rome, having come across the Mediterranean from Egypt. Thus, for example, we have in nearly all the old religions a story telling how a hero or a god went to the lower world and there talked with the spirits, or, it may be, brought back the soul of a loved one to the upper air.

To make their stories more moving, the story-tellers, or the singers or poets, would add wonders—as giving the hero or the god a sword that nothing could resist, or a cloak that made him unseen by his foes; or he would be said to understand the language of birds, or to have the aid of a spirit.

"But," you will say, "those are just fairy stories." And that is exactly what legends and myths are, except that, instead of speaking of fairies, the people of old times told of gods and heroes, of spirits and nymphs, and of a dozen other kinds of workers of wonders. But even fairies were sometimes brought into them, as in the legend of "The Young Tamlane," which is given at the end of this little talk. And in the old, old days these stories were believed, just as the youngest now believe in fairies till the little folk grow older and find even greater wonders to take the fairies' places.

Such myths as were meant to explain the rising and setting of the sun and the moon, or the changes of the seasons, may once have been clear and easy to follow; but as soon as the sun, for example, was told of as

if it were a god or hero, there would be so many things added to the early story that it would be hard to tell what was meant to be true, or what was added just to make a wonder tale. And so we can no longer tell which myths were meant to teach facts, and which were meant only to be pleasing stories.

In order that you may have a clear idea of just what is rightly called a legend, I will remind you of the quaint story of Rip Van Winkle and his meeting with the men of Henry Hudson in the Catskill Mountains. There are tales like it in many lands; as in Japan, where the hero goes on a turtle's back to see a princess under the sea, and when he comes again to his home finds that he has been away three hundred years!

The myth is not quite so much a story as is the legend. It is rather a notion, or idea, out of which stories may be made. The "Man in the Moon" and "Jack Frost" are

myths—we know what is meant by these characters, though there are not fixed and settled stories about them.

But for young people the main thing is to enjoy the fine stories that have been kept for us through the long ages—their meaning can wait until grown-up days.

Among the following selections you will find two charming Ojibway legends. The Indians possess a very rich store of legends and myths, and I regret that I have not space to give you more examples here; but you will find some others among the American Indian stories in the volume entitled "Famous Tales and Laughter Stories." You will find other legends of different sorts in the same volume. The ancient peoples had countless legends about the beginning of all the trees and plants and flowers, and the Greek legends of the poplar and the cypress, which are given here, are very good examples of them.

THE YOUNG TAMLANE

[Many years ago, before books were printed and when very few people could read or write, poems called ballads were sung by wandering minstrels. From town to village and from court to inn they wandered, singing the old songs, adding verses to them here, dropping lines from them there, until at length the day came when the songs were written down. From the old books thus written this story has been taken. Perhaps some day you will read these old books for yourself and in them you will find many other songs of love and hate, of joy and sorrow.]

THE young Tamlane had lived among mortals for only nine short years ere he was carried away by the Queen of the Fairies, away to live in Fairyland.

His father had been a knight of great renown, his mother a lady of high degree, and sorry indeed were they to lose their son.

And this is how it happened.

One day, soon after Tamlane's ninth birthday, his uncle came to him and said: "Tamlane, now that ye are nine years old, ye shall, an ye like it, ride with me to the hunt."

And Tamlane jumped for joy and clapped his hands for glee. Then he mounted his horse and rode away with his uncle to hunt and hawk.

Over the moors they rode, and the wind it blew cold from the north. Over the moors they rode, and the cold north wind blew upon the young Tamlane until he grew cold and stiff.

Then the reins they fell from his hands and

down from his horse slipped Tamlane and laid himself down to rest, so weary, so cold was he. But no sooner had he lain down on the bare earth than he closed his eyes and fell fast asleep. And no sooner had he fallen fast asleep than the Queen of the Fairies came and carried Tamlane off to Fairyland.

For long years Tamlane dwelt among the little green folk, yet oftentimes he would come back to visit the land of his birth.

Now many were the hills and dells haunted by the fairy folk. Yet neither hill nor dell pleased them more than the lone plain of Carterhaugh, where the soft-flowing rivers of Ettrick and Yarrow met and mingled.

Many a long day after fairies were banished from the plain of Carterhaugh would the peasant folk come to gaze at the circles which still marked the green grass of the lone moor. The circles had been made, so they said, by the tiny feet of the fairies as they danced round and round in a ring.

Well, in the days before the fairies were banished from the plain of Carterhaugh, strange sights were to be seen there by the light of the moon.

Little folk, dressed all in green, would flit across the moor. They would form tiny rings and dance on their tiny toes until the moonlight failed.

Little horsemen dressed in green would go riding by, the bells on the fairy bridles playing magic music the while. Sounds too, unknown to mortals, would tremble on the still night air.

Full of mischief too were these little elfin folk, and wise mortals feared to tread where fairy feet were tripping.

Wise mortals would warn the merry children and the winsome maidens lest they should venture too near the favorite haunts of fairydom.

To Carterhaugh came, as I have told you, many of the fairy folk; but more often than any other came a little elfin knight, and he was the young Tamlane, who had been carried away to Fairyland when he was only nine years old.

Beyond all other of the little green folk was the elf knight feared. And little was that to be wondered at, for well was it known that over many a fair-haired child, over many a beauteous maiden, he had used his magic power. Nor would he let them go until they promised to come back another moonlit eve, and as a pledge of their promise he would seize from the children a toy, from the maidens a ring, or it might be their mantle of green.

Now, about two miles from the plain of Carterhaugh stood a castle, and in the castle lived a fair maiden named Janet.

One day her father sent for his daughter and said: "Janet, ye may leave the castle grounds, an ye please, but never may ye cross the plain of Carterhaugh. For there ye may be found by young Tamlane, and he it is who oftentimes casts a spell o'er bonny maidens."

Now Janet was a wilful daughter. She answered her father never a word, but when she had left his presence she laughed aloud, she tossed her head.

To her ladies she said: "Go to Carterhaugh will I an I list, and come from Carterhaugh will I an I please, and never will I ask leave of any one."

Then, when the moonbeams peeped in at her lattice window, the lady Janet tucked up her green skirt, so that she might run, and she coiled her beautiful yellow hair as a crown above her brow. And she was off and away to the lone plain of Carterhaugh.

The moonlight stole across the moor, and Janet laughed aloud in her glee. She ran across to the well, and there, standing alone, riderless, stood the steed of the little elfin knight.

Janet put out her hand to the rose-tree that grew by the well and plucked a dark red rose. Sweet was its scent, and Janet put out her hand and plucked another rose, but ere she had pulled a third, close beside her stood a little wee man.

He reached no higher than the knee of the lady Janet.

"Ye have come to Carterhaugh, Janet," he cried, "and yet ye have not asked my leave. Ye have plucked my red roses and broken a branch of my bonny rose-tree. Have ye no fear of me, Janet?"

The lady Janet tossed her head, though over her she felt creeping slow the spell of the little elfin knight. She tossed her head and she cried: "Nay, I have no fear of you, ye little wee man. Nor will I ever ask leave of you as I come to and fro across the plain of Carterhaugh. Ye shall know that the moor belongs to me, me!" and Janet stamped her foot. "My father made it all my own."

But the young Tamlane took the white hand of the lady Janet in his own, and so gentle were his words, so kind his ways, that soon the maiden had no wish to leave the little wee man. Hand in hand they wandered through the red rose-bushes that grew by the side of the well. And in the light of the moon the elf knight wove his spell and made the lady Janet his own.

Back to the castle sped Janet when the moonlight failed, but all her smiles were gone. Lone and sad was she, all with longing for her little elfin knight.

Little food would Janet eat in these days, little heed would she take of the gowns she wore. Her yellow hair hung down uncombed, unbraided around her sad, pale face.

Janet had been used to join in the games her four-and-twenty maidens played. She had run the quickest, tossed the ball the highest, and none had been more full of glee than she.

Now the maidens might play as they listed, little did the lady Janet care.

When evening fell, her four-and-twenty ladies would play their games of chess. Many a game had Janet won in bygone days.

Now the ladies might win or lose as they pleased, little did the lady Janet care. Her heart was away on the plain of Carterhaugh with her little wee elfin knight, and soon she herself would be there.

Once more the moonbeams peeped in at her lattice window, and Janet smiled, put on her fairest gown, and combed her yellow locks. She was off and away to Carterhaugh.

She reached the moor, she ran to the well, and there as before, there stood the steed of the little elfin man.

And Janet put out her hand and plucked a red, red rose, but ere she had plucked another, close beside her stood the young Tamlane.

"Why do ye pluck my roses?" asked the little

elf man. But Janet had not come to talk about the roses, and she paid no heed to his question.

"Tell me, Tamlane," said the lady Janet, "tell me, have ye always been a little elfin man? Have ye never, in days gone by, been to the holy chapel, and have ye never had made over you the sign of the holy cross?"

"Indeed now, Janet, the truth will I tell!" cried the young Tamlane.

Then the lady Janet listened, and the lady Janet wept as the little wee knight told her how he had been carried away by the Queen of the Fairies.

But yet a stranger tale he told to the maiden.

"Ere I was carried off to Fairyland, Janet," said young Tamlane, "we played as boy and girl in the old castle grounds, and well we loved each other as we played together in those merry, merry days of long ago. Ye do not forget, Janet?"

Then back into the lady Janet's mind stole the memory of her childhood's merry days, and of the little lad who had shared her toys and played her games. Together they had made the walls of the old castle ring with their laughter.

No, the lady Janet had not forgotten, and she knew that now, as in the days of long ago, she loved the young Tamlane.

"Tell me," she said, "tell me how ye do spend your day in Fairyland?"

"Blithe and gay is the life we lead," cried the little wee knight. "There is no sickness, no pain of any kind in Fairyland, Janet."

"In earth or air I dwell as pleases me the best. I can leave this little body of mine an it pleases me, and come back to it an I will. I am small, as you see me now, but when I will, I grow so small that a nutshell is my home, a rosebud my bed. But I can grow big as well, Janet, so big that I needs must make my home in some lofty hall.

"Hither and thither we flit, bathe in the streams, frolic in the wind, play with the sunbeams.

"Never would I wish to leave Fairyland, Janet, were it not that at the end of each seven years an evil spirit comes to carry one of us off to his dark abode. And I, so fair and fat am I, I fear that I shall be chosen by the Evil One.

"But, weep not, Janet; an you wish to bring me back to the land of mortals, I will e'en show you how that may be done. Little time is there to lose, for to-night is Hallowe'en, and this same night must the deed be done.

"On Hallowe'en, at the midnight hour, the fairy court will ride a mile beyond Carterhaugh to the cross at Milestone. Wait for me there, Janet, and ye will win your own true knight."

"But many a knight will ride amid the fairy

train. How shall I know you, my little wee man?" cried Janet.

"Neither among the first nor among the second company shall ye seek for me," said young Tamlane. "Only when ye see the third draw nigh give heed, Janet, for among them ye will find me.

"Not on the black horse, nor yet on the brown horse, shall I ride. Let them pass, and keep ye quiet. But as the milk-white steed goes by, seize ye the bridle, Janet, and pull me down, and keep your arms ever around me. For on the milk-white steed I ride.

"On my right hand ye will see a glove; my left will be uncovered. Now, by these signs, ye will know your own true knight.

"Hold me fast, Janet, hold me fast, as you pull me down from my milk-white steed. For while your arms are around me, the fairy folk will change me into fearful shapes.

"Into an adder, and into a snake they will change me. Yet, an ye love me, Janet, fear ye nought, but hold me fast.

"They will change me into a lion, and into a bear. Yet, as I love you, Janet, fear ye nought, but hold me fast.

"A toad, an eel I shall become, yet do not let me slide from your arms, Janet, but hold me fast.

"But, an the fairy folk change me into a blazing fagot, or a bar of hot iron, then throw me far from you, Janet, into the cold, clear well, throw me with all your speed.

"There will I change into your own true knight, Janet, and ye shall throw over me your mantle of green velvet."

Dark was the night and full of gloom as the lady Janet hastened to the cross at Milestone, but her heart was glad and full of light. She would see her own true knight in mortal form before the dawn of Hallow-day.

It was between the hours of twelve and one o'clock when Janet stood alone at the spot where the fairy train would pass.

Fearsome it was there alone in the gloom, but the lady Janet was heedful of nought. She had but to wait, to listen. Yet not a sound did she hear, save only the wind as it whistled through the long grass.

Not a sound save the wind did she hear? Ah yes, now strange noises were blown to her eager ears. The bells on fairy bridles tinkled, the music of the tiny fairy band piped each moment more clear.

Janet looked, and by the light of Will-o'-Wisp she could just catch sight of their little oaten pipes. Shrill were the notes they blew on these, but softer were the sounds they blew through tiny hemlock pipes. Then deeper came the tones of

the bog-reeds and large hemlock, and Janet, looking, saw the little green folk draw nigh.

How merry the music was, how glad and good! Never was known a fairy yet who sang or played of aught but joy and mirth.

The first company of the little folk passed Janet as she stood patient, watchful by the cross; the second passed, and then there came the third.

"The black steed! Let it go," said Janet to herself.

"The brown steed! It matters not to me," she whispered.

"The milk-white steed!" Ah, Janet had seized the bridle of the milk-white steed and pulled the little rider off into her strong young arms.

A cry of little elfs, of angry little elfs, rang out on the chill night air.

Then, as he lay in Janet's arms, the angry little imps changed their stolen elfin knight into an adder, a snake, a bear, a lion, a toad, an eel, and still, through all these changes, the lady Janet held him fast.

"A blazing fagot! Let him change into a blaz-

ing fagot!" cried the angry little folk, "then this foolish mortal will let our favorite knight alone."

And as young Tamlane changed into a blazing fagot the little folk thought they had got their will. For now the lady Janet threw him from her, far into the clear, cold well.

But the little angry imps were soon shrieking in dismay. No sooner was the fagot in the well than the little elfin knight was restored to his own true mortal form.

Then over the tall, strong knight Janet threw her green mantle, and the power of the fairies over the young Tamlane was forever gone. Their spell was broken.

Now, the Queen of the Fairies had hidden herself in a bush of broom to see what would happen. And when she saw her favorite knight change into his own true mortal shape, she was very cross, very cross indeed. The little fairy band was ordered to march home in silence, their pipes thrust into their tiny green girdles, and there were no more revels in the fairy court for many and many a long day to come.

LEGENDS OF THE TREES

THE POPLAR—I.

APOLLO, the glorious sun-god, granted permission to his son Phaëthon to drive the chariot of the sun, which daily ran its course from east to west. Phaëthon was, however, unskilled in the task of managing the fiery steeds, and the world was set on fire.

Jupiter, father of the gods and king of men, angry at the presumption of Phaëthon, hurled a thunderbolt at him, and the charioteer, with his hair aflame, fell lifeless into the river Eridanus, which runs across the heavens.

The sisters of Phaëthon were overwhelmed with sorrow at the loss of their brother. They wandered along the bank of the river, and there gave vent to their grief, calling in vain upon the loved one, and paying no heed to the flight of time.

At last the eldest sister was about to cast herself upon the ground, when she felt her feet grow stiff and motionless. Another set out to help her, but she felt her foot turn numb and hard, and looking down, saw it entangled in a woody root.

The elder sister raised her hands to tear her hair in token of her grief, and her fingers grasped not hair but leaves. And now she felt that her body was being wrapped round with bark, and

that her arms were being slowly changed to the woody branches of a tree.

While the others gazed in wonder and terror at the sight, they suddenly felt the same change come over themselves. Gradually the bark enclosed their bodies and hid their heads and shoulders; their mouths alone remained to tell of their pitiable plight. Their mother rushed in frantic grief from one to the other, and tried to tear their bodies from the cruel encircling trunks. In her frenzied haste she broke many of the tender shoots and drops of blood flowed from each wound.

"Spare us, mother!" they cried in agony, "for beneath the bark thou dost tear our bodies. And now farewell!"

The bark then closed over their mouths, but their tears still flowed, and when the sunlight touched them it turned them into yellow, gleaming amber.

THE POPLAR—II.

THERE was deep, deep silence in the forest, broken only now and again when a bird called to its mate.

Then there came an aged man, walking warily and peering this way and that, as if he was afraid

of being discovered. No one was near, so he went right on till he reached the depths of the forest. But whenever his foot snapped a twig or rustled the fallen leaves he started guiltily and looked stealthily round.

At last he seemed to lose courage altogether, and when another twig snapped with a sharp crack, he took from beneath his cloak something large, round, and heavy, and hid it among the branches of one of the poplars, which at that time held out their arms like the other trees. Then he retraced his steps through the forest as quickly as he could.

The next morning there was a shower before the sunrise, and ere the chariot of the sun-god had been long upon its way, the voice of Iris, the goddess of the rainbow, who wears a seven-hued robe, was heard in anger:

"The vessel of gold at the foot of the rainbow," she cried, "has been taken away! Who has stolen it?"

The trees all shook their heads, and asked each other in whispers who could be so wicked as to steal the vessel of gold which belonged to Iris.

The goddess hastened to Jupiter, who was very angry at the theft, and turned his eyes to earth. "Who knows where the vessel of gold is hidden?" he called out in a voice of thunder.

The trees once more shook their heads in answer, but Jupiter ordered them to hold up their branches. They did so, and, to the surprise of all, the vessel of gold fell from the thick branches of a poplar-tree.

The other trees looked in scorn at the poor poplar, which at first shook with fear. Then she straightened herself, and said slowly: "Never more shall my branches hide the stolen goods of others, for I will always hold them pointing straight to heaven in proof of my truth and innocence."

And since that day the branches of the poplar have pointed, not outward, but upward.

THE CYPRESS

THERE was once a noble stag, sacred to the nymphs of the forest, which had golden horns and a necklace studded with gems hanging round his smooth neck. A silver ball hung on his forehead and a shining ornament in each ear. He was quite mild and gentle, and used to visit the homes of the shepherds and offer his glossy side to be patted by the hands of their little ones.

The noble animal was the delight of a handsome youth named Cyparissus, who used to lead the stag to the freshest spots in the green pastures and to the shady streams of sparkling waters. At times the youth would weave garlands of lovely flowers and adorn the stag's fine branching antlers; at other times he would mount and ride as on a charger far over the boundless plain.

One summer day the stag was resting on the grass enjoying the cool shade of a friendly tree. The youth Cyparissus was playing near, and by accident struck his noble playfellow with a sharp javelin. It pierced the heart, and soon the stag lay a lifeless corpse beneath the tree.

Cyparissus was almost beside himself with grief, and was about to put an end to his own life when Apollo appeared before him and stayed his hand. The youth, to atone for his carelessness, begged the god that he might mourn forever.

Thereupon Apollo changed him to a tree which bore his name—the cypress; and in his sorrow he said: "For ever shalt thou mourn, not only for thyself, but for those who are sorrowing over the friends whom death has taken from them."

THE THUNDER-BIRDS

ONCE upon a time there were no wars among men. One thing only was feared: this was a great bird which was often seen flying through the air.

It was one of a number of monstrous birds. They had their nests somewhere, but no one could tell the place.

There lived on the northern shore of Lake Superior an Indian brave. From his childhood he had been noted as wise and sedate. None were like him for wisdom, courage, and prudence.

One day he was returning from the hunt. Darkness came on before its time; he was at a great distance from his lodge. On his way he had to pass over the ice on lake and river.

The moon shone clear and perfect. On the warrior's back was a beaver; in his hand he bore his trusty spear.

As he was crossing the large lake the shadow of some great object passed before him. Then he saw approaching a great bird. It caught up the warrior and his burden and arose.

The bird bore him westward far above the earth, yet he could look down and behold what men were doing. They went a great distance and came to a high hill. It was bare of trees, but bore one bold, barren rock.

As they neared it the bird tried to dash the hunter against its side. But the brave held his spear so that he was not injured. At length he was thrown upon the place where the young birds were. He heard fierce mutterings overhead. Now he found himself left to the mercy of the fierce wild thunder-birds.

Very soon they began to peck his head, and he was forced to do battle with them. Whenever they winked a flash of light would pass from their eyes. The light scorched the warrior's hands and face.

But the birds were very small; the hunter was able to overcome them. He slew them with his spear. The body of one of them he rolled over the precipice; he took the skin from the other.

Then he filled his pipe with bark, and smoked

for a short time in silence. Next he got inside the young thunder-skin; he sewed himself in it and rolled down the rocks.

As he fell he struck rock after rock, and the feathers of the skin flashed with fire. Soon he felt himself borne on the wings of the young thunder; he alighted near the spot where he had been seized by the great thunder-bird.

His wife and children received him with great joy. He had kept the hearts of the young birds, and he broiled them in the fire. As they cooked the fire made a loud crackling.

In these days the thunder-birds are seldom seen. But they are often heard in the sky, where they fly higher than they once did.

Once they fed on human flesh, but now they feed on the wild game of the forest. They wink, and the fire flashes. Their nests are now built on the high mountains of the west. Sometimes they are heard passing through the air on their way to the sea.

They have been conquered by man. Brave men no longer fear them.

THE STAR AND THE LILY

AN old chieftain sat in his wigwam quietly smoking his favorite pipe, when a crowd of boys and girls suddenly entered, and, offering him tobacco, begged him to tell them a story. Then the old man began, speaking in short, sharp sentences, after the manner of his people:

There was a time, long ago, when all nations were as one, and the crimson tide of war had not begun to roll. Plenty of game was in the forests and on the plains. None were in want, for a full supply was at hand.

Sickness was not known. The beasts of the field were tame. They came and went at the bidding of man. One unending spring gave no place to winter. Every tree and bush yielded fruit.

Flowers made a carpet for the earth; the air was filled with their fragrance. Warbling birds flew from branch to branch fearing none, for there was none to harm them. There were birds with more beautiful song and plumage than we see now.

At that time the Indians alone lived in this land. They numbered many millions, and they lived the life that Nature planned for them.

The sports of the field were their delight. At night they met on the wide green fields. They watched the stars; they loved to gaze at them.

In the stars, they said, lived the spirits of the good; they had been taken to the skies by the Great Spirit.

One night they saw one star, which shone brighter than the others. It was far away in the south, near a mountain peak. For many nights it was seen.

Then some of the watchers began to say that the star was not so far distant as it seemed to be. So they went up the hillside. They found that it hung low; it was near the tops of some trees. It appeared strange and somewhat like a bird.

Some feared it might be an omen of disaster. Some said it foretold good to the tribe. Some said it was a star spoken of by their forefathers; it was a token of a dreadful war.

One whole moon went by, and still the mystery was dark.

Then one night a young warrior had a dream; a beautiful maiden came to his side, and said:

"Young brave, I am charmed with the land of thy people. I love its flowers, its birds, its rivers, its mountains clothed with green. So I have left my sisters in yonder world to dwell among you.

"Young brave, ask your wise and great ones where I may dwell. Ask them what form I shall take to gain the love of your people."

Thus spoke the bright and beautiful stranger.

The young man awoke. He stepped forth from his lodge. He saw the star yet blazing in its accustomed place.

At early dawn the chief's messenger was sent round the camp; he summoned each warrior to the council lodge.

When they met, the young warrior told his dream. They heard him to the end. Of a truth, they said, the star had learned to love the people of earth; it was desirous to dwell among them.

The next night five tall, handsome warriors were chosen; they were sent to welcome the stranger to earth. They presented to it the fragrant smoke of a pipe of peace. As they returned, the star followed them; it hovered over their homes till dawn of day.

Once again the star-maiden came to the young warrior. She wished to know where she should live and what form she should take to be loved of the people.

Places were named—on the tops of giant trees, in certain flowers. Then the maiden was bidden to choose for herself.

So she dwelt for a time in the white rose of the mountains; but she was so far away that she could not be seen. She sought the prairie, but

she feared the hoof of the buffalo. She sought for safety the rocky cliff, but here she lived so high that the little ones could not find her.

"I know where I shall live," said the beautiful maiden—"where I can see the swift canoe. Children! Yes, they shall be my playmates. I will kiss them on their brows when they slumber by the side of cool lakes. The people shall love me wherever I go."

So she alighted on the waters. She saw her form in the glassy stream.

The next morning thousands of white flowers were seen; they rested on the bosom of the lake. The Indians called the flower White Lily.

This star lived in the skies of the south. Its brethren can be seen far off in the cold north. They hunt the Great Bear.

"Children," said the old man, "when you see the lily on the waters, take it in your hands; hold it to the skies. So it may be happy on earth as its sisters the morning and evening stars are happy in the heavens."

Tears fell fast from the eyes of the little ones. They were tears of joy. The old man laid himself down, and was soon silent in sleep.



STORIES IN POEM AND PICTURE FOR LITTLE FOLK

PART I



I.
WHILE JOCKO DREAMED OF COCOANUTS
A LITTLE TURK CAME NEAR,
AND MEANLY TRIED HIS BLOW-GUN
IN STINGING JOCKO'S EAR.



II.
LOUD LAUGHED THE LITTLE TURKISH IMP,
TILL TEARS WERE IN HIS EYES.
SLY JOCKO, SWIFTLY SLIDING DOWNWARD,
SEIZES ON THE PRIZE.



III.
THE TURK IS LOOKING FOR HIS GUN.
'T WAS IN THAT VERY SPOT.
SLY JOCKO NOW TAKES CAREFUL AIM
AND MAKES A CLEVER SHOT.



IV.
THE LITTLE TURK IS DANCING NOW,
AND SINGS—THOUGH NOT FOR JOY;
WHILE JOCKO, RESTING AT HIS EASE,
SMILES AT THE ACTIVE BOY.

BABY'S PARADISE.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



OVER the hills and far away,
There 's a beautiful, wonderful place,
Where happy babies in gardens play,
With mothers dressed all in lace,—

Dressed all in lace and in silken gown,
With flowers in their hair,—
Where trees with blossoms are laden down,
And perfumes fill the air.



From *THE DEEPWOOD GAZETTE* of Recent Date:

WARNING! All Persons are hereby cautioned against using My Name hereafter as a Simile for Slowness.

[SIGNED] *A. SNAIL.*

FLEDGLINGS.

By LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



I SAW a stork on a chimney high,
And called to him as I passed by,
"O stork! what 'll you bring,

Tucked away carefully under your wing?
A baby sister and a brother,
One for me, and one for mother."

AN APRIL JOKE

BY CAROLYN WELLS

OH, it was a merry, gladsome day,
When the April Fool met the Queen of May;
She had roguish eyes and golden hair,
And they were a mischief-making pair.
They planned the funniest kind of joke
On the poor, long-suffering mortal folk;

And a few mysterious
words he said,
His fool's cap close to
her flower-crowned
head.

Then he laughed till he made his cap-bells ring,
At the thought of the topsyturvy Spring.
" 'T is a fair exchange," he said, with a wink—
" It is!" she said. And what do you think?
The flowers that should bloom in the month of May,
Every one of them came on an April day!
And they looked for April showers in vain,
But all through May it did nothing but rain!

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



My doll, my doll, my Annabel,
She's really feeling far from well!
Her wig is gone, her eyes are out,
Her legs are left somewhere about,

Her arms were stolen by the pup,
The hens ate all her sawdust up,
So all that's really left of her
Is just her clothes and character.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



LET me make you acquainted with Mrs. O'Toole,
Though she 's had little learning, she 's nobody's fool;
She loves her fine geese, but when they are dead
She 'll comfort herself with a new feather bed.

TWO FAVORITE STORIES FOR CHILDREN

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

"THE Swiss Family Robinson" is not so fine a book as "Robinson Crusoe," but it is interesting to young people none the less. The author was a professor at Bern, the capital of Switzerland. His name was Johann Rudolf Wyss, and he was born in 1781, and died in 1830. His story, which is an imitation of "Robinson Crusoe," was first published in German in 1812, and was translated into English in 1820, since when numberless editions have been published throughout the English-speaking world. "The Swiss Family Robinson" is both interesting as a narrative of adventure and stimulating to all young readers who desire to use their brains to the best advantage and to cultivate quickness of decision and action when in difficulty. Although the author makes many statements about animals, plants, and vegetables which are quite incorrect and impossible, that does not detract from the charm of the story. It is a real "children's book." We will now give you an outline of it:

THE story of "The Swiss Family Robinson" opens with a shipwreck somewhere in the Southern Seas. For many days the vessel in which the narrator and his family were voyaging had been tempest-tossed. Eventually it was driven completely out of its course. The crew lost heart, and at last the captain was heard calling out: "Lower away the boats! We are lost!"

The passengers were all below at this time, and, hastily comforting his family, the narrator hurried on deck to see what might be done for their safety.

"What was my horror," he says, "when through the foam and spray I beheld the only remaining boat leave the ship, the last of the seamen spring into her and push off, regardless of my cries and entreaties that we might be allowed to share their slender chance of preserving our lives. My voice was drowned in the howling of the blast, and, even had the crew wished it, the return of the boat was impossible."

The stern of the ship was jammed between two high rocks; the forepart was breaking to pieces. The storm still raged. The next morning the gale moderated, and the survivors set about find-

ing means of reaching the land. A kind of boat was speedily made of rough planks nailed together and casks sawn in half, and launched.

"All being ready, we cast off, and moved away from the wreck. My good, brave wife—who had been persuaded to put on a midshipman's dress—left the ship first. Next her was Franz, a fine little boy, nearly eight years old. Then came Fritz—a handsome, spirited young fellow of fifteen."

Then a place was found for the provisions gathered together, with various utensils.

"Then came our bold, thoughtless Jack; next him, Ernest, my second son—intelligent, well-informed, and rather indolent. I myself—the anxious, loving father—stood in the stern, endeavoring to guide the boat, with its precious burden, to a safe landing-place."

As yet no special provision could be made for the animals which were still alive on board the wreck. These included two large mastiffs, Turk and Juno; a cow, a donkey, two goats, six sheep, a ram, and a fine sow. Ten hens and a couple of cocks were placed on the boat. A number of ducks and geese were set at liberty. They took to the water at once, while several pigeons, also released, flew quickly to the shore. The two dogs, after first setting up a piteous howl at their apparent desertion, sprang into the sea, and swam ashore. The landing was an exciting one in every way.

"The dogs," the story goes on to say, "had scrambled on shore before us. They received us with loud barking and the wildest demonstrations of delight. The geese and ducks kept up an incessant din, added to which was the screaming and croaking of flamingoes and penguins, whose dominions we were invading.

"The noise was deafening, but far from unwelcome to me, as I thought of the good dinners the birds might furnish."

HOW THEY SPENT THEIR FIRST DAY ON THE ISLAND

"As soon as we could gather our children around us on dry land, we knelt to offer thanks and praise for our merciful escape, and with full hearts we commended ourselves to God's good keeping for the time to come."

The feeling of thankfulness increased when the survivors surveyed their possessions.

"The poultry we left at liberty to forage for themselves, and we set about finding a suitable place to erect a tent in which to pass the night. This we speedily did. Thrusting a long spar into a hole in the rock, and supporting the other end by a pole firmly planted in the ground, we formed a framework, over which we stretched the sail-cloth we had brought. Besides fastening this down with pegs, we placed our heavy chest and boxes on the border of the canvas, and arranged hooks so as to be able to close up the entrance at night.

"When this was done, the boys ran to collect moss and grass, to spread it in the tent for our beds, while I arranged a fireplace with some large flat stones near the brook which flowed close by. Dry twigs and seaweed were soon in a blaze on the hearth. I filled the iron pot with water, and, giving my wife several cakes of the portable soup, she established herself as our cook, with little Franz to help her."

THE CAMP IS VISITED AT NIGHT BY PROWLING JACKALS

WHILE the father next tried to rescue some of the casks that were floating near the shore, Jack caught a lobster; or, rather, the lobster caught him by the leg, and he had to be released; Ernest reported the discovery of some oysters and salt in the crevices of the rocks; and Fritz captured an animal which had all the appearance of a sucking pig. The oysters were opened for the sake of their shells, as well as for themselves, the shells being used for drinking the soup, instead of spoons.

On the following morning, the father, with Fritz, proceeded to explore the country. The narrative describes how they found calabash and cocoanut trees, palm-trees and sugar-canes, and how the dog Turk, who went with them, killed a monkey, and was afterward made to carry the monkey's little one on his back. Thus they returned to the little encampment, which that night was surprised by jackals. These marauders were beaten off by the dogs and shot. A visit was next paid by Fritz and his father to the wreck.

"The ship had sailed for the purpose of supplying a young colony. Therefore she had on board, in addition to the animals before mentioned, every conceivable article we could desire in our present situation. A large quantity of powder and shot we first secured, and as Fritz considered that we could not have too many weapons, we added three excellent guns and a whole armful of swords, daggers, and knives. We remembered that knives and forks were necessary, and we therefore laid in a large stock of them, with kitchen utensils of all kinds.

STORES OF USEFUL THINGS FOUND IN THE WRECK

"EXPLORING the captain's cabin, we discovered a service of silver plate and a cellaret of good old wine. We then went over the stores and supplied ourselves with potted meats, portable soups, Westphalian hams, sausages, a bag of corn and wheat and a quantity of other seeds, and vegetables. I then added a barrel of sulphur for matches, and as much cordage as I could find.

"All this, with nails, tools, and agricultural implements, completed our cargo, and sank our vessel so low that I should have been obliged to lighten her had not the sea been calm."

All the time the loading of the craft was proceeding, communication was kept up with those on shore by means of signals. That night Fritz and his father slept in their boat. The next morning the fate of the animals still on board the wreck was debated. Fritz suggested that, if they could not make a raft for the animals, swimming-belts might be made for them.

"Really, my boy," said his father, "that idea is worth having. We may get every one of the animals ashore in that way."

The first experiment was made with a fine sheep.

"I first fastened a broad piece of linen round it, and to this attached some corks and empty tins. Then, with Fritz's help, I flung the animal into the sea. It sank, but a moment later it rose and floated famously.

"'Hurrah!' exclaimed Fritz. 'We will treat them all like that.' We then rapidly caught the other animals and provided them, one after the other, with a similar contrivance. The cow and ass gave us more trouble than did the others, because we required for them something more buoyant than the mere cork. We at last found some empty casks and fastened two to each animal by thongs passed under it. This done, the whole herd was ready to start, and we brought

the ass to one of the ports to be the first to be launched.

"After some maneuvering we got him in a convenient position, and then a sudden heave sent him plunging into the sea. He sank, and then, buoyed up by the casks, emerged head and back from the water. The cow, sheep, and goats followed him, till the sow alone remained. She seemed determined not to leave the ship. She kicked, struggled, and squealed so violently that I really thought we should be obliged to abandon her. At length, however, we succeeded in sending her out of the port with the others; and when once in the water, such was the old lady's energy, she quickly outdistanced them, and was the first to reach the shore."

To the horns or neck of each animal a cord with a float was fastened, and as Fritz and his father sailed for the shore, they gathered up the floats and dragged the herd after them. On their way a shark appeared, but it was shot by Fritz. The land was safely reached.

That night the party enjoyed a splendid supper of soup, omelet, ham and turtles' eggs, Dutch cheese, butter, biscuits, and a bottle of wine.

While Fritz and his father were away on the wreck, his mother said to herself that it would be impossible to live much longer in a tent on the rocky shore with the sun beating down burningly the livelong day. A pretty little wood in the distance attracted her notice, and thither she directed her course with the others who were with her, leaving all things as secure as possible in the camping-place.

"At length," said she, describing her adventure, "we approached my pretty wood. Numbers of birds fluttered and sang among the high branches, but I did not encourage the boys in their wish to shoot any of the happy little creatures. We were lost in admiration of the trees of this grove, and I cannot describe to you how wonderful they are, nor can you form the least idea of their enormous size without seeing them yourself." She simply could not describe their size.

THE MOTHER'S HAPPY IDEA OF A HOUSE IN THE TREES

"WHAT we had been calling a wood proved to be a group of about a dozen trees only, and, what was strange, the roots sustained the massive trunks exalted in the air, forming strong arches, and props and stays around each individual stem, which was firmly rooted in the center.

"I gave Jack some twine, and, scrambling up one of the curious open-air roots, he succeeded in measuring round the trunk itself, and made it

out to be eighteen yards. I saw no sort of fruit; but the foliage is thick and abundant, throwing delicious shade on the ground beneath, which is carpeted with soft green herbage, and entirely free from thorns, briars, or bushes of any kind. It is the most charming resting-place that ever was seen, and I and the boys enjoyed our midday meal immensely in this glorious palace of the woods, so grateful to our senses after the glare and heat of our journey thither.

"If we could but manage to live in some sort of dwelling up among the branches of those grand, noble trees, I should feel perfectly safe and happy. We should be safe up there from the jacks' visits during the night."

The idea was adopted. Another visit was paid to the wreck for planks, so that a bridge could be made across the stream that flowed into the sea near the landing-place. The distance over the stream was measured by first tying a stone to a string, throwing the stone across, and then measuring the line. This was Ernest's happy suggestion.

HOW THE BOYS AND THEIR FATHER BUILT A BRIDGE

"ADOPTING it," says his father, "we speedily ascertained the distance across to be eighteen feet. Then, allowing three feet more at each side, I calculated twenty-four feet as the necessary length of the boards. The question as to how the planks were to be laid across was a very difficult one to solve.

"A scheme occurred to me for conveying one end of a plank across the water, and I set about it in this way. There were, fortunately, one or two trees close to the stream on either side. I attached a rope near one end of a beam, and slung it loosely to the tree beside us. Then, fastening a long rope to the other end, I crossed with it by means of broken rocks and stones, and, having a pulley and block, I soon arranged the rope on a strong limb of the opposite tree, again returning with the end to our own side.

"Now putting my idea to the proof, I brought the ass and the cow, and, fastening this rope to the harness I had previously made for them, I drove them steadily away from the bank. To my great satisfaction, and the surprise and delight of the boys, the end of the plank, which had been laid alongside the stream, began gently to move, rose higher, turned, and soon projecting over the water, continued to advance until, having described the segment of a circle, it reached the opposite bank. I stopped my team, the plank rested on the ground, and the bridge was made!

"So, at least, thought Fritz and Jack, who in a moment were lightly running across the narrow way, shouting joyfully as they sprang to the other side. A second and third plank were laid beside the first, and when these were carefully secured to the ground, and to the trees on each side, we very quickly placed short boards side by side across the beams, the boys nailing them lightly down as I sawed them in lengths. When this was done, our bridge was pronounced complete."

THE FAMILY REMOVE TO THEIR "NEST" IN THE TREES

A VIVID account is given of the removal of the little party to the new place of residence, and of the building of the "nest" among the trees. The new home, which was built in the branches, and reached by means of a rope ladder, was called Falconhurst. The old spot on the seashore, where the family found a safe place to store their gunpowder, they named Tentholt.

As the days wore on, each was made memorable by the discovery of some new animal or bird or vegetable or fruit, the uses of which, or the habits of which, gave them much to talk about.

To enable the journey between Tentholt and Falconhurst to be made with comfort, especially when stores were being transferred, a sledge was made, and to this the cow and the ass were harnessed. Repeated visits were made to the wreck, whence further invaluable stores of all kinds were landed.

A great discovery was a pinnacle, which they found in parts, with rigging and fittings complete, even to a couple of small brass guns. They put the pinnacle together in the hold of the wreck. "It seemed as though the graceful vessel had awakened from sleep, and was longing to spring into the free, blue sea, and spread her wings to the breeze. I could not," says the narrator, referring to the completion of the building of the pinnacle, "bear to think that our success, so far, should be followed by failure and disappointment. Yet no possible means of setting her free could I conceive, and I was almost in despair, when an idea occurred to me which, if I could carry it out, would effect her release without further labor or delay.

"Without explaining my purpose, I got a large cast-iron mortar, filled it with gunpowder, secured a block of oak to the top, through which I pierced a hole for the insertion of the match, and this great petard I so placed that, when it exploded, it should blow out the side of the vessel next which the pinnacle lay.

"Then, securing it with chains, that the recoil

might do no damage, I told the boys I was going ashore earlier than usual, and calmly desired them to get into the boat. Then, lighting a match I had prepared, which would burn some time before reaching the powder, I hastened after them with a beating heart, and we made for the land.

"We brought the raft we had built close in shore, and began to unload it. The other boat I did not haul up, but kept her ready to put off at a moment's notice. My anxiety was unobserved by any one, as I listened with strained nerves for the expected sound. It came—a flash—a mighty roar—a grand burst of smoke! My wife and children, terror-stricken, turned their eyes toward the sea, whence the startling noise came, and then, in fear and wonder, looked to me for some explanation.

"‘Perhaps,’ said the mother, as I did not speak—‘perhaps you have left a light burning near some of the gunpowder, and an explosion has taken place.’

"‘Not at all unlikely,’ replied I quietly. ‘We had a fire below when we were caulking the seams of the pinnacle. I shall go off at once and see what has happened. Will any one come?’

"The boys needed no second invitation, but sprang into the boat, while I lingered to reassure my wife by whispering a few words of explanation. Then, joining them, we pulled for the wreck at a more rapid rate than we ever had done before.

HOW THE PINNACE LAY UNHARMED AMID A SCENE OF RUIN

"No alteration had taken place in the side at which we usually boarded her, and we pulled round to the farther side, where a marvelous sight awaited us. A huge rent appeared, the decks and bulwarks were torn open, the water was covered with floating wreckage—all seemed in ruins.

"The compartment where the pinnacle rested was fully revealed to view. There sat the little beauty, to all appearance uninjured, and the boys, whose attention was taken up with the melancholy scene of ruin and confusion around them, were astonished to hear me shout in enthusiastic delight: ‘Hurrah! She is ours! The lovely pinnacle is won. We shall be able to launch her easily after all!’

The pinnacle was not injured at all, and by means of rollers, levers, and pulleys was successfully launched. The father and sons, having secured the prize, went back to Tentholt, and accounted for the explosion, saying that, having

blown away one side of the ship, they would be able to obtain the rest of its contents with a very few days' more work.

FITTING OUT THE PINNACE FOR VOYAGES ROUND THE ISLAND

"THESE days were devoted to completing the rigging, the mounting of her two little brass guns, and all necessary arrangements about the pinnace. It was wonderful what marvelous ardor was awakened by the possession of a vessel armed with two real guns. The boys chatted incessantly about savages, fleets of canoes, attack, defence, and final annihilation of the invaders. I assured them that, brilliant as their victories would doubtless be, we should have good cause to thank God if their fighting powers and new-born valor were never put to the test.

"Great was the surprise and delight of the mother when the beautiful little vessel was taken round to the shore, a salute being fired from the guns as the bay was entered. Meanwhile, the mother and little Franz had not been idle.

"'We don't frighten people by firing salutes in honor of our performances,' said the mother, 'although, by and by, I, too, shall want a fire in a peaceable form.'"

Life proceeded very happily. Sundays were carefully observed. The boys were encouraged to keep up the practice of athletic exercises. "No man," in the father's opinion, "can be really courageous and self-reliant without a consciousness of physical power and capability."

The family learned to provide themselves with

things to wear. By degrees they led water to Falconhurst from the stream. They learned to make candles from beeswax and berries. For winter quarters a cave was fitted up. A cottage was also built. A stranded whale afforded additional diversion and profit. Among the books taken from the wreck were several grammars, so that various languages were studied.

WHY FRITZ LEFT AND THE OTHERS REMAINED

At the end of ten years much knowledge of the country and its wild animals had been gained, and the family possessed farms and farmyards. One day, a memorable day, Fritz made his way to an island, where he found the daughter of a British officer, who had been wrecked, and who had lived there for three years. Her name was Jenny Montrose.

Some time after the family was joined by Miss Montrose, an English brig was seen, and visited in the pinnace, and it transpired that the captain had been cruising in search of possible survivors of the vessel in which Miss Montrose had been a passenger, and survivors from which had reached Sydney, Australia. In the end the father, mother, Ernest, Jack, and Franz decided to remain in the colony they had founded, where all had been so happy, and which they named New Switzerland.

Fritz decided to go to England with Miss Montrose, to whom he was engaged to be married. And to Fritz the father intrusted his journal wherein was set down the story of which only an outline has been given here.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS

THIS is a celebrated story of English school life. It was written in 1856 by Thomas Hughes, an eminent lawyer and judge, but, better still, a true-hearted man and helper of the poor. Judge Hughes was born October 23, 1823, and died March 22, 1896. He was educated first at Rugby, under the great Dr. Arnold, and afterward at Oxford. This famous story is largely an account of his own experiences, and we are not far wrong in reading Thomas Hughes where it says Tom Brown. He also wrote "Tom Brown at Oxford," but that is not quite so delightful a book as its forerunner, perhaps because it is more difficult to interest us in the life of a young man than in the doings of a merry school-boy.

IN the royal county of Berks, and in that part of it known as the Vale of White Horse, lived Squire Brown, justice of the peace for the county. He was a man of strong democratic opinions, and had no prejudices against his fel-

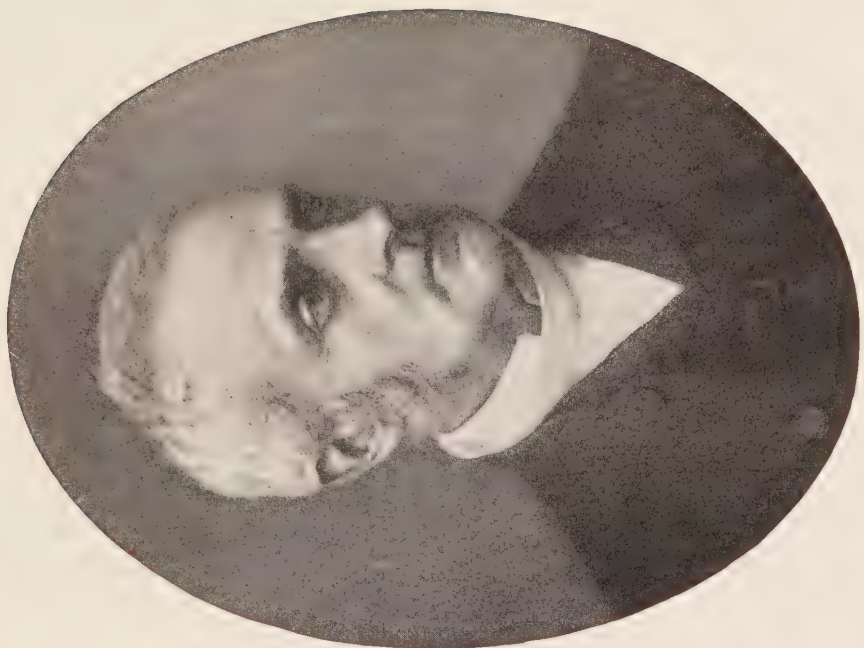
low-men less blessed than he with worldly wealth.

The life of the Brown household had always been simple and uneventful, the squire's chief diversions being a visit twice a year to Reading and Abingdon at the time of the assizes or quarter sessions. Tom's mother was a very practical country lady; and, indeed, her thoroughgoing qualities had earned for her the title of "Madam Brown." Under the guidance of his alert and sensible mother, Tom's character had been shaped in the right direction from his earliest years; while his father believed in letting him mingle with the boys of the village, instead of keeping him aloof from them, as only by mixing with others are the rough edges of our character smoothed down. For this reason the squire pro-



THOMAS HUGHES.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley (Dean Stanley) served as the model for the character Arthur in "Tom Brown's School Days." Hughes and Stanley, however, were not intimate friends at Rugby as is generally supposed.



DEAN STANLEY.

vided the village boys with a fine cricket ground, and even supplied them with bats and balls. None of the cricketers were more enthusiastic for the game than young Tom Brown; and while this was excellent in its way, it ceased to be so when Tom's devotion to the game led to his inducing his playmates to stay away from school and play cricket. The village schoolmaster had to complain of this to the squire, and perhaps it was on that account that Tom was sent off to a private school at the age of nine. His departure from the village was the cause of great regret to all the boys, with whom he had been vastly popular—partly, perhaps, because he had preferred cricket to study!

His life at the private school was by no means a pleasant change to him. For the first time, he found himself being watched out of school as well as indoors. The two ushers were weak fellows, without much real principle, who allowed the older boys too much freedom and were over-strict with the young. Talebearing, spying, and all sorts of petty meanness were regular features of the place, much to Tom's disgust.

Tom learned a fair amount of Latin and Greek, but in the holidays he was always wanting the squire to send him to a public school. Great was his joy, therefore, when in the middle of his third half-year, in October, 183—, fever broke out in the village, and, the master having himself slightly sickened of it, the whole of the boys were sent off at a day's notice to their respective homes. The squire was not so pleased as Master Tom to see that young gentleman's brown, merry face appear at home some two months before the proper time for Christmas holidays; and, thinking what had best be done with him, he decided to send him to the famous school at Rugby, where the head master had kindly agreed to let him enter at once for the last six weeks of the term.

TOM IS TO GO TO RUGBY SCHOOL, AND HEARS GOOD ADVICE

Tom's father accompanied him into London to see him off in the tally-ho coach for Rugby, and gave him, in his own blunt way, some good advice.

"And now, Tom, my boy," said the squire, "remember you are going, at your own earnest request, to be chucked into this great school like a young bear, with all your troubles before you. If schools are what they were in my time, you'll see a great many cruel things done and hear a deal of bad talk. But never fear. You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to or say anything you would n't have your

mother and sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home or we to see you."

It was three hours before dawn that the tally-ho left the Peacock Inn at Islington with Tom seated on the top; and a stage-coach journey on a cold November night for a boy of ten was certainly no joke; so that long before Rugby was reached the young passenger on the roof had learned a very useful lesson in endurance.

From the old guard of the tally-ho Tom heard many tales of life at Rugby and of the pranks played there by the school-boys. So eager was he to know of the new life into which he was to enter that he plied the guard with question after question, until the old fellow not only brushed up his memory, but drew a little on his imagination, though all he said was accepted by Tom in perfect faith.

WHAT THE OLD GUARD TOLD HIS YOUNG PASSENGER

"WERRY out-o'-the-way place, sir; no paving to streets, nor no lighting," was how he pictured Rugby. "'Mazin' big horse and cattle fair in autumn—lasts a week; just over now. Takes town a week to get clean after it. Belong to school, sir?"

"Yes," said Tom, not unwilling for a moment that the guard should think him an old boy. But then, having some qualms as to the truth of the assertion, and seeing that if he were to assume the character of an old boy, he could n't go on asking the questions he wanted, added: "That is to say, I'm on my way there. I'm a new boy."

The guard looked as if he knew this quite as well as Tom.

"You're werry late, sir," said the guard; "only six weeks to-day to the end of the half." Tom assented. "We takes up fine loads this day six weeks, and Monday and Tuesday arter. Werry free with their cash is the young gen'lemen. But, bless you, we gets into such rows all 'long the road, what wi' their pea-shooters, and long whips, and hollering, and upsetting every one as comes by; I'd a sight sooner carry one or two on 'em, sir, as I may be a carryin' of you now, than a coach-load."

"What do they do with the pea-shooters?" inquired Tom.

THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF THE PEA-SHOOTERS

"Do wi' 'em? Why, peppers every one's faces as we comes near, 'cept the young gals, and breaks windows wi' 'em too, some on 'em shoots so hard.

Now, 't was just here last June, as we was a-driving up the first-day boys, they was mendin' a quarter-mile of road, and there was a lot of Irish chaps, reg'lar roughs, a-breaking stones. As we came up, 'Now, boys,' says young gent on the box—smart young fellow, and despret reckless—'here 's fun! Let the Pats have it about the ears.' 'Easy there, sir,' says Bob—that 's my mate, the coachman—'don't go for to shoot at 'em, they 'll knock us off the coach.' 'Hang it, coachee,' says young my lord, 'you ain't afraid. Hoorra, boys, let 'em have it!' 'Hoorra!' sings out the others, and fill their mouths chock full of peas to last the whole line. Bob, seeing as 't was to come, knocks his hat over his eyes, hollers to his 'osses, and shakes 'em up, and away we goes up to the line on 'em, twenty miles an hour.

"The Pats began to hoorra, too, thinking it was a runaway, and first lot on 'em stands grinnin' and wavin' their old hats as we comes abreast on 'em; and then you 'd ha' laughed to see how took aback and choking savage they looked, when they gets the peas a-stinging all over 'em. But, bless you, the laugh were n't all on our side, sir, by a long way. We was going so fast, and they was so took aback, that they did n't take what was up till we was halfway up the line. Then 't was look out all, surely.

"They howls all down the line fit to frighten you, some on 'em runs arter us and tries to clamber up behind, only we hits 'em over the fingers and pulls their hands off; one as had had it very sharp act'ly runs right at the leaders, as though he 'd ketch 'em by the heads, only luck'ly for him he misses his tip, and comes over a heap o' stones first.

"The rest picks up stones, and gives it us right away till we gets out of shot, the young gents holding out werry manful with the pea-shooters and such stones as lodged on us, and a pretty many there was, too.

"Then Bob picks hisself up again, and looks at young gent on box werry solemn. Bob 'd had a rum 'un in the ribs, which 'd like to ha' knocked him off the box, or made him drop the reins. Young gent on box picks hisself up, and so does we all, and looks round to count damage. Box's head cut open and his hat gone; 'nother young gent's hat gone; mine knocked in at the side, and not one on us as was n't black and blue somewheres or another, most on 'em all over. Two-pound-ten to pay for damage to paint, which they subscribed for there and then, and give Bob and me an extra half-sovereign each; but I would n't go down that line again not for twenty half-sovereigns."

After this graphic description the guard shook

his head slowly, and got up and blew a clear, brisk toot, toot.

"What fun!" said Tom, who could scarcely contain his pride at this exploit of his future schoolfellows. He longed already for the end of the half-term that he might join them.

TOM FINDS AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND AT RUGBY

Tom had not time to alight from the stage-coach, as it slowed down at Rugby, before one of the boys came running from the school, and, jumping up behind, announced to Tom that his name was East, and his aunt, who lived down in Berkshire, had written to him to look out for young Tom Brown.

This was indeed a jolly reception for the lonely traveler, and he and East were chums at once, for the lad was of a frank and friendly disposition, and introduced Tom to all his own particular friends forthwith.

Nothing could exceed the new boy's interest in all the features of the famous school; the study-room, with its sporting pictures, its cricket-bats, fishing-rods, and climbing-irons, seemed to him more interesting than Windsor Castle itself. At the dinner-table he was a little subdued; but to East's tales of the football field and its numerous accidents he listened as to the battle stories of a veteran. In the big room all the scholars now assembled to answer to their names, and it was with a thrill of pleasure that Tom made his first response as a public-school boy.

Tom was in luck's way, for this day of his arrival was signalized by the Schoolhouse match, in which East counted himself a tremendous hero to be permitted to play on the Schoolhouse side.

TOM'S FIRST GREAT FOOTBALL-MATCH AND HOW HE PLAYED

It was indeed a great sight for Tom, this first football-match on a grand scale in which he was to take his place. For the Schoolhouse team of some fifty boys, who were distinguished by white trousers, in which they felt abominably cold that November day, had to meet and do battle with all the rest of the school.

Such excitement Tom had never witnessed. Nothing approaching the scrimmages had he ever imagined, and in this breathless match Tom was to have his share. For the ball rolled slowly in behind the Schoolhouse goal, not three yards in front of a dozen of the biggest School players-up.

There stood the Schoolhouse præposter, or monitor, safest of goal-keepers, and Tom Brown

by his side. Now is your time, Tom. The blood of all the Browns was up, and the two rushed in together, and threw themselves on the ball, under the very feet of the advancing column; the præposter on his hands and knees arching his back, and Tom all along on his face. Over them toppled the leaders of the rush, shooting over the back of the præposter, but falling flat on Tom and knocking all the wind out of his small body.

"Our ball," said the præposter, rising with his prize. "But get up there, there's a little fellow under you."

They were hauled and rolled off him, and Tom was discovered a motionless body.

Old Brooke, the captain of the eleven, picked him up.

"Stand back, give him air," he said; and then feeling his limbs, added: "No bones broken. How do you feel, young'un?"

"Hah-hah," gasped Tom, as his wind came back, "pretty well, thank you—all right."

"Who is he?" said Brooke.

"Oh, it's Brown, he's a new boy; I know him," said East, coming up.

"Well, he's a plucky youngster, and will make a player," said Brooke.

And five o'clock struck. "No side," was called, and the first day of the Schoolhouse match was over.

THE NEW CHUMS GOSSIP AND PREPARE FOR "THE SINGING"

Tom soon recovered from his shock, entering with real zest into the life of the school. Over the fire they sat discussing the great match and other adventures of the football field until it was time to go to their rooms and wash up for the singing.

"What's that?" Tom asked; and East explained that on the last six Saturdays of the term there was singing, as there were no first lessons to do, and "you can lie in bed to-morrow morning."

"But who sings?" asked Tom.

"Why, everybody, of course; you'll see soon enough. We begin directly after supper and sing till bedtime."

Supper-time came in due course at seven o'clock. The meal consisted of bread and cheese and beer, which were all saved for "the singing"; and directly afterward the fags went to work to prepare the hall. Each new boy of that term was placed on the table in turn and made to sing a solo, under the penalty of drinking a large mug of salt and water if he resisted or broke down. Tom sang an old West-country song, "The

Leather Bottél." Many jolly songs were sung, particularly when the fifth and sixth form boys came in, and old Brooke, who was already a hero to Tom, made quite a good little speech as he was so soon to leave the school after eight years.

"Now, I'm as proud of the house as any one," he said. "I believe it's the best house in the school, out-and-out. But it's a long way from what I want to see it. There's a deal of bullying going on, and, depend on it, there's nothing breaks up a house like bullying. Bullies are cowards, and one coward makes many; so goodbye to the Schoolhouse match if bullying gets ahead here."

TOM BROWN COMES IN FOR HIS TOSSING IN THE BLANKET

OLD BROOKE'S speech, which was quite a long one for him, was received with great applause, and many glances were made in the direction of Flashman and other fifth form boys who delighted to bully their juniors. The singing meeting was ended by the entrance of the head master, cap on head and book in hand, who led the whole company in prayers, after which they indulged in the time-honored custom of tossing the new boys in a blanket, an ordeal through which Tom went without flinching.

Thus began Tom Brown's life at Rugby, and a more exciting day for his entrance there could not have been chosen. He shared the fun of it with the new boys who had been there from the beginning of the term. The sermon which he heard the doctor preach on the Sunday revealed to him the strong and noble character under whose guidance he had been placed. For every boy in the school was sooner or later bound to come into personal touch with the head master. Tom was installed in the third form, but as he had already been well grounded in grammar, the master considered he had been placed too low, and gave so good a report of him at the end of the term that he won his remove to the lower fourth, where all his Schoolhouse friends were, so that his delight in being a Rugby boy was now supreme.

When Tom returned to Rugby for the beginning of the second term, and found himself the possessor of a desk in the lower fourth, that was something of a temptation to him, as he used the desk for other purposes than study, and was thrashed in consequence, while the whole form made a very poor appearance before the head master at the monthly examination. Tom's reputation for steadiness suffered in consequence, but

there was another direction in which he ought in fairness to have recovered his good name.

THE TWO CHUMS TEACH BIG BULLIES A LESSON

FLASHMAN, the most notorious of the bullies, was so unfair and even brutal to the younger lads whom he made to fag for him that Tom and East, on whom the bully had also tried his work, decided to rebel, and maintained a steady opposition to Flashman and his friends. It was not that they objected to doing the duty of fags, which was expected of them by the fifth form, but simply as a protest against the bullies, and the youngsters succeeded in inflicting a severe punishment upon Flashman.

But the result of it was that Tom and East gained the reputation of shirking fag duty, and Tom, having broken other rules of the school, particularly one as to fishing from a prohibited part of the river Avon, found himself before the head master and in danger of expulsion, unless he undertook to mend his ways. This he did, and was as good as his promise, for on his return to school next term he was invited by the wife of the head master to take tea with her, and was told he was to have the Gray study, which was a favorite one, and that she would like if he would take under his care a new pupil, named George Arthur, who was in delicate health, and had never before been away from home.

Tom undertook this responsibility somewhat unwillingly, as it would interfere with other private plans of his. Arthur proved a gentle young lad, who in the dormitory that night, unlike most of the boys, knelt by the side of his bed for prayers, and was jeered at in consequence by one of the others, who threw a slipper at him. Tom quickly met the situation by letting the boot he had just pulled off fly at the head of the bully.

"If any fellow wants the other boot," he exclaimed warmly, "he knows how to get it!"

The little scene had an influence on some of the boys in the room, and on Tom most of all. Next morning he began the day by silent prayer at his bedside, and there were others who followed his example. This was the immediate result of his taking care of Arthur.

Arthur was greatly interested in birds and animals, and soon made friends with Martin, one of the school's curious characters, who tamed snakes and kept birds in his study. Together they went exploring in the woods, and Tom had more than once to get them out of scrapes. It was over Arthur, too, that Tom had his last fight in the school with a bully named Williams, who had

promised to thrash little Arthur for some fancied insult. He was challenged by Tom, and the fight was at its hottest, with Tom getting the best of it, just as the doctor arrived to put a stop to it. Williams profited by the encounter, as it cured him of his bullying, and made him a firm friend of Tom's.

A HAPPY TRIO, AND HOW THE WEAKEST WAS STRONGEST

Two years after the events recorded, Arthur, who was now sixteen, and was an apt and bright scholar, was at the head of the twenty. Both Tom and East were far less successful in their studies, and were none too highly placed in the fifth form. It was a very happy friendship, however, for Tom and East, with their fine manly characteristics and their physical powers, felt the refining influence of Arthur's gentler nature, and were the better in consequence, while he was sheltered from the buffetings of the school by having such manly chums.

Arthur was one of several scholars who took the fever and had to be sent home until he recovered. Before going away he said to Tom there was one favor he had to ask of him. It was that he would give up the *vulgar* books and cribs, by which he meant that Tom had not been doing his Latin and Greek exercises honestly, but using translations. Tom looked away at this, and then, catching his friend's gaze, asked: "Why?"

"Because—because you're the honestest boy at Rugby, and that is n't honest."

Arthur soon brought Tom to his way of thinking, and had his promise. East had also been guilty of cribbing, like Tom, but he was now brought to honest study as the result of Tom's promise to Arthur, and from that time forward both derived a satisfaction and pleasure from their studies which before had been unknown to them.

TOM'S LAST YEAR AT RUGBY, AND WHAT HE LEARNED THEN

So two more years passed away, and it was again the end of the summer term. An important cricket-match was to take place, and there was a union of old boys. On the slope toward the cricket-ground stood three of the elder scholars. There was one slight of build, with bushy eyebrows and a dry, humorous smile, while by his side was another of manly form, almost six feet tall, tanned of face, with curly brown hair and sprouting whiskers, his laughing eyes gleaming below his smart straw hat. He was dressed in a

white flannel shirt and trousers, with the captain's belt about his waist, and on his feet were yellow cricket shoes. This was our hero Tom Brown, now nineteen, a præposter, and captain of the eleven. East was he of the bushy eyebrows, and the third slight but well-knit and active figure was Arthur, greatly improved physically and as bright as ever.

The master of Tom's form came up just then and invited Tom to sup with him. At that meal Tom learned for the first time how the great and noble man who was the head master of Rugby had carefully planned for the molding of Tom Brown's character. Tom had fondly supposed that his progress was due largely to his own foresight, but now he could understand that it was by choosing him as a protector of Arthur, thus giving him a new sense of responsibility and trusting him, and by many other little things, which he now saw in a new light, that the great Dr. Arnold had brought out the best of what was in his scholar's nature.

AFTER HIS RUGBY DAYS TOM SADLY REVISITS THE SCHOOL

It was the year 1842, when Tom was on a fishing holiday in the Scottish Highlands, that his companion, reading from a newspaper, said: "Here's something for you, Tom. Why, your old master, Arnold of Rugby, is dead."

"Let me look at the paper," said Tom, greatly

agitated. Turning over the leaves with trembling hands and swimming eyes, he managed at length to read the short announcement. Reading it again, he walked rapidly toward the inn, consulted the steamboat and railway guides, and, hastening to his room, was gone in an hour. In a day and a night he had reached Rugby, and at the school he found the old verger, Thomas, who looked up at him through his spectacles, and Tom seized his hand and wrung it.

"Ah, you've heard all about it, sir, I see," said the verger.

"Yes. Where is he buried?"

"Under the altar in the chapel, sir. You'd like to have the key, I fancy."


In the chapel all was still as death, and, groping his way almost blindly there, Tom went to his old seat and bowed his head, while the tears came quickly to his eyes. A strange sense of loneliness was with him, the consciousness of a great loss. At the altar he prayed until he felt the peace that comes from prayer, and then, going out into the fresh air, he walked about the close and the cricket-fields and up to the old school-grounds. Nothing was changed, yet the saintly Dr. Thomas Arnold, the life and soul of it, was no more.

But the teaching of him who was gone still endured and influenced the young man who stood there, conscious that what remained for him to do was enough for all: to labor and be true and strong.



RUGBY SCHOOL.




 They brought him away from his prairie home,
 From his comrades so wild and free
 From the games and sports that were his delight,
 And the plains where he longed to be,
 For they fain would conquer his savage tastes,
 And they hoped he might be beguiled —
 Though an Indian boy — to follow along
 In the trail of the white man's child.

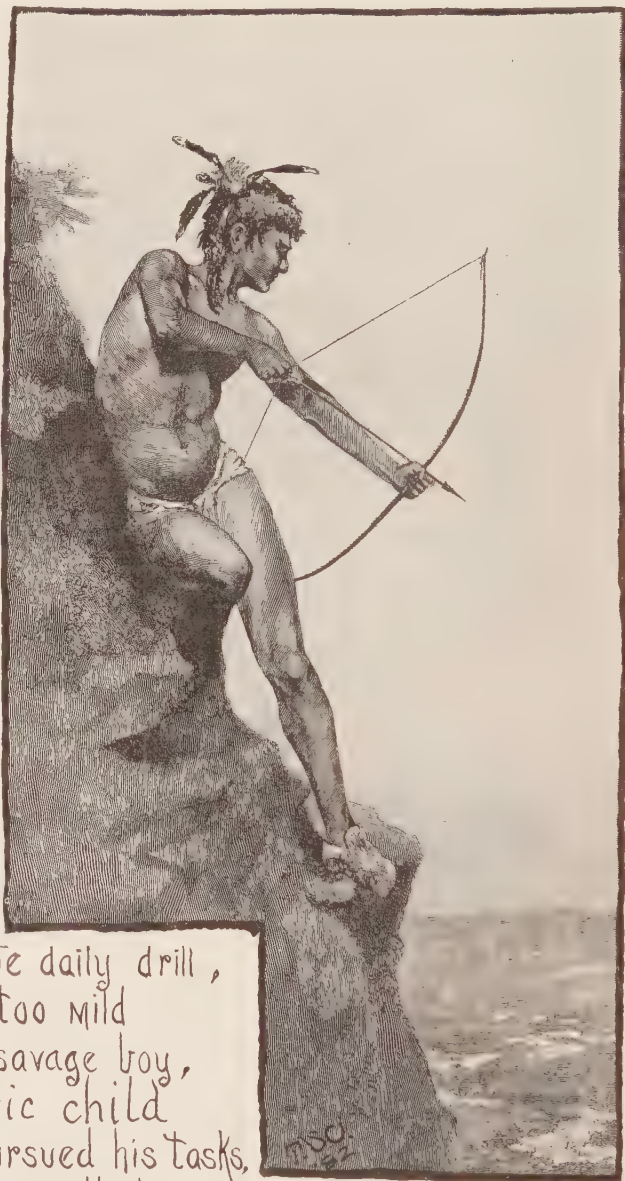


How tame to him were the quiet haunts,
 And the hum of the study hour,
 When he longed on his bare-backed steed away
 O'er the level fields to scour,
 Or to poise himself on a giddy height
 Where no white man would dare to go,
 And send his arrow with fatal aim
 To the deer in the vale below !

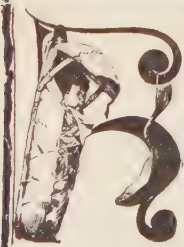
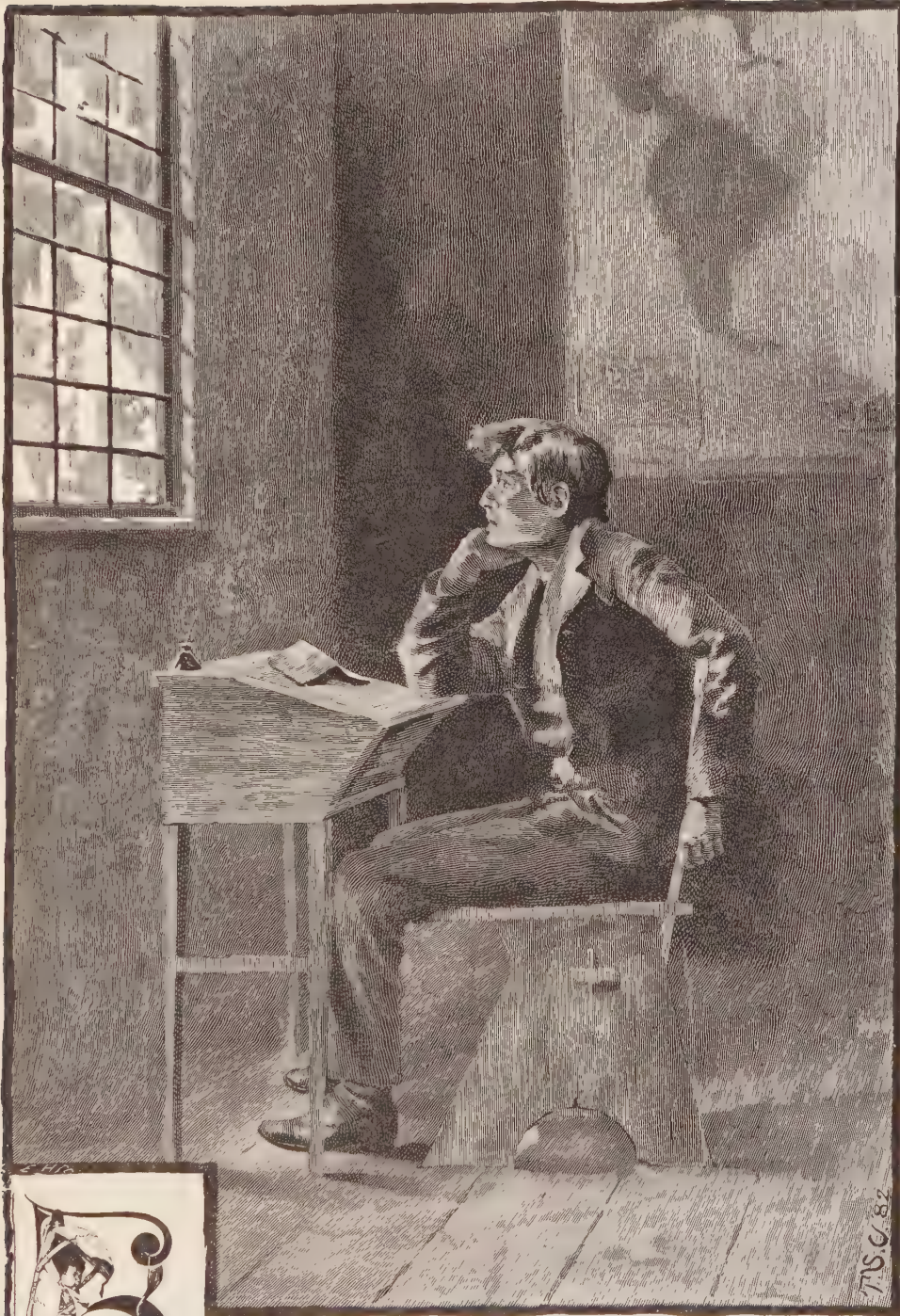




His people were warriors brave and strong!
 His father a Ponca chief!
 And many a scalp he had thought to win
 Himself, in a
 Warlike fief,
 And now as he tossed
 On his narrow bed
 His slumbers with
 Dreams were rife
 Of the tomahawk, and
 The deadly spear,
 The arrow, and
 Hunting-knife.



The humane lessons, the daily drill,
 The training, were far too mild
 To suit the taste of this savage boy,
 This fierce and barbaric child
 And though he daily pursued his tasks,
 And daily his lessons spelled,
 The spirit within him, still unsubdued,
 Each hour at his lot rebelled.



He longed as he sat at his dreary desk
To return to his distant home



to flee from the spiritless, paleface ways
And— again a wild boy—to roam
In the pronghorn chase as in earlier years
The years that were all too brief—
For his heart was the heart of an Indian brave
And the son of a Ponca chief.





LITTLE PLAYS AND GREAT DRAMAS

PLAYS AND PLAY-WRITERS

A drama or play is a story in which the characters are represented by real persons in action. The great difference between a drama and a story that is merely written or told in words, and not in action, is thus easily seen. If you told about a boy that wandered into the forest and was captured by a fierce giant who brought him to his cave and kept the boy a prisoner until a good fairy came and rescued him, that would be a simple story. But if you pretended to be the boy, and your father or your big brother pretended to be the giant, and if you really wandered into a mimic or make-believe forest, and were taken and kept a prisoner by the supposed giant until your imagined little sister, disguised as a good fairy, came and rescued you, then that would be a drama.

Of course, drama as we understand it now is greatly varied—there are ever so many different forms of it. The chief of these are tragedy, comedy, historical and romantic drama, melodrama, and farce. Opera is also a form of drama, but it comes under the head of music rather than of literature.

A tragedy is supposed to tell a very serious and sad story, often a story full of violent and terrible deeds; and though it does not necessarily end unhappily, it usually has such an ending. Comedy, on the other hand, treats a subject in a light and amusing way. There are often sad moments in the best comedies, but the general tone of a comedy is supposed to be bright; and though it sometimes has a sad ending, it is usually expected that it shall end happily. Both tragedy and comedy are supposed to keep close to real life and treat of it in a dignified way. But more liberty is allowed in melodrama and farce. The actions and characters in a melodrama are often much

exaggerated; romantic and sensational scenes are represented in it, frequently with the aid of a stage villain, a very brave hero, and a wonderfully beautiful heroine. There is likely to be a veil of mystery about the plot, and deeds of treachery and violence are enacted, for which, of course, the villain is always responsible; but in the end it commonly happens that the hero foils the villain's wicked designs and marries the beautiful heroine. In farce all is rollicking fun from beginning to end, and nothing serious is allowed to creep in. It is not expected to be true to life—it is enough if the farce is extravagantly funny. Historical and romantic dramas are plays which treat of the same sorts of things as historical novels and romances, about which I told you under the head of fiction.

Dramas, of whatever class, are usually divided into acts and scenes, with a short interval between each act and a shorter one between each scene. An act in a drama is somewhat like a chapter in a book, and a modern drama usually contains from three to five acts. In most cases the scenes mark the changing of the action from one time or one place to another. If the characters are acting first inside a house and then in the garden, that would make two separate scenes, though it might include only one act, or even a small portion of one act, for an act may have many scenes. Nowadays actors dress according to the part they play, but at one time they did not do so, as it was usual for an actor to dress in the fashion of his own time, even if he was playing the part of a character who was supposed to live a thousand years before. The fashion of dressing according to the period represented in the play was first introduced by a great

French actor, François Joseph Talma, who lived in the time of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Every drama is supposed to observe what is called the unity of action; that is to say, every action in the play should have some bearing on the plot. At one time, it was thought necessary that all the incidents of a play should happen in the one place and within twenty-four hours; or, in other words, that it should observe the unities of time and place. But the unities of time and place are no longer required.

Drama first began in Greece and grew out of the celebrations held on the feast of the Greek god Dionysus, also called Bacchus. A great feature of those celebrations consisted of songs, and a man named Thespis got the idea of filling in the intervals between the songs with stories and dialogue. That is how drama started. Tragedy was the first form of drama brought to perfection in Greece, and the three great Greek tragedians, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, stand as models to this day. Comedy was next developed, and Greece produced many great writers in that form, notably Aristophanes, Menander, and Philemon. The Romans imitated the Greeks in drama, as they did in many other things. They had no very great writers of tragedy, but they had two very great writers of comedy in Plautus and Terence.

After the introduction of Christianity both comedy and tragedy disappeared and were replaced by miracle-plays, mystery-plays, and passion-plays. Miracle-plays dealt with incidents in the lives of the saints, and the plots for mystery-plays were taken from the Scriptures. Passion-plays treated of the life of Christ, and a play of that sort is still given at Oberammergau, Germany, every ten years. These were the only varieties of drama that were produced during the Middle Ages. They were succeeded by masks—often spelled masques—a polite form of play in which the actors wore masks, dressed beautifully, and often spoke pretty lines and sometimes noble passages. John Milton, the great English poet, wrote a mask called "Comus," and Ben Jonson wrote several famous masks.

Ben Jonson was one of the men whose work began the history of the drama in England and the revival of tragedy and comedy. About the same time lived William Shakespeare, Christopher Marlowe, Robert Greene, Beaumont and Fletcher (who

wrote together), Philip Massinger, John Ford, and other dramatists. Among the early dramatists of modern Europe were Ariosto and Metastasio in Italy, Lope de Vega and Calderon in Spain, and the great Frenchmen Corneille, Racine, and Molière. These men did not all live at one time, about two centuries separating Ariosto, the earliest of them, from Metastasio, the latest.

Afterward came Goldoni, Alfieri, and Manzoni in Italy; Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller in Germany; Congreve, Goldsmith, and Sheridan in England; and Scribe and Victor Hugo in France. Of recent years the greatest dramatists have been the Norwegians Ibsen and Björnson. Émile Augier, Victorien Sardou, and Edmond Rostand in France, and Arthur W. Pinero, Henry A. Jones, and James M. Barrie in England may also be mentioned. America until lately has taken most of her drama from England and France, and so there have as yet been few notable American dramatists. Among those few we may name David Belasco, Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, and Denman Thompson.

In the following specimens you will find extracts from some of the most famous dramas ever produced, while the scene from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will serve to acquaint you with the spirit of the great novel, written by an American woman, Harriet Beecher Stowe, bearing the same name as the play, which is wholly based upon it. Perhaps some of our young readers will like to form themselves into a little company and act this scene for their own pleasure and that of their friends. Try it, children; it can easily be done, and, with earnest effort, done well. The other scenes here given might also be acted without much difficulty by boys and girls.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(From "Hamlet," Act III, Scene i)

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;

To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there 's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.

POLONIUS'S ADVICE TO HIS SON

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(From "Hamlet," Act I, Scene iii)

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear 't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

XIX—12

MERCY

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(From "The Merchant of Venice," Act IV,
Scene i)

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

HUBERT AND PRINCE ARTHUR

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(From "King John," Act IV, Scene i)

SCENE: *A room in a castle*

Enter HUBERT and Executioners

Hubert. Heat me these irons hot; and look
thou stand

Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

First Executioner. I hope your warrant will
bear out the deed.

Hubert. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you:
look to't.

[*Exeunt* Executioners.]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR

Arthur. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hubert. Good morrow, little prince.

Arthur. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hubert. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arthur. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
 I should be as merry as the day is long:
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me:
 He is afraid of me and I of him:
 Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
 No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hubert. [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
 Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arthur. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
 That I might sit all night and watch with you:
 I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hubert. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
 [*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum!

Turning spiteous torture out of door!
 I must be brief, lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
 Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arthur. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hubert. Young boy, I must.

Arthur. And will you?

Hubert. And I will.

Arthur. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
 The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
 And I did never ask it you again;
 And with my hand at midnight held your head,
 And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
 Saying, "What lack you?" and "Where lies your grief?"

Or "What good love may I perform for you?"
 Many a poor man's son would have lien still
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you:
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love
 And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
 If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
 Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes that never did nor never shall
 So much as frown on you.

Hubert. I have sworn to do it;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arthur. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears

And quench his fiery indignation
 Even in the matter of mine innocence;
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
 An if an angel should have come to me
 And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believed him—no tongue but Hubert's.

Hubert. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Reënter Executioners, with a cord, irons, etc.

Do as I bid you do.

Arthur. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hubert. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arthur. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
 For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
 Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angrily:
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hubert. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

First Executioner. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Executioners.*

Arthur. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
 Let him come back, that his compassion may
 Give life to yours.

Hubert. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arthur. Is there no remedy?

Hubert. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arthur. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
 Any annoyance in that precious sense!
 Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hubert. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arthur. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
 Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
 So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
 Though to no use but still to look on you!

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

Hubert. I can heat it, boy.

Arthur. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead
with grief.

Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hubert. But with my breath I can revive it,
boy.

Arthur. An if you do, you will but make it
blush

And glow with shame of your proceedings,
Hubert:

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hubert. Well, see to live; I will not touch
thine eye

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arthur. O, now you look like Hubert! all this
while

You were disguised.

Hubert. Peace; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arthur. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hubert. Silence; no more: go closely in with
me:

Much danger do I undergo for thee.

SCENE FROM "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

Abridged from Act II

Sir Peter's House

Enter LADY TEAZLE and SIR PETER, L.

[NOTE. The letters L. and R. mean Left and Right.]

Sir P. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not
bear it!

Lady T. [R.] Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may
bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have
my own way in every thing; and what's more, I

will too. What! though I was educated in the
country, I know very well that women of fashion
in London are accountable to nobody after they
are married.

Sir P. [L.] Very well, ma'am, very well—so a
husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure: if you
wanted authority over me, you should have
adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you
were old enough.

Sir P. Old enough!—ay—there it is. Well,
well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made
unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by
your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not
more extravagant than a woman ought to be.

Sir P. No, no, madam, you shall throw away
no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife!
to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room
with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn
the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête*
champêtre at Christmas.

Lady T. Lord, Sir Peter, am I to blame, be-
cause flowers are dear in cold weather? You
should find fault with the climate, and not with
me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring
all the year round, and that roses grew under
our feet!

Sir P. Oons! madam—if you had been born to
this, I should n't wonder at your talking thus;
but you forget what your situation was when I
married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 't was a very dis-
agreeable one, or I should never have married
you.

Sir P. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in
somehow a humbler style—the daughter of a
plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle,
when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in
a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys
at your side; your hair combed smooth over a
roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits
in worsted of your own working.

Lady T. O yes! I remember it very well, and
a curious life I led.—My daily occupation to in-
spect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make ex-
tracts from the family receipt-book—and comb
my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir P. Yes, yes, ma'am, 't was so indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening
amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which
I had not materials to make up; to play Pope
Joan with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt;
or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my
father to sleep after a fox-chase. [*Crosses, L.*

Sir P. [R.] I am glad you have so good a
memory.—Yes, madam, these were the recrea-

tions I took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a dock'd coach-horse.

Lady T. [L.] No—I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir P. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then—and there is but one thing more you can make me add to the obligation, and that is—

Sir P. My widow, I suppose?

Lady T. Hem! hem!

Sir P. I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint. [Crosses, L.]

Lady T. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir P. [L.] 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir P. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir P. Taste—Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady T. That 's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir P. Ay, there 's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir P. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance: for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves!

Lady T. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir P. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a

tolerable grace. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 't is out of pure good humor; and I take it for granted they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir P. Well, well, I 'll call in just to look after my own character.

Lady T. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you 'll be too late. So, good-by to ye. [Exit Lady Teazle, R.]

Sir P. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation; yet, with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarreling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage, as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [Exit, L.]

CATILINE'S SPEECH ON HIS BANISHMENT

BY GEORGE CROLY

(From "Catiline")

[NOTE. In 63 B.C. a conspiracy, headed by Catiline, was formed against the Roman republic. When his treachery was discovered he was sentenced to banishment by the senate.]

BANISHED from Rome! what 's banished, but set free

From daily contact of the things I loathe?

"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?

Who 'll prove it at his peril on my head?

Banished?—I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain!

I held some slack allegiance till this hour.—

But *now*, my sword 's my own. Smile on, my lords;

I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes, Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs, I have within my heart's hot cells shut up, To leave you in your lazy dignities.

But here I stand and scoff you; here I fling Hatred and full defiance in your face.

Your consul 's merciful. For this all thanks. He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline.

"Traitor!" I go, but I *return*. This—*trial*!

Here I devote your senate! I 've had wrongs

To stir a fever in the blood of age,

Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.

This day 's the birth of sorrows! This hour's work

Will breed proscriptions.—Look to your hearths, my lords.

For there henceforth shall sit for household gods

Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes:

Wan Treachery with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

SCENE FROM "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

Characters: MISS OPHELIA, EVA, TOPSY

SCENE.—*Miss Ophelia's* bedroom: Door to the *Left*; at the back in center a bed, or couch arranged as bed, standing out from the wall; to the *Right* side of the bed, a dressing-table; on it, besides the usual looking-glass, etc., a bright red ribbon and a pair of white gloves. Chair to *Right* near front of stage. Bookcase, pictures, and other furniture, according to convenience. When the curtain rises *Miss Ophelia* is discovered sitting on chair to *Right*; opposite to her stands *Topsy*, hands folded, eyes fixed on the ground.

Miss Ophelia. Now, Topsy, you are clean and tidy at last, I hope?

Topsy. Laws, yes, Miss Feely! There 's not a speck o' dirt left on me.

Miss Ophelia. That is better: I hope you will always keep clean and tidy in the future. There is nothing I dislike so much as dirt.

Topsy. [*Rolling her eyes and making a face*] Yes, missis.

Miss Ophelia. Now I have a few questions to ask you before we set to work. How old are you, Topsy?

Topsy. [*Grinning*] Dunno, missis.

Miss Ophelia. Don't know how old you are! Did nobody ever tell you? Who was your mother then, child?

Topsy [*With another grin*] Never had none.

Miss Ophelia. Never had any mother! What do you mean? Where were you born?

Topsy. Never was born.

Miss Ophelia. [*Sternly*] You must n't answer me like that, child. I am not playing with you. Tell me where you were born and who were your father and mother.

Topsy. [*Emphatically*] Never was born, never had no father, nor mother, nor nothin'!

Miss Ophelia. Topsy, how can you say such things! How long have you lived with your master and mistress?

Topsy. Dunno, missis.

Miss Ophelia. Is it a year, or more, or less? Try to answer properly, this time.

Topsy. Dunno, missis.

Miss Ophelia. Worse and worse! Do you know anything at all, I wonder! Have you ever heard of God, Topsy? [*Topsy shakes her head.*] Do you know who made you?

Topsy. [*Laughing*] Nobody as I knows on: 'spect I grow'd. Don't think nobody ever made me.

Miss Ophelia. [*Shocked*] Terrible! whatever shall I do with a child like this! Do you know how to sew, Topsy?

Topsy. No, missis.

Miss Ophelia. What can you do? What did you do for your master and mistress?

Topsy. Fetch water, wash dishes, and clean knives and wait on folks.

Miss Ophelia. [*Going to left side of bed*] Well now, Topsy, I 'm going to show you just how my bed is to be made. I am very particular about my bed. You must learn exactly how to do it. Come to the other side and watch me well.

Topsy. [*Going to right side*] Yes, ma'am.

Miss Ophelia. Now, Topsy, look here. This is the hem of the sheet. This is the right side of the sheet. This the wrong. Will you remember?

Topsy. [*With a big sigh*] Yes, ma'am.

Miss Ophelia. Well now, the undersheet you must bring over—like this—and tuck it right down under the mattress, nice and smooth—like this. Do you see?

Topsy. [*With a bigger sigh*] Yes, ma'am.

Miss Ophelia. But the upper sheet must be brought down and tucked under, firm and smooth at the foot—like this—the narrow hem at the foot.

Topsy. [*Snatching the gloves and the ribbon off the dressing-table, as Miss Ophelia bends over the bed*] Yes, ma'am.

[*Slips them into her sleeve.*]

Miss Ophelia. [*Pulling off the clothes again*] Now, Topsy, let me see if you can do it.

[*Topsy quickly and neatly makes the bed again.*]

Miss Ophelia. [*Watching her*] Very good . . . very good indeed, Topsy! We shall make something of you yet.

Topsy. [*Tucking in the sheet*] Yes, missis.

[*As she does so the ribbon falls from her sleeve.*]

Miss Ophelia. [*Picking it up*] What is this? You naughty wicked child, you have been stealing!

Topsy. [*Very surprised*] Why! That 's Miss Feely's ribbon, an't it? How could it a' got into my sleeve?

Miss Ophelia. Topsy, you naughty girl, don't tell me a lie. You stole that ribbon.

Topsy. Missis, I declare I did n't. Never seed it till dis blessed minnit.

Miss Ophelia. Topsy, don't you know it is wicked to tell lies?

Topsy. I never tell no lies, Miss Feely. It 's jist the truth I 've been tellin' now. It an't nothin' else.

Miss Ophelia. Topsy, I shall have to whip you, if you tell lies so.

Topsy. [*Beginning to cry*] Laws, missis, if you whips all day could n't say no other way. I never seed that ribbon. It must a' caught in my sleeve. Miss Feely must a' left it on the bed, and it got caught in the clothes, and so got in my sleeve.

Miss Ophelia. [*Angrily shaking her*] Topsy, how dare you! Don't you tell me that again.

[*The gloves fall to the ground.*]

Miss Ophelia. [*Holding them up*] There! Will you tell me you did n't steal the ribbon?

Topsy. [*Still crying loudly*] O missis, missis, I 'se so sorry! I won't never do it again, I won't.

Miss Ophelia. Stop crying then, and tell me if you have taken anything else since you have been in the house. If you tell me truthfully, I won't whip you.

Topsy. Laws, missis, I took Miss Eva's red thing she wears on her neck.

Miss Ophelia. You did, you naughty child! Go and bring it me this minute.

Topsy. Laws, missis, I can't—they 's burnt up.

Miss Ophelia. Burnt up? What a story! Go and get them or I shall whip you.

Topsy. [*Groaning and crying*] I can't, I can't, Miss Feely! They 's burnt up, they is.

Miss Ophelia. What did you burn them up for?

Topsy. [*Rocking to and fro*] 'Cause I 'se wicked, I is. I 'se mighty wicked. I can't help it.

[*Enter Eva wearing red necklace.*]

Miss Ophelia. Why, Eva, where did you get your red necklace?

Eva. Get it? Why, I have had it on all day, and what is funny, aunty, I had it on all night. I forgot to take it off when I went to bed.

Miss Ophelia. [*Lifting her hands in despair*] Whatever shall I do with her! What in the world made you tell me that you took the necklace, Topsy?

Topsy. [*Wiping her eyes*] Missis said I must 'fess. I could n't think of nothin' else to 'fess.

Miss Ophelia. But of course I did n't want you to confess things you did n't do; that is telling a lie just as much as the other.

Topsy. [*Very surprised*] Laws now, is it?

Miss Ophelia. Topsy, what makes you behave so badly?

Topsy. [*Grinning*] Dunno, missis; 'spects it 's my wicked heart.

Miss Ophelia. What shall I do with you? I 'm sure I don't know; this is terrible.

Topsy. Laws, missis, you must whip me. I an't used to workin' unless I gets whipped, but I dunno that it helps much neither. My old missis, she whipped me hard an' pulled my hair, and knocked my head agin the door, but it did n't do me no good. I 'spect if they was to pull every hair out o' my head it would n't do no good neither. I 'se so wicked. I 'se nothin' but a nigger.

Miss Ophelia. [*Going to door*] I never saw such a child! Topsy, if you do not try to be more honest, and better in every way, I shall have to speak to your master. [*Exit.*]

Eva. What makes you so naughty, Topsy? Why don't you try to be good? [*Taking her hand.*] Don't you love anybody, Topsy?

Topsy. [*Blinking her eyes*] Dunno nothin' 'bout love. I love candy, that 's all.

Eva. But you love your father and mother?

Topsy. Never had none: I telled ye that before, Miss Eva.

Eva. [*Sadly*] Oh, I forgot: but had n't you any brother or sister, or aunt, or . . .

Topsy. [*Interrupting*] No, none on 'em. Never had nothin' nor nobody.

Eva. But, Topsy, if you would only try to be good, you might . . .

Topsy. [*Interrupting*] Could n't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good. If I could come white, I 'd try then.

Eva. But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good.

Topsy. [*Laughing*] Would she though? *Eva.* Don't you think so?

Topsy. She can't bear me, 'cause I 'm a nigger. She 'd as soon have a toad touch her. There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'. I don't care. [*Whistles or hums, and tosses her head.*]

Eva. [*Laying her hand on Topsy's shoulder*] O Topsy, I will love you: I love you now, because you have n't any mother or father or friends; because you have been beaten and starved and ill-used. I love you, and I want you to be good. It makes me sorry to have you so naughty. I wish you would try to be good, Topsy. Won't you?

[*Topsy suddenly sits down on the floor and cries softly, hiding her face in her apron.*]

Eva. [*Stroking Topsy's head*] Poor Topsy!

Topsy. O Miss Eva, dear Miss Eva, I will try . . . indeed I will. I never did care nothin' about it before.



GIANT THUNDER BONES

I

THIS is Giant
Thunder Bones.

II

THIS is the Dwarf with anxious looks
Who guarded the castle and
kept the books
For Giant Thunder Bones.



III

THIS is the Gnome with beard so gray
Who digged for gems all night and day
To please the Dwarf with anxious looks
Who guarded the castle and kept the books
For Giant Thunder Bones.



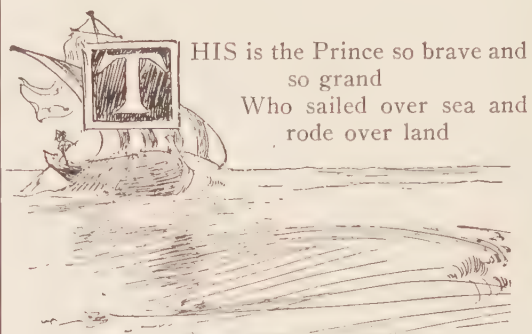
IV

This is the Princess of Wandeltreg
 Who, while playing a game of Mumblepeg,
 Was caught by the Gnome with beard so gray
 Who digged for gems all night and day



To please the Dwarf with anxious looks
 Who guarded the castle and kept the books
 For Giant Thunder Bones.

V



HIS is the Prince so brave and
 so grand
 Who sailed over sea and
 rode over land



Till he found the Princess of Wandeltreg
 Who, while playing a game of Mumblepeg,
 Was caught by the Gnome with beard so gray
 Who digged for gems all night and day
 To please the Dwarf with anxious looks
 Who guarded the castle and kept the books
 For Giant Thunder Bones.

VI

This

is the Goblin
with fingers so
frail

Who hopped with ease
over mountain and dale

As he chased the Prince so brave and so grand
Who sailed over
sea and rode
over land



Till he found the Princess of Wandeltreg
Who, while playing a game of Mumblepeg,
Was caught by the Gnome with beard so
gray

Who digged for gems all night and day
To please the Dwarf with anxious looks
Who guarded the castle and kept the books
For Giant Thunder
Bones.



VII

This

is the Witch
with Broomstick
and Cat

Who sputtered and snarled and
shook her tall hat

When she missed the Goblin with fingers so
frail

Who hopped with ease over mountain and
dale

As he chased the Prince so brave and so grand



Who sailed over sea and rode
over land
Till he found the Princess of Wan-
deltreg

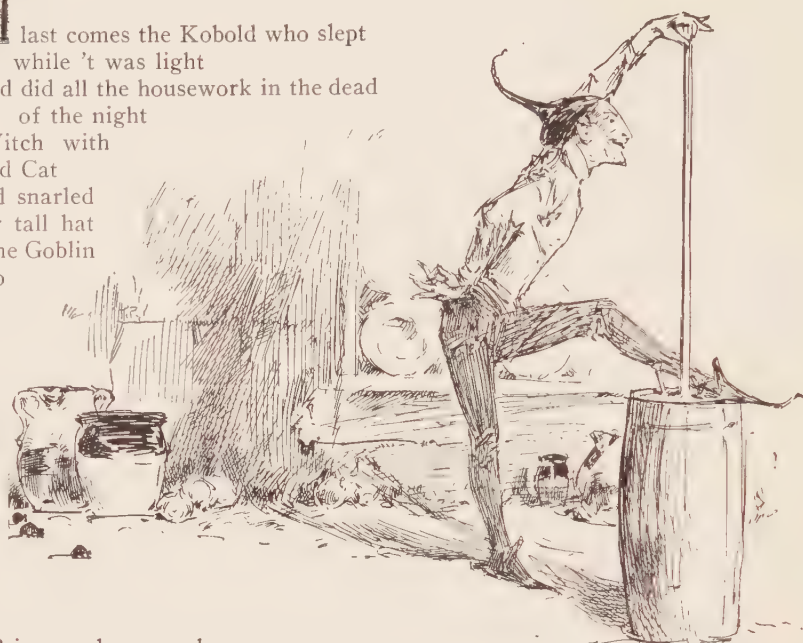
Who, while playing a game of Mumblepeg,
Was caught by the Gnome with beard so gray
Who digged for gems all night and day
To please the Dwarf with anxious looks
Who guarded the castle and kept the books
For Giant Thunder
Bones.

VIII



And last comes the Kobold who slept
while 't was light
And did all the housework in the dead
of the night

To worry the Witch with
Broomstick and Cat
Who sputtered and snarled
and shook her tall hat
When she missed the Goblin
with fingers so
frail
Who hopped with
ease over
mountain
and dale



As he chased the Prince so brave and so
grand

Who sailed over sea and rode over land
Till he found the Princess of Wandeltreg
Who, while playing a game of Mumblepeg,
Was caught by the Gnome with beard so gray
Who dugged for gems all night and day

To please the Dwarf with anxious looks
Who guarded the castle and kept the books
For Giant Thunder Bones.

Stella Doughty.



OUR GREAT AMERICAN WRITERS

PART II

BY ELEANOR COLBY

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

WHEN Judge William Cooper moved from New Jersey to the little settlement on Otsego Lake, James, the youngest of the eleven children, was only a year old. He was born September 15, 1789. Judge Cooper had bought thousands of acres of land, and the people in the little settlement were very proud of the beautiful home which he built on the shores of the lake, and were glad to name the village "Cooperstown" in his honor. Judge Cooper called his home "Otsego Hall," and it was one of the finest places in the country.

In those days there were real Indians roaming the forests, and they were not all bad Indians, so the Cooper boys learned many things from them—things which the Boy Scouts of to-day have to learn from books.

James was just like any other boy. He spent much time out "in the open," learned his lessons at the little district school, and liked to read tales of adventure. When he was eleven years old he and his chum read a book about the adventures of "Don Belianis of Greece." They decided that they could write a book themselves; it was to have lords and ladies and castles in it; but when they had written two short chapters they found that they liked playing outdoors far better than being authors.

Soon after this, James was sent to Albany to study, and a little later he entered Yale College. He was never graduated, for he was expelled in his third year on account of a "frolic" in which he engaged.

He spent the next few years on the sea, for his father had him appointed midshipman. He loved the sailor's life, and it was then that he learned the things which were later to be written in his book "The Pilot," which was the very first fine novel of sea life.

When he married, James Fenimore Cooper had to become a landsman, but all his life he loved the sea, and he always had the habit of walking to and fro as he had done when pacing the quarterdeck.

One day, ten years after his marriage, he was reading a book that he found dull, and he threw it down in disgust. "Why," said he to his wife, "I could write a better book than that myself." His wife urged him to try it, and that was the beginning of his book-writing.

He found that what he had learned about the life of the pioneers and Indians, and about the trackless forests and the shining lakes, was just the material for fine stories. How well he told these stories, every American boy and girl who has read "The Spy" and the "Leatherstocking Tales" knows. Young folk in other lands also know Cooper, for "The Spy" has been translated into almost every language of Europe. In France, Cooper's books are especially popular, and the French school-boy knows him as well as any of you do.

In 1826 Cooper took his wife and family to Europe, and for seven years they stayed there, principally in France. When they came back to America they lived in the old family home at Cooperstown.

Cooper had always been somewhat peculiar and touchy to all but his own family, and now that he had seen Europe with its art and culture, he began finding fault with his own land. He thought American newspapers poor, and American customs unpolished; and before long the people who, but for these things, would have been so proud of him began to dislike him. He had quarrels with editors, quarrels with business men, quarrels with his neighbors. He had written a splendid book called "The Pathfinder." Many called it the "greatest American book"; but now people began to call him "the greatest

American fault-finder." After a while he grew very unhappy, for no one enjoys being disliked.

One may read many things about Cooper's rough manners, and his habit of quarreling, but we cannot believe that the man who gave us some of the best characters to be found in Bookland had no lovable traits. I am glad that some one who knew him wrote: "His rough ways are like the rough shell of a nut. There is a sweet kernel inside." Mr. Cooper died September 14, 1851.

If you have not already met Leatherstocking, get acquainted with him as soon as you can. Thackeray, the great English writer, says that "Leatherstocking is one of the great prize men of fiction."

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

You have probably read of the old town of Salem, Massachusetts, famous in history because of the "Salem Witchcraft"; but when we think of Salem let us remember that if it has given our country some black and terrible things to remember, it has also given us some things of which we are very proud. Especially has it given us good and great men. One of these was William Hickling Prescott, the historian, who was born there May 4, 1796.

His grandfather, Colonel William Prescott, was a maker of history in Revolutionary times, for he took part in the battle of Bunker Hill, and is said to have commanded the patriot troops in that engagement. Judge William Prescott, the father of William Hickling, was a distinguished lawyer, and his mother was a woman of whom some one has said, "She was like sunshine in the house." So William Hickling Prescott came into a home of finest New England ancestry, of culture, and of happiness. There was plenty of money, too, which proved to be a very fortunate thing.

The Prescotts moved to Boston when William was twelve years old, and when he was fifteen he entered Harvard. There, with his merry ways, his handsome face and figure, and his abounding love of fun, young Prescott quickly became so popular that at times his lessons suffered. He was very fond of literature, but had a great dislike of mathematics. He could memorize whole pages of geometry, but it meant little to him.

Something happened when he was in his junior year which changed his whole life. One day a number of the students were having a frolic; they were throwing things at one another. Just then William Prescott happened to pass by. He turned to see what was going on, and a hard

crust of bread hit him in the eye. He fell to the ground and was carried home. Though the eye recovered its appearance, it never recovered its sight, and he returned to college blind in the left eye, and with the sight of the other impaired. In spite of this he became more studious, and his trouble never robbed him of his happy disposition.

He had hoped to practise law after his graduation, but his right eye had become so bad that doctors advised a change of scene and he went to visit relatives in the Azores, a group of islands in the Atlantic about eight hundred miles west of Portugal. At first he enjoyed the tropical fruits and flowers, the queer scenes and the beautiful landscape, but in two weeks his eye became so bad that he had to live in a darkened room. Even then he kept up his spirits, and as he walked back and forth in the darkness his cousins could hear him merrily singing college songs.

His eye became somewhat better and he went to Europe. In London he visited a great doctor who told him that his left eye would never see again and that unless he took the greatest care, his right eye also would lose its sight.

On his twenty-fourth birthday he married Susan Amory. Here let me tell you something very peculiar. Colonel Prescott, William's grandfather, fought on the American side, as I have told you, at Bunker Hill, and his wife's grandfather, Captain Linzee, was commander of a British sloop of war that cannonaded Prescott's breastworks. The swords of these two brave men had been precious heirlooms in the homes of their children, and now they were to hang crossed above the fireplace of William Prescott's home.

Many rich young men would have thought that they had a right to spend life in idle ease since they had been so afflicted, but Prescott wanted to do something which would be worth while. Perhaps, too, he wished to make his beautiful young wife proud of him, for he loved her very dearly.

He decided that he would write, and chose as the subject of his first book "Ferdinand and Isabella." He had to learn Italian, French, and Spanish, and to devote years to studying all that could be found about ancient Spain. Since he could only see a little, all of his studying had to be done by listening to his secretary as he read to him. His own memory became so well trained that he could think out fifty or sixty pages of his book and then write them exactly as they had been planned in his mind. For ten years he worked on this book, but when it was published "the blind historian" immediately became famous. Other historical books followed, and the lives of

these real people became as interesting under Prescott's magic pen as the tales of the "Arabian Nights."

Both in Europe and America the most noted people were his admirers, yet he never became proud, and if we could have seen him playing merry games with his children in the winter evenings we should have thought him as light-hearted as a boy. He was very fond of music, and when writing of a battle would sometimes sing stirring songs to help him "feel the spirit of the thing."

He was generous to the poor, just as his mother had been. His beautiful manners, his courage and cheerfulness in his trouble, and his sweet disposition made friends for him everywhere, and his death on January 28, 1859, was felt with sorrow in many parts of the world. When you read Prescott's histories you will find in them not only information of great value, but also as much pleasure, no doubt, as you often get from a favorite story-book.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

POSSIBLY if you had been one of Harriet Beecher's schoolmates back in those far-away days, and some one had asked you to give your opinion of her, you would have said, "Oh, Hattie Beecher? Why, she is all right, but she is awfully odd. She does n't care a single bit about how she looks and 'does n't seem to know whether she is wearing silk or calico.' She gets sort of absent-minded sometimes, too, and then she is n't a bit jolly. But of course she is about the brightest scholar in the school. I wish I could learn as quickly as Hattie Beecher can."

Yet this same plain little Hattie Beecher was one day to become the most famous woman in our country. But let us "begin at the beginning"! The beginning for her was on June 14, 1811, when she was born at Litchfield, Connecticut. Her father was Lyman Beecher, an eminent clergyman, and Harriet was the seventh little Beecher to come into the plain old house. There were others who came later, one being Henry Ward Beecher, who became a very famous minister.

As a child Harriet enjoyed romping out of doors better than playing with dolls; and when her father took the boys on fishing or hunting excursions, there was apt to be a brown-eyed curly-headed girl in the crowd.

When Harriet was not quite four years old her mother died, and after that there was quite a lot of shifting around for the Beecher boys and girls. Harriet went to live with her aunt—her

mother's sister—where her grandma also lived, and her uncle George, and they all made a happy home for the little girl.

She could read almost as early as she could walk, and by the time she was ten she had read everything she could lay hands on. She loved story-books like the "Arabian Nights," and was very fond of imagining things. She delighted in poetry too, particularly Byron's, and when she was twelve years old and heard of the poet's death, she went off into the fields and flung herself down in the grass and wept. She felt that she had lost a friend.

Dr. Lyman Beecher was a great thinker, and a minister who preached with power; but he was so busy thinking and preaching that sometimes he did n't mind much about the bread-and-butter side of life. He was a splendid, great-hearted man, though, and was his children's chum and companion. No one else could play the fiddle or sing jolly songs for them as he could, and the stories he could tell were wonderful.

When Harriet was about twelve she went to Hartford to attend her sister's school, and before long she was teaching there. A few years later her father was called to be president of a seminary in Cincinnati, Ohio, and the family moved "out West," for in those days Cincinnati seemed like the far West. The first book Harriet wrote was a geography. One would n't expect a novelist to begin by writing such a book as that. It sold well, though, and they needed money.

Before long Harriet fell in love with Professor Calvin Ellis Stowe, a teacher in her father's school. Professor Stowe had a vast fund of Greek and Latin, but very little money, and for many years the Stowes were poor. Little Stowe came into the home, and mother was a very busy woman. She had the household care, and besides this she wrote stories for magazines.

While living in Cincinnati she heard a great deal about slavery, and often talked with escaped or liberated slaves. Indeed, it has been said that Topsy, whom we all know, was suggested by a funny little black girl whom the Stowes took into their home and tried to educate and train. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was not written in Cincinnati, however, but in Maine, where Professor Stowe had moved when he accepted a professorship at Bowdoin College, Brunswick. Mrs. Stowe did not dream that the book was to be such a success, but it went "like wildfire." Hundreds of thousands of copies were sold within a few years, and soon it was translated into many foreign languages. It was also dramatized, or made into a play, and there is hardly a man or woman in this country

who has not had an opportunity to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on the stage. It has been played, too, in every foreign capital of Europe.

When you read this wonderful book you must remember that there were hundreds of slave-owners in the South who were very fond of their slaves and very kind to them. They were not all Simon Legrees by any means; still slavery was an awful curse, and it had to be wiped out before we could be a great free country.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" had an immense influence, and when Abraham Lincoln met Mrs. Stowe, years after it was written, he seized her hand and said, "Is this the little woman who made the great war?"

After this came other stories. You should read "Oldtown Folks," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "We and Our Neighbors," and others that we do not here tell you the titles of. You can find them at bookstores and libraries.

It is as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," however, that Harriet Beecher Stowe is best remembered. It was that which brought her fame and made her welcome wherever she went. There was no more lack of money in the Stowe home, either; and European tours and a winter home in Florida brought wonderful experiences and restful days. Mrs. Stowe died in Hartford, Connecticut, July 1, 1896.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

You might fancy that a boy who was born on the Fourth of July would be a rollicking youngster, fond of excitement and noise; but Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on "Independence Day," 1804, was a quiet little chap, who spent much time by himself, and who liked to read better than to play.

His father, who was a sea-captain, died when Nathaniel was only four years old. Then the mother became a very sad woman, and often she would shut herself in her room for days without even seeing her little son; and that, perhaps, is one reason why he became so "peculiar."

Of course he played at times with other boys. When he was nine he injured his foot while playing ball. For three years he could not go to school, but every day his teacher came to the Hawthorne home, and so he did not get behind his schoolmates. This teacher was Joseph E. Worcester, the wise man who made the big "Worcester's Dictionary."

Though Nathaniel was bright in his studies, he was very bashful. Once, when he tried to speak a piece in school, some of the older boys teased

him, and from that day on he never could be persuaded to talk in public.

When he was seventeen he went to Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine. The journey was made in the stage-coach, and among his companions on that long ride was Franklin Pierce, who was going back to enter his sophomore year. No one who saw these two young men in the stage-coach that day would have dreamed that one was some day to be the President of the United States and the other to be one of our greatest authors. They became friends then and were loyal friends all through life.

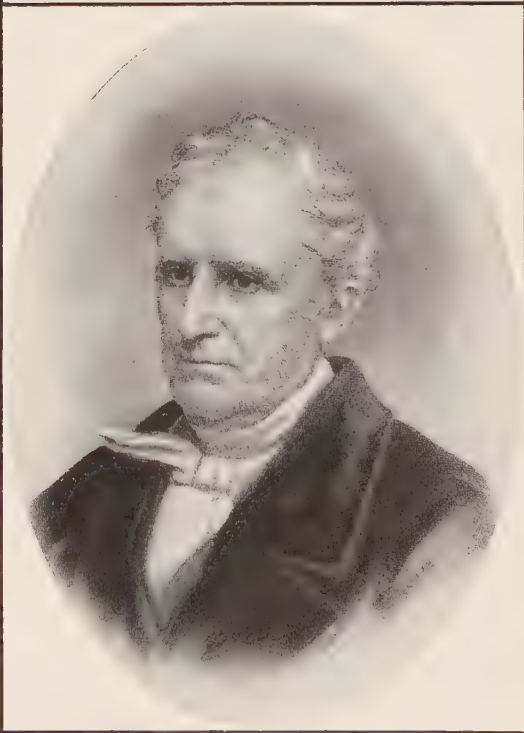
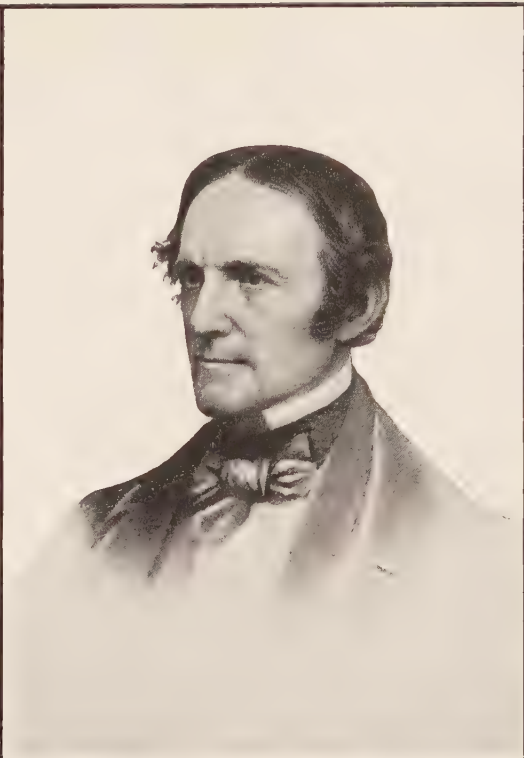
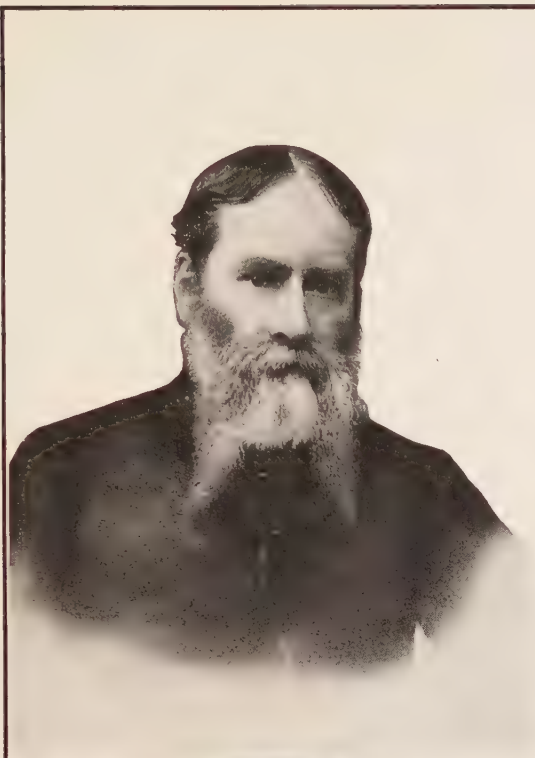
At college Hawthorne was not very popular with the boys. Most of them thought him moody and proud and cold. This opinion of him may have been due to the fact that he was so shy, so reserved and quiet. He really had a sad, sensitive disposition; "a nature draped in mourning," Oliver Wendell Holmes called it. If his college life had helped him to be a little more companionable and merry, this work was undone by the year which he spent in a lonely house in the Maine woods soon after his graduation. He afterward wrote, "It was there that I first got my cursed habits of solitude."

He had always had a taste for literature, and decided to make writing his life-work. In the little room at Salem where he was born he wrote many stories, but it was a long time before he earned much money from them. Many times he was discouraged. Sometimes he spent weeks in writing a story, and then threw it into the fire because it was not good enough to come up to his high standard. Some of the short stories he wrote at this time, and which were published in magazines, he afterward made into a book, calling it "Twice-Told Tales." You must surely read these stories, and you will see why people began to talk about Nathaniel Hawthorne as "one of America's rising authors."

When he was thirty-eight years old he married Sophia Peabody. Besides his writing, he had other occupation in a position in the Boston customhouse. Imagine a man like Hawthorne overseeing weighers and the coaling of vessels, and then going out to the quaint house at Concord, which he and his wife had rented, and writing that beautiful book called "Mosses from an Old Manse."

After three years he received a better position in the Salem customhouse, and the Hawthornes moved into the very house where Nathaniel had spent his boyhood.

A man of his genius could find material for story-making even in a dingy old building like that. Read "The Scarlet Letter" and see what



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.
JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

Hawthorne found. He did not write the book until he had lost his position through politics. Then he also found time to write "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Wonder Book," and "Tanglewood Tales," those weirdly fascinating stories which every one delights to read.

Though Hawthorne was often thought to be cold and disagreeable by people who did not know him well, his wife and three children loved him devotedly. He would help his little son Julian to make paper boats; would tell the children the most wonderful tales, and take them on long walks. The world thought him a man of shadows, but his family knew his sunnier side.

Through his friend Franklin Pierce, who had become President of the United States, Hawthorne was made American consul at Liverpool in 1853, and the four years spent there furnished him with many more experiences.

Before coming back to America he spent a year in Italy. He rented a villa in Florence, from where he wrote: "I have this villa, tower and all, at twenty-eight dollars a month, but I mean to take it away bodily and clap it into a romance which I have in my head ready to be written out." That "romance" was the story of "The Marble Faun."

While on a trip for his health the author died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, on May 19, 1864.

FRANCIS PARKMAN

So many of our great writers have been born in or near Boston, that you will not be surprised to find that Francis Parkman was a native of that city. He was born September 16, 1823. The Parkmans were a fine family. Their ancestors had been distinguished New England people, and there were scholars and successful business men among them. The father and great-grandfather of Francis were clergymen.

Much of Francis Parkman's boyhood was spent with his grandparents on a farm in a wild and wooded spot not many miles from Boston. He went to school, but spent more time in hunting, fishing, and wandering around "seeing things" in the woods than he did in poring over his lessons.

When he was seventeen he entered Harvard College, and as he became more of a student he began to feel that some one ought to write about the early history of this country, because things were changing so rapidly that before long there would be no old historic landmarks left. He decided that to write such a history should be his life-work. He did not want to write about things of which he knew only through books. He felt that he must experience some of the things which

the pioneers and Indians had gone through. He must live in the trackless forest, and know the life of the open as they had known it.

His first trip in search of experiences was made during his vacation when he was eighteen years old. He and a college chum went into northern Maine, as wild a region as one could find. They hired a guide to go with them through the forests, but by the second day Parkman's chum was ready to turn back, for the hardships they encountered discouraged him. He had to go on, however, for having once started he could not go back alone. The experiences they had would be thrilling reading for the most enthusiastic boy scout. The raft they made of logs tied with grape-vines had to be left when they came to a certain place. They made a canoe, but it was wrecked in the rapids. Another raft was torn to pieces in the wild river. They were lost in the great trackless forest, and at last came back to civilization almost dead from exposure and as hungry as famished wolves.

After his graduation from Harvard, Parkman decided to write "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," which tells of one of the most thrilling events in American history. To do this truthfully he went to Ohio, Michigan, and Indiana, and wherever he could hear of any old trapper who could tell him tales of those early days he would trail him and learn all he could. He felt that he must know the Indians in their savage state, so he ventured out to the far West, where in those days the red men were as wild and fierce as those who had fought savagely in the siege of Detroit in 1763. He lived among these warlike tribes for months, riding with them on the war-path or the buffalo-hunt, sitting with them around the camp-fire, picking up their language so that he could learn their habits and beliefs, eating dog-meat and porridge from the dirty kettles, and enduring so many hardships and perils that when he went back to Boston he was almost a wreck.

He never entirely recovered from these experiences, his worst trouble being a blindness which was almost total for three years. All the rest of his life his eyesight was very poor and all of his studying had to be done by having a secretary read to him. He had a wonderful memory, and after they had gone through books, letters, and documents in the libraries and museums of Europe, so as to learn all that could be known about the colonists, Parkman would dictate his wonderful histories.

There were times when he could do no studying, because of his poor health, but he simply would not be idle, and such times he spent in the garden of his country place near Boston. Soon

he knew the habits of his flowers as well as he had known those of the Indians, and he became famous as a horticulturist. (That long word means a person who knows about the cultivation of vegetables, fruits, and flowers.)

It was in studying that Parkman spent most of his time, however, and seven times he went to Europe to pore over old manuscripts so that his own books would be wholly true. Read some of these books and you will wish to read them all. Begin with "The Oregon Trail"; read "The Conspiracy of Pontiac"; then, when you are a little older, read his other histories. As you read, remember that he worked under great difficulties. He was a real hero, and America honors him. Francis Parkman was seventy years old when he died on November 8, 1893.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

WHERE Ralph Waldo Emerson was born, in Boston, tall warehouses, grimy with smoke and dust, now stand. It was not like this on that wonderful day, May 25, 1803, when baby Ralph came into the world. The old house stood in a large yard, great apple-trees were decked with blossoms, the vegetable-garden was alive with "green things growing," and one could hear the tinkle of cow-bells in a pasture not far away.

Ralph's father, the Reverend William Emerson, died before the oldest of his six children had reached ten years. You may be sure that life looked pretty serious to the family in the old parsonage. Mrs. Emerson was determined that the children should have an education, so she took boarders and was careful and saving; there were no useless luxuries. Ralph and his brother Edward had but one coat between them, and had to take turns in wearing it and in bearing the taunts of some rough boys who would say, "Whose turn is it to wear the coat to-day?" Though they may have been ashamed of their shabby clothes, they never had shabby minds. They loved books and stood high in their classes. The Emersons had always been a family of scholars.

The children helped the mother with the work; and if a boy is a born poet, a little dishwashing and sweeping will not rub the poetry off. Ralph was always clever at verse-making, and when Edward went away to the academy his letters from his brother often had original rhymes in them. Here is one which he made up while scouring the knives:

"Melodious knife, and thou harmonious sand,
Touched by the poet-scourer's rugged hand,
Where swift ye glide along the scouring-board
With music's note your happy bard reward."

XIX—13

Soon came his own college days, and after being graduated he became a minister and preached for several years; but it was as a writer of prose and poetry and as a lecturer that he became famous. His lectures were very inspiring to thoughtful hearers, and he had the same fine manner on the platform as in his home.

The house where he lived in Concord is and always was plain and homelike. There was always a place in it for his friends, and the lucky guest was treated "just like one of the family." There was the same welcome whether the guest was one of the humble neighbors or one of the poet's great friends from Europe. He had traveled and seen the world, but loved best to stay at home with his wife and the children. He was young at heart, too, and when his daughter ran in one day to ask who should be invited to join a berry-picking party, he answered, "Invite all the children from six years to sixty."

On the morning of July 24, 1872, Mr. Emerson's house was destroyed by fire. It was a severe blow to him. Thousands of dollars were presented to him at this time by friends, with which the house could be rebuilt, and he was persuaded to take a vacation across the sea.

He returned in May, 1873, "and was received," says his biographer, James Elliot Cabot, "at the station in Concord by a general gathering of his townspeople, who had arranged that the approach of the steamer should be notified by a peal of the church-bells, which tolled out the hour when he would come. The whole town assembled, down to the babies in their wagons, and as the train emerged from the Walden woods the engine sent forth a note of triumph, which was echoed by the cheers of the assemblage. Emerson appeared, surprised and touched, on the platform, and was escorted with music between two rows of smiling school-children to his house, where a triumphal arch of leaves and flowers had been erected. Emerson went out to the gate and spoke his thanks to the crowd, and then returned to make a delighted progress through the house, which had been restored, with some improvements, . . . the study unchanged, with its books and manuscripts and his pictures and keepsakes in their wonted array."

Mr. Emerson believed in what people call "the simple life." Good plain wholesome meals, plenty of healthful exercise, and time to read and study. Perhaps it was his habit of taking a long walk every day from four to six that kept him so well. He was a great believer in health and said, "Any man could be a poet if his digestions were perfect." His long walks brought him not only health but materials for his writings,

and on his return his pockets would hold thoughts jotted down during his wanderings.

Emerson always had a kind word for others. Some one has said that "he gilded his friends with his own sunshine." Surely his friends missed that sunshine when it was gone. He died at Concord April 27, 1882.

When people journey to foreign lands they bring back souvenirs of their travels, and in our "Little Journeys into Bookland" we shall wish to gather some treasures to keep as our own. These treasures we will stow away in our minds. For your smaller keepsakes from the Emerson home in Bookland, you must get by heart some of the short quotations from his pen. These will be easy to find, for few authors have been more quoted. "Hitch your wagon to a star" is one of his sayings that you probably already know. Find and learn as many others as you can.

Read and memorize his poems "The Apology" and "The Walk," then take a walk yourself and see if you can see as much beauty in common things as he could. Read "Each and All," and see if you can tell what the poet meant. As you read his poems, notice how often he mentions the pine. It was his favorite tree friend. You may be too young to enjoy his essays; if so, they will be a treat for you in later years.

JULIA WARD HOWE

If ever a child was born into this world "with a silver spoon in her mouth," that child was little Julia Ward, when she made her entry into life, in New York, on May 27, 1819. The Wards were one of the richest and most cultured families in the city. Their beautiful home was visited by famous writers, musicians, and social leaders. There was "a house full of children," and these, with the cousins, uncles, and aunts who lived near by, made a fine family circle.

Although Mr. Ward was a banker, he did not let money-making take all of his time, but was interested and helpful in many charities and city improvements. He had come of old Puritan stock and was quite strict about many things, but his children loved him dearly, and when they grew up they were very grateful for exactly the sort of training they had been given.

Julia was much like other children. Once, when she was very small, she did something naughty, and her mother said she must ask pardon. She looked up and said with perfect contentment, "Oh, yes, I pardon you."

Though her dear mother died when little Julia was only five or six, she always remembered the happy times they had had together. When the

mother had gone, an aunt came to care for the children.

When Julia was sixteen she finished school, and as there were no girls' colleges in those days, she kept on with her studies at home, with the help of the best teachers that could be found. She learned to speak German, French, and Italian, and became a fine musician. Books she loved and was always reading. She liked to write, too, and when she was only sixteen some of her verses were printed. She was still quite young when her dear father died. He had been her best friend and she missed him terribly.

When she was about twenty-two she went to visit in Boston, and her friends took her to the Perkins Institute for the Blind, where she met Dr. Howe, its superintendent, who was doing wonderful things in his work for the sightless inmates. He was a delightful man, very distinguished, being much older than Julia Ward, who soon became Julia Ward Howe. They had a very happy life together, and all the talents which had made Julia Ward such a favorite in the New York circle were put to use to help her husband in his work. He was a man who could not bear to see others sad or afflicted or in trouble without doing what he could to help them, and he labored for the blind, the deaf, the slaves, the criminals. When he was younger he had even been over to Greece to help the Greeks fight for their freedom from the Turkish rule. Dr. Samuel Howe was indeed a man of whom Julia Ward might well be proud.

She was a very busy woman, for besides helping her husband she was the best kind of a mother to the four little girls who came to bless their home. Then, too, she found time to write many poems. I wonder if you know the story of how she came to write her most famous poem—"The Battle Hymn of the Republic." She and Dr. Howe, with several friends, were in Washington in December, 1861, when the city was full of soldiers, and there was great excitement everywhere. One day they drove out of town with some friends to see the troops reviewed. The review was interrupted by an attack of the enemy, and the party drove back to the city. On the way they passed through files of soldiers, who joined with them in singing "John Brown's Body," and Mrs. Howe was very much stirred. "You ought to write some new words to that music," said one of the party. "I will," she replied, for she had often wished to do so. That night, as she lay thinking, the familiar melody kept running through her mind, but gradually new words came and fitted themselves to the old tune. She arose and wrote the poem, which is the best known of

her writings. Read it, learn it, and sing it. Read "Our Orders" and "The Flag."

After Dr. Howe's death Mrs. Howe became a famous lecturer and preacher. She had had such a splendid time being a woman, and had learned so much, that she wanted all women to have opportunities—the same opportunities as men. That was what she hoped for and worked for.

She lived to see some of her dreams come true and to see her four daughters grown to beautiful womanhood. Have you ever read that dear little story "Captain January," by Laura E. Richards? Perhaps you do not know that Mrs. Richards is one of Mrs. Howe's daughters.

Julia Ward Howe left this earth on October 17, 1910; and she left it better and happier because she had lived in it.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

If some one should ask you whose birthday occurs on February 22, you would say "George Washington's." Another great American was born on that day of February—James Russell Lowell—but he came into the world eighty-seven years later than our first President.

The house where the poet was born was a fine old mansion in Cambridge, Massachusetts. It stood in a great park among beautiful elms, and was called "Elmwood." If the house could have talked it could have told wonderful stories, for there were dents in the library floor which had been made by the British muskets during the Revolutionary War, and there was an old painting which had been cut by the sword of a red-coat.

The house had huge chimneys and great open fireplaces, and when baby James was born his nurse "carried him around the fireplace in her arms for luck."

When he grew to be a boy "Jemmy Lowell" spent hours out in the garden watching the birds that were welcomed to Elmwood and made to feel at home among the fine old trees. His fondness for birds shows plainly in his writings. Read "My Garden Acquaintance." Forty different kinds of birds are mentioned there. Have you a "speaking-acquaintance" with as many little feathered people?

The Lowells had always been a fine family, and among his ancestors the poet had lawyers, judges, and scholars. His father was a clergyman, and his mother loved books and study, so the Lowell children felt as much at home with their book friends that stood on the great shelves in the study and library as they did with their playmates.

In his sixteenth year James entered Harvard. He learned very quickly, and sometimes found too much time for mischief, but most of his spare time was spent in writing rhymes, a thing he dearly loved to do. After he was graduated he studied law and opened an office in Boston; but he soon dropped the legal profession and devoted himself to writing.

Elmwood, his boyhood's home, was his home all through life. It was here that he brought his lovely young wife, and here that their children were born.

Lowell's poems and essays soon made him famous, and tourists began to come to Elmwood to see him. He did not care to meet strangers, and his house was not opened to them as was Longfellow's house half a mile away. He was rather reserved and dignified, yet when once he really knew and liked a person, one could not find a more loyal friend. His books were always among his dearest companions.

During the days of the Civil War, Lowell fought bravely against slavery; he fought with his pen, but it sometimes takes as much courage to write as to go to battle.

There were great honors in store for James Russell Lowell. He succeeded Longfellow as professor at Harvard, was editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" and of the "North American Review," and was sent as United States minister to Spain and then to England. When a great country chooses a man to represent her across the sea, she tries to select the one best fitted for the place to which he is sent. Mr. Lowell made many friends for our country. Queen Victoria greatly admired him and delighted in hearing him talk, for he could "hold his own" among the great and wise of the world.

Although he grew fond of England, and enjoyed his life there very much, he used often to long for the old home with its quiet study and familiar furnishings. He missed the old elms too, and said to a friend who had just been to America, "How were the elms? Did they send me a message?"

When he came back after ten years abroad, he lived in the old house, but he was a lonely man in the latter part of his life, for his wife had died and he missed her dear companionship, as well as that of the children who had gone. Many of the old friends also were dead, and he had sad hours as he sat before the great fireplace dreaming dreams of the past. Still, there were sunny hours as well, for he had naturally a happy heart. It was in the dear old home that he died, August 12, 1891.

As you grow older you will read Lowell's

essays, but you are already old enough to read and enjoy much of his poetry. Read "The Vision of Sir Launfal," which is one of his very best poems. Learn "To the Dandelion," and the poem beginning "What is so rare as a day in June?" You could not carry from Bookland lovelier memory-gems than these.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

THERE is a part of England that forms a wide industrial district, in which is the great center of the English cotton manufacture and trade—the city of Manchester. It was in this English city that Frances Eliza Hodgson was born November 24, 1849.

Even as a little child she used to love to think out stories, and she has said, "I cannot remember the time when I did not write." She even remembers how she wrote some little verses when she was only seven years old.

One day as Frances stood at the window she saw some young girls from the cotton mills go by. Among them was a beautiful girl who seemed to be a leader among the rest. She was tall and straight, and although she was poorly dressed there was something rather queenly about her. Just then a great, coarse, drunken man came along. He was the girl's father, and giving her a blow, he commanded her to go home. Without a word, and with not a sign of fear on her face, the girl obeyed. This made such an impression on the child who watched from the window, that when she became a writer she took that girl for the heroine of a novel. When you read "That Lass o' Lowrie's," you must remember that "Joan" in the story was drawn from the factory-girl whom the author saw when she was a child.

When Frances was fifteen years old her parents moved to America. They settled in a wild region of Tennessee. But Frances Hodgson would have written if she had lived at the north pole or in Zululand, because she had a talent for writing that must express itself. She was only sixteen when she had her first story accepted. It was so good that the editor could hardly believe she had done it herself. Before long all of the best magazines were anxious for her stories. When she became Mrs. Burnett she still found time to write, and her story-book people are almost as well known as are the people of whom Dickens wrote.

When Mrs. Burnett writes a story, her people seem as real to her as though they were actual flesh-and-blood folks. When they get into trouble it makes her sad. When they are happy she is glad.

She has traveled a great deal and knows both England and America, so she can write stories of either. Since her second marriage her name is Townsend, but all over Bookland we still call her Mrs. Burnett.

Of course you have read "Little Lord Fauntleroy" over and over, and know what a beautiful story it is. Her own little son Vivian furnished her model for this story, and many of the quaint things said and done by Little Lord Fauntleroy were really said and done in Mrs. Burnett's own home by her own little laddie.

Perhaps you have read the story of "A Fair Barbarian," and laughed at the funny adventures of Octavia Bassett. She is an American girl who goes to England to visit, and if you do not know her now, hurry right down to the library and get acquainted with her!

You really should know all of Mrs. Burnett's people, for in all Bookland you can find none more interesting.



THE MOUND OF STONES CONTRIBUTED BY VISITORS TO WALDEN, MARKING THE SITE OF THOREAU'S HUT.



CHILDREN FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK—III TUESDAY :

Tuesday's child is full of grace.



By permission of C. Klackner. Copyright, 1893.

DRESS PARADE.

FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.



By permission of C. Klackner. Copyright, 1882.

CLEAR THE TRACK.

FROM A PAINTING BY I. G. BROWN.

POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

PART III

WHITE BUTTERFLIES

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

FLY, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail, pale wings for the wind to try,
Small white wings that we scarce can see,
Fly!

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a long, low sigh;
All to the haven where each would be,
Fly!

ONLY ONE

BY GEORGE COOPER

HUNDREDS of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
And hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;—
But only one mother the wide world over.

THE FUNNY CARPENTER

BY ARCHIBALD HOBSON

THERE was once a funny carpenter, who lived I don't know where;
And every building he did build had *such* a funny air!



THE CROSS CARPENTER-SHOP.

He started out to build a shop,
But when he got it done
It looked so very cross it made
His customers all run.

He once was hired to build a church,
But had no luck in that;
His fellow-townsmen, laughing, said
It looked more like a cat.



THE CAT CHURCH.

Some friends they let him build an inn,
 But they were money out,
 For not a guest would take a bite;
 They 'd rather do without.



THE INN THAT SHOWED ITS TEETH.

At last he made a little barn,
 And this was a success.
 The neighbors all admitted
 'T was a barn—no more, no less.



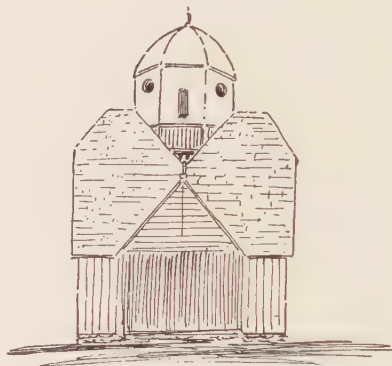
JUST A BARN.

But later on he built a hall
 Above and to the rear,
 Which gave the finished building
 A look of silly fear.



THE SCARED BARN.

He fixed the schoolhouse belfry,
 And oh! it seems absurd,
 But the building then resembled
 A sickly dodo bird.



THE DODO SCHOOLHOUSE.

One house he made to rent,
 But no tenant could be found,
 For no one likes to have his house
 Make faces all around.



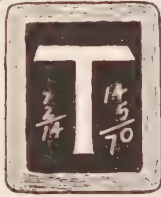
THE HOUSE FACING SEVERAL WAYS.

And now this funny carpenter began to put on airs;
 For he said it took the greatest skill to build such splendid stares.

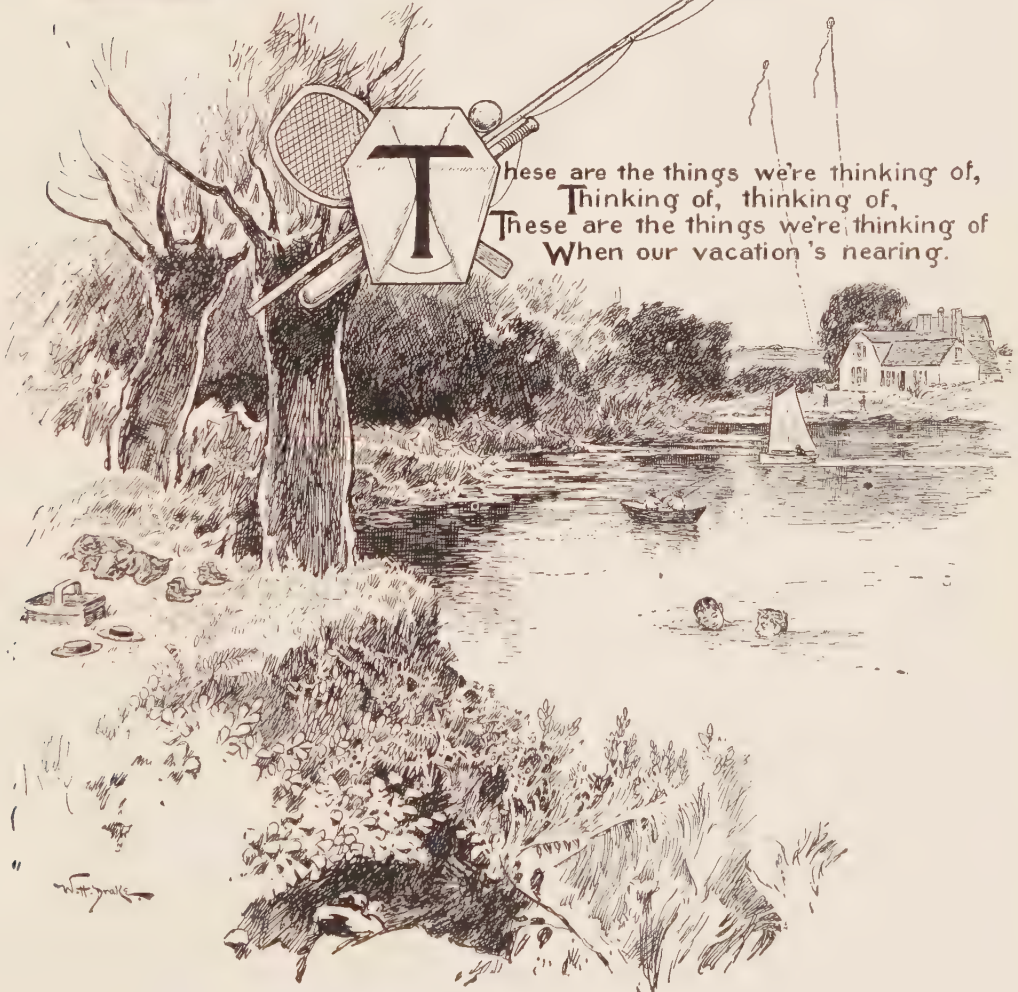


WHEN VACATION 'S NEARING

By A. S. WEBBER



This is the way we study hard,
Study hard, study hard,
This is the way we study hard
When our vacation's nearing.



These are the things we're thinking of,
Thinking of, thinking of,
These are the things we're thinking of
When our vacation's nearing.

THE DANCING CLASS

By
Esther H. Staples



“One, two,” the professor said.
“And again, a one two three.
One, two, and a one two three,
Is the polka time” said he.





“One, two, three”, professor said,
“And again a one, two, three.
One, two, three, and one, two, three,
Is the waltzing time” said he.



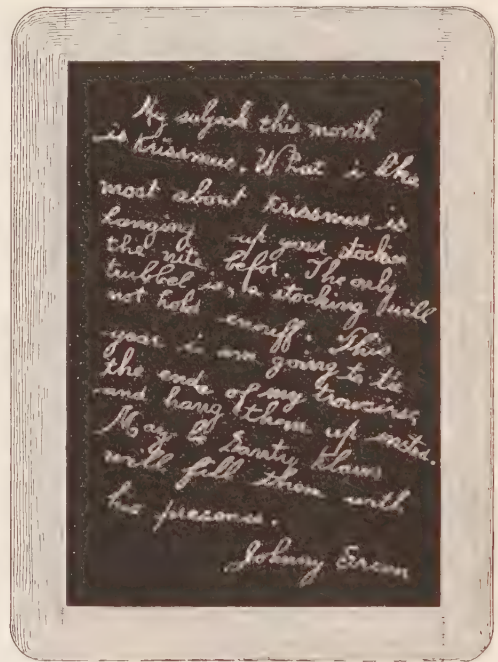
JUST FOR FUN

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS



ON a fence, a few miles from the village, one day,
A man on the cornet was trying to play.
"This would trouble," he said, "all the neighbors,
I fear,
So I come out to practise where no one can
hear."
Bless his dear little heart! It's not often you
see
Such a thoughtful, considerate person as he!

LITTLE JOHNNY'S COMPOSITION



BEFORE a clock two figures stood, with cymbals
and a drum,
And one each hour went rub-a-dub, the other
tumty-tum;
"These concerts," they would grumble, "are too
great a strain, we fear;
Why, we're giving over eighty-seven hundred
in a year!"



BACK FROM THE CONCERT

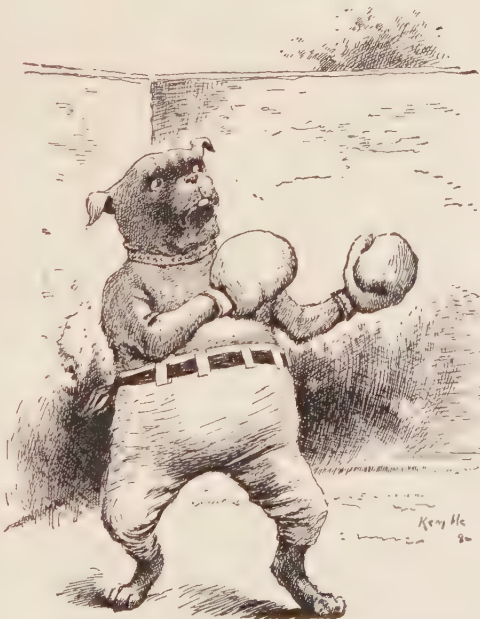
MRS. THOMAS DE CATT—Were any gifts showered on you, after you struck the high C?

MR. THOMAS DE CATT—Nothing of value, my dear; only a bootjack, two bottles, an old shoe-brush, and three tomato-cans.



THE GINGERBREAD BOY

THE gingerbread boy on the Christmas tree
Looked down from his place
with joy;
"There 's always room at the top," said he,
"For a well-bred gingerbread boy."



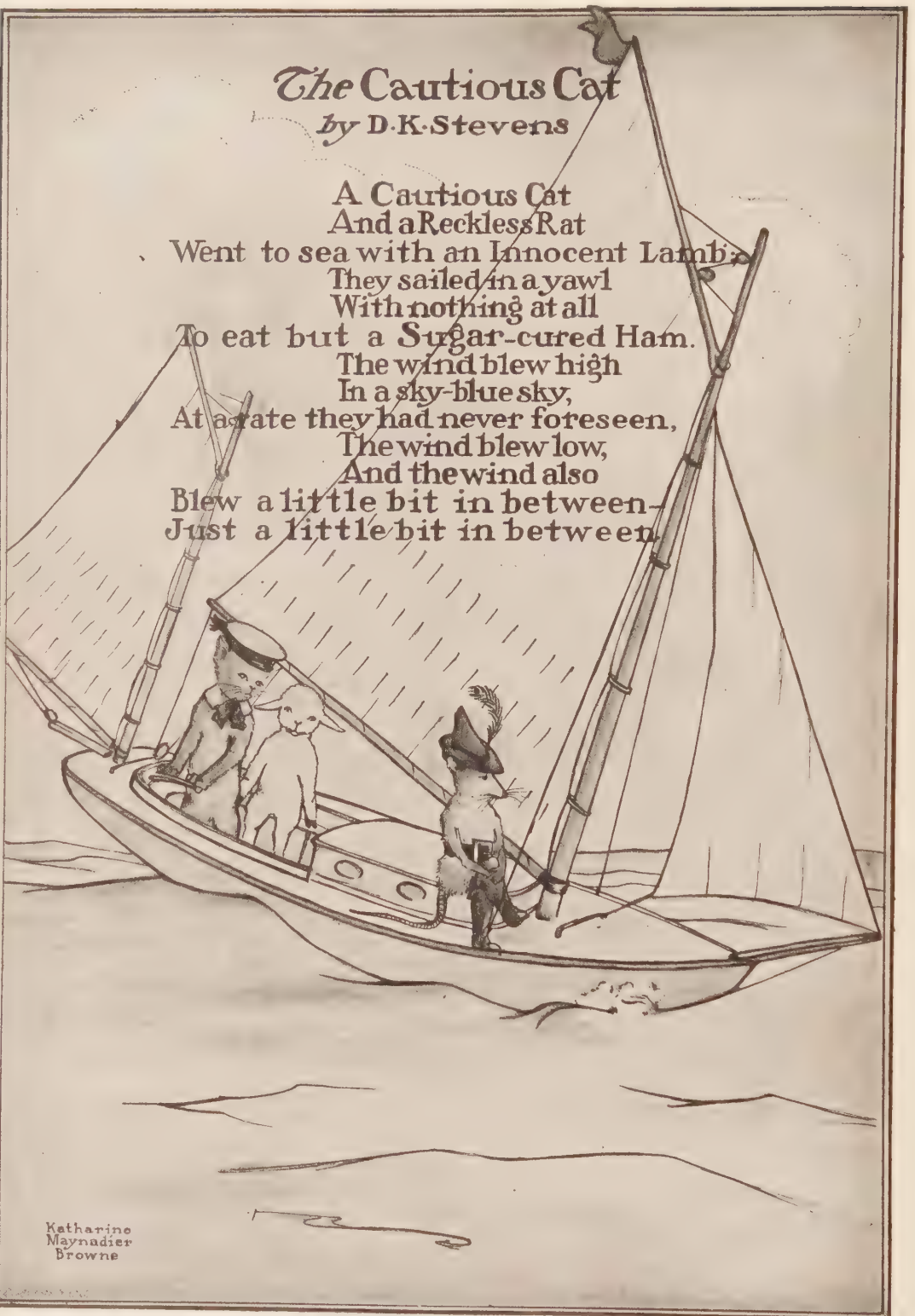
THE BOASTFUL PUG

THE boastful pug put on boxing-gloves,
And in a loud tone said he:
"I 'm champion of all the little dogs;
Will any one spar with me?"
And the Maltese cat, from a safe place, said:
"To spar with you I 'll agree."
"Come down on the ground, then," said the pug;
Said the cat: "You come up in the tree!"

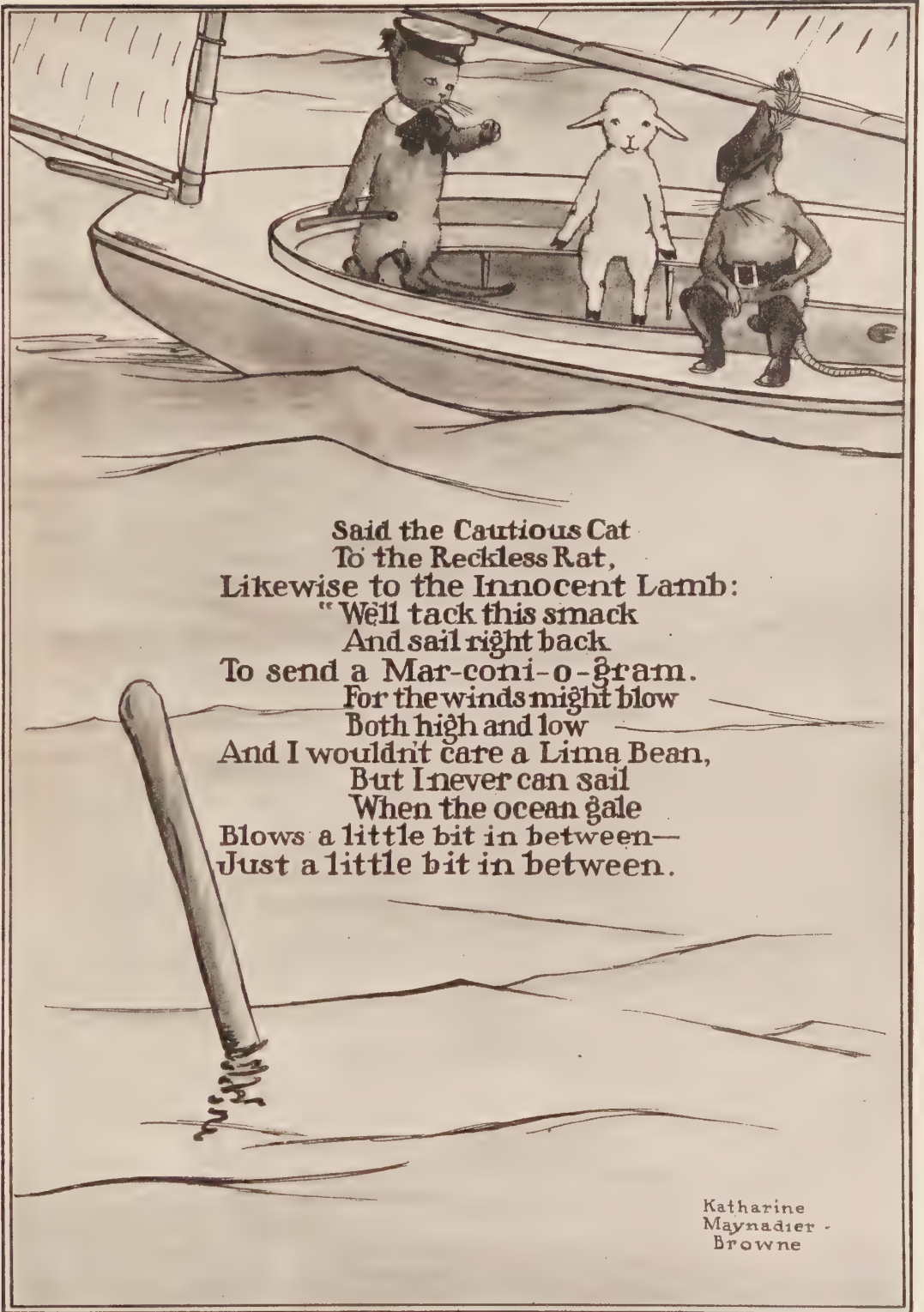
The Cautious Cat

by D.K. Stevens

A Cautious Cat
And a Reckless Rat
Went to sea with an Innocent Lamb,
They sailed in a yawl
With nothing at all
To eat but a Sugar-cured Ham.
The wind blew high
In a sky-blue sky,
At a rate they had never foreseen,
The wind blew low,
And the wind also
Blew a little bit in between—
Just a little bit in between.



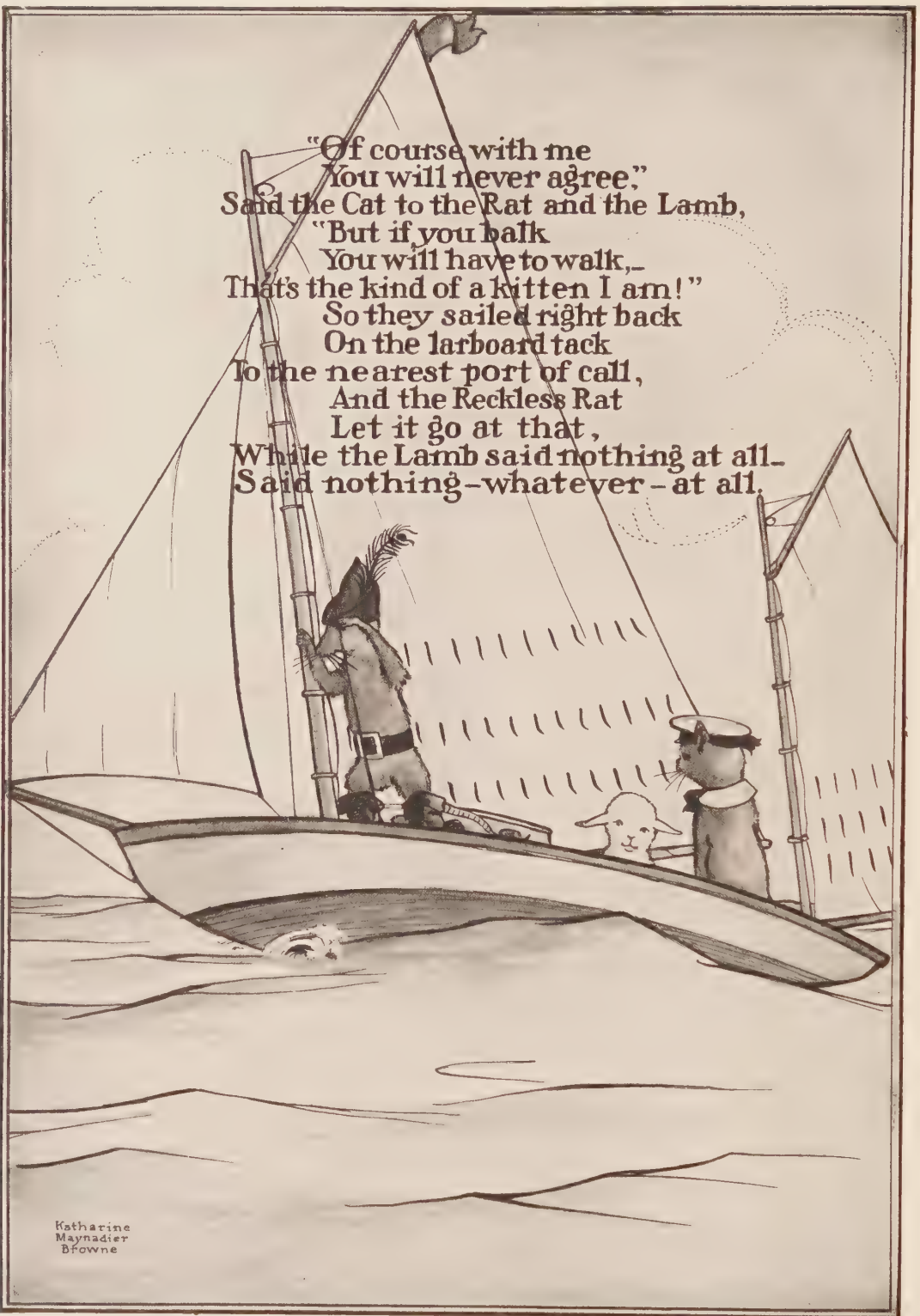
Katharine
Maynadier
Browne



Said the Cautious Cat
 To the Reckless Rat,
 Likewise to the Innocent Lamb:
 "We'll tack this smack
 And sail right back
 To send a Mar-coni-o-gram.
 For the winds might blow
 Both high and low
 And I wouldn't care a Lima Bean,
 But I never can sail
 When the ocean gale
 Blows a little bit in between—
 Just a little bit in between.

Katharine
 Maynadier -
 Browne

"Of course with me
You will never agree,"
Said the Cat to the Rat and the Lamb,
"But if you balk
You will have to walk,-
That's the kind of a kitten I am!"
So they sailed right back
On the larboard tack
To the nearest port of call,
And the Reckless Rat
Let it go at that,
While the Lamb said nothing at all-
Said nothing-whatever-at all.



Katharine
Maynadier
Browne

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

A biography, as I have told you elsewhere, is the history of a man's life, and it would be hard for me to tell you in words how very important biography is. You know that practically everything in the world except what was created by God we owe to the world's great men. It is to them we owe our knowledge, our laws, our inventions, our great writings, our great paintings and statues, everything that the human mind has discovered or created or carried out. Just imagine how much America owes to George Washington and Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Edison—to mention only a very few.

It is important, then, that we should know all about those men who have done so much for the world. What sort of children were they? Were they good boys or bad boys? What games did they play? What kind of homes had they, and what things were they fond of, and how did they spend their time? We want to know all these things because we want to see whether those great men were really much different from us. And when we think that they were greater and more useful than other men, not because they were born to be so, but because they led different lives, we ought to be very anxious to know all about those lives, that we may learn from them how to make our own lives, so far as we can, great and useful too. Besides, the best way to learn the history of the world is to know the lives of the men who did the great things that have been done. Thomas Carlyle, the great English writer, said that the history of a country is the biography of its great men.

Men have written biography from the very earliest times; in fact, it was one of the very first forms of literature. Instead of talking about the great things that were done, people in olden times preferred to talk about the great men who did them. The

"Iliad" and the "Odyssey" of the ancient Greek poet Homer, two of the oldest writings in existence, are to a certain extent biographies of two men, Achilles and Ulysses. The story of the Patriarchs in the Bible is a sort of biography, and so is the beautiful story of Ruth. But the first real biographies, as we understand biographies to-day, were the lives of several famous Greeks and Romans written by a Greek author named Plutarch. His "Lives" are very good examples of biography even for writers of the present day, and many writers since Plutarch's time owe much to them. Shakespeare, for example, took from them material for several of his plays.

The best biographies of all time have been written by authors who were friends of the men they wrote about and who knew them intimately for several years. Such a biography is Boswell's famous "Life of Samuel Johnson." Boswell was not a great writer, but he knew the great Dr. Johnson better than any other man and was his close companion for many years; and he wrote what is thought by many to be the greatest biography ever written. In recent years it has become a practice for sons to write biographies of their distinguished fathers, and we have fine lives of Charles R. Darwin and Thomas H. Huxley, the English scientists, and of Alfred Tennyson, the English poet, by their sons. Many great biographies have been written of groups of men who were similar in character or position or had some other chief things in common. Such biographies are Saint Jerome's "Illustrious Men"—short lives of many Christian leaders—Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," Samuel Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," and Ranke's "Lives of the Popes." The idea of writing the history of a country through the biography of its famous men has also been carried out in several countries by great

biographical dictionaries which contain the lives of all the chief men that have ever lived in those countries.

When a man writes his own life it is called an autobiography, and all that I have said about the importance and usefulness of biography holds true also of autobiography. In fact, autobiography should be better than biography, because a man ought to know more about himself than anybody else can know about him. If he is a very great man he has, of course, come into relations more or less intimate with other great men and been connected with great events, and besides telling us all about himself he can tell us many interesting things about those great men and events which nobody else, perhaps, could tell us.

One danger in writing an autobiography is that the writer may be inclined to make himself out better (or sometimes worse) than he really was, though if he is a very great man he will probably tell us the truth as nearly as he can.

Among the most famous autobiographies, I may mention that of the great Italian artist Benvenuto Cellini, Rousseau's "Confessions," Benjamin Franklin's "Autobiography," and the "Apology for My Life" of the English Cardinal Newman.

In the examples of biography and autobiography that we now give you, great differences of character and of action are to be seen in the various subjects, and also an equal variety of treatment by the different writers. By giving close attention to both subject and treatment in each case, you may get from these extracts some very good ideas about this kind of literature.

THE REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE

WHEN Captain W. Rogers went from Bristol, England, in 1708, to cruise against the Spaniards, in the South Seas, he found, in the island of Juan Fernandez, a man clothed in goatskins, who looked wilder than the original owners of them. He had been left on the island four years and four months before, by Captain Strodling, of the ship called the "Cinque Ports," on account of a quarrel between them. His name was Alexander Selkirk, and by the report of Captain Dampier, then on board with Captain Rogers, he was the best man in that ship.

During his abode on the island, he saw several ships pass by, but two only came to an anchor;

these were Spaniards, some of whom landed, and shot at him before he was aware of them, so that he had much ado to escape. When he was put on shore, he had with him his clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of powder, some bullets, tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, and a Bible and other books.

He diverted and provided for himself as well as he could. For the first eight months he could scarcely support his spirits in a situation so forlorn, and so far remote from all human beings. He built himself two huts, with pimento-trees, covered them with long grass, and lined them with the skins of goats—animals that he killed with his gun so long as his powder lasted: when this was exhausted, he procured fire by rubbing two sticks of pimento-wood together upon his knees.

In his lesser hut, which was at some distance from the other, he dressed his provisions; in the larger hut he slept, and employed himself in reading, singing, and praying. At first he never ate anything till hunger constrained him, partly for want of bread and salt, and partly for grief; nor did he go to bed till he could watch no longer. The pimento-wood, which burned very clear, served him both for fire and candle, and refreshed him by the fragrance of its smell.

He might have had fish enough, but could not eat it for want of salt, crayfish excepted, which he found to be agreeable, and as large as lobsters; these he boiled or broiled, as he did his goats' flesh: from the latter he made excellent broth, as the goats there are not so rank as those in Europe. He kept an account of five hundred that he had killed while he was there, and of as many more that he caught and turned loose again after marking them on the ear.

His way of life, and his continual exercise, improved his speed so much that, when his powder failed, he fairly ran the goats down. Captain Rogers sent several of his swiftest men with a bulldog they had on board, to assist Selkirk in goat-catching; but he tired and distanced both the men and the dog, and brought back the goats on his back.

He related that his swiftness in pursuing a goat had once nearly proved his destruction; for he followed it with so much eagerness that he caught hold of it at the brink of a precipice that was hid from him by the bushes. He fell down a great height; was stunned by the fall; lay there about twenty-four hours; and when he came to his senses, he found the goat lying dead under him. He was scarcely able to crawl to his hut, at about a mile distance, or to stir abroad for ten days afterward.

At length he came to relish his meat well enough without salt or bread; and in the season he found plenty of good turnips; these, having been sown by Captain Dampier's men, had over-spread several acres of ground. He had enough of good cabbage from the cabbage-trees, and seasoned his meat with the fruit of the pimento, which is the Jamaica pepper.

He soon wore out all his clothes and shoes by running in the woods. Without shoes, his feet became so hard that it was with difficulty he could reconcile himself again to wearing them, for they made his feet swell when he first put them on.

He was at first much plagued with cats and rats, which had got on shore from the ships that wooded and watered there; but by cherishing the cats, many of them became so tame that they would lie about him in hundreds, and he was quickly delivered from the rats. He also tamed some kids for his amusement, so that he began to conquer the inconveniences of solitude, and grew very easy in his circumstances.

He supplied his worn-out clothes by a cap and a coat of goatskin, stitched together with thongs of the same. He had no other needle but a nail; and when his knife was worn to the back, he made others as well as he could out of some iron hoops left on shore, which he beat thin and ground upon stones. Having some linen cloth by him, he sewed himself some shirts with a nail, stitching them with the worsted of his old stockings, which he pulled out for that purpose. He had his last shirt on when he was found by Captain Rogers, and, when he came first on board, had so much forgot his language by disuse, that he uttered his words by halves, and could scarcely be understood.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S CONVERSATIONAL POWERS

BY WILLIAM WIRT

NEVER have I known such a fireside companion as Dr. Franklin. Great as he was, both as a statesman and a philosopher, he never shone in a light more winning than when he was seen in a domestic circle.

It was once my good fortune to pass two or three weeks with him, at the house of a private gentleman, in the back part of Pennsylvania; and we were confined to the house during the whole of that time, by the unintermitting constancy and depth of the snow. But confinement could never be felt where Franklin was an inmate. His cheerfulness and his colloquial powers spread

around him a perpetual spring. There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine in anything that came from him. There was nothing which made any demand either upon your allegiance or your admiration. His manner was as unaffected as infancy. It was nature's self. He talked like an old patriarch; and his plainness and simplicity put you, at once, at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of all your faculties.

His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light, without any adventitious aid. They required only a medium of vision like his pure and simple style, to exhibit to the highest advantage their native radiance and beauty. His cheerfulness was unremitting. It seemed to be as much the effect of the systematic and salutary exercise of the mind, as of its superior organization. His wit was of the first order. It did not show itself merely in occasional coruscations; but, without any effort or force on his part, it shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourse.

Whether in the company of commons or nobles, he was always the same plain man; always most perfectly at his ease, his faculties in full play, and the full orbit of his genius forever clear and unclouded. And then the stores of his mind were inexhaustible. He had commenced life with an attention so vigilant that nothing had escaped his observation, and a judgment so solid that every incident was turned to advantage.

His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance. He had been all his life a close and deep reader, as well as thinker, and by the force of his own powers had wrought up the raw materials, which he had gathered from books, with such exquisite skill and felicity, that he had added a hundredfold to their original value, and justly made them his own.

THE CHARACTER OF SCOTT

BY WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT

TAKE it for all and all, it is not too much to say that the character of Sir Walter Scott is probably the most remarkable on record. There is no man of historical celebrity that we now recall, who combined, in so eminent a degree, the highest qualities of the moral, the intellectual, and the physical.

He united in his own character what hitherto had been found incompatible. Though a poet, and living in an ideal world, he was an exact, methodical man of business; though achieving



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

with the most wonderful facility of genius, he was patient and laborious; a mousing antiquarian, yet with the most active interest in the present and whatever was going on around him; with a strong turn for a roving life and military adventure, he was yet chained to his desk more hours, at some periods of his life, than a monkish recluse; a man with a heart as capacious as his head; a Tory, brimful of Jacobitism, yet full of sympathy and unaffected familiarity with all classes, even the humblest; a successful author, without pedantry and without conceit; one, indeed, at the head of the republic of letters, and yet with a lower estimate of letters, as compared with other intellectual pursuits, than was ever hazarded before.

The first quality of his character, or, rather, that which forms the basis of it, as of all great characters, was his energy. We see it in his early youth, triumphing over the impediments of nature, and in spite of lameness, making him conspicuous in every sort of athletic exercise—clambering up dizzy precipices, wading through treacherous fords, and performing feats of pedestrianism that make one's joints ache to read of. As he advanced in life, we see the same force of purpose turned to higher objects.

We see the same powerful energies triumphing over disease at a later period, when nothing but a resolution to get the better of it enabled him to do so. "Be assured," he remarked to Mr. Gillies, "that if pain could have prevented my application to literary labor, not a page of *Ivanhoe* would have been written. Now if I had given way to mere feelings, and had ceased to work, it is a question whether the disorder might not have taken a deeper root, and become incurable."

Another quality, which, like the last, seems to have given tone to his character, was his social or benevolent feelings. His heart was an unfailing fountain, which not merely the distresses, but the joys of his fellow-creatures made to flow like water. Rarely indeed is this precious quality found united with the most exalted intellect. Whether it be that nature, chary of her gifts, does not care to shower too many of them on one head; or that the public admiration has led the man of intellect to set too high a value on himself, or at least his own pursuits, to take an interest in the inferior concerns of others; or that the fear of compromising his dignity puts him "on points" with those who approach him; or whether, in truth, the very magnitude of his own reputation throws a freezing shadow over us little people in his neighborhood—whatever be the cause, it is too true that the highest powers of the mind are very often deficient in the only one

which can make the rest of much worth in society—the power of pleasing.

Scott was not one of these little great. His was not one of those dark-lantern visages which concentrate all their light on their own path, and are black as midnight to all about them. He had a ready sympathy, a word of contagious kindness or cordial greeting for all. His manners, too, were of a kind to dispel the icy reserve and awe which his great name was calculated to inspire. He relished a good joke, from whatever quarter it came, and was not overdainty in his manner of testifying his satisfaction. "In the full tide of mirth, he did indeed laugh the heart's laugh," says Mr. Adolphus. "Give me an honest laugh," said Scott himself on another occasion, when a buckram man of fashion had been paying him a visit at Abbotsford.

His manners, free from affectation or artifice of any sort, exhibited the spontaneous movements of a kind disposition, subject to those rules of good breeding which Nature herself might have dictated. In this way he answered his own purpose admirably as a painter of character, by putting every man in good humor with himself, in the same manner as a cunning portrait-painter amuses his sitters with such store of fun and anecdote as may throw them off their guard, and call out the happiest expressions of their countenances.

The place where his benevolent impulses found their proper theater for expansion was his own home, surrounded by a happy family, and dispensing all the hospitalities of a great feudal proprietor. "There are many good things in life," he says, in one of his letters, "whatever satirists and misanthropes may say to the contrary; but probably the best of all, next to a conscience void of offense (without which, by the by, they can hardly exist), are the quiet exercise and enjoyment of the social feelings, in which we are at once happy ourselves, and the cause of happiness to them who are dearest to us."

Every page of the work, almost, shows us how intimately he blended himself with the pleasures and the pursuits of his own family, watched over the education of his children, shared in their rides, their rambles, and sports, losing no opportunity of kindling in their young minds a love of virtue, and honorable principles of action.

But Scott's sympathies were not confined to his species, and if he treated them like blood-relations, he treated his brute followers like personal friends. Every one remembers old Maida and faithful Camp, the "dear old friend," whose loss cost him a dinner. Mr. Gillies tells us that he went into his study on one occasion, when he

was winding off his "Vision of Don Roderick." "Look here," said the poet, "I have just begun to copy over the rhymes that you heard to-day and applauded so much. Return to supper if you can; only don't be late, as you perceive we keep early hours, and Wallace will not suffer me to rest after six in the morning. Come, good dog, and help the poet."

"At this hint, Wallace seated himself upright on a chair next his master, who offered him a newspaper, which he directly seized, looking very wise, and holding it firmly and contentedly in his mouth. Scott looked at him with great satisfaction, for he was excessively fond of dogs. 'Very well,' said he; 'now we shall get on.' And so I left them abruptly, knowing that my 'absence would be the best company.'"

STUART, THE PAINTER

OF Gilbert Stuart, the painter, this amusing anecdote is related. He had put up at an inn, and his companions were desirous, by putting roundabout questions, to find out his calling or profession. Stuart answered, with a grave face and serious tone, that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair. At that time, high-cropped pomatumed hair was all the fashion.

"You are a hair-dresser, then!" "What," said he, "do I look like a barber?" "I beg your pardon, sir, but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to ask what you are, then?" "Why, I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat."

"Oh, you are a valet, then, to some nobleman?" "A valet! Indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant. To be sure, I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen." "Oh, you are a tailor?" "A tailor! do I look like a tailor? I assure you, I never handled a goose, other than a roasted one."

By this time they were all in a roar. "What are you, then?" said one. "I'll tell you," said Stuart. "Be assured, all I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats, and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes, at your service."

"Oh, ho! a boot and shoe maker, after all!" "Guess again, gentlemen. I never handled boot or shoe, but for my own feet and legs; yet all I have told you is true." "We may as well give up guessing." "Well, then, I will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my profession. I get my bread by making faces."

He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments of his visage, in a manner such as

Samuel Foote or Charles Mathews might have envied. His companions, after loud peals of laughter, each took credit to himself for having suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theater; and they all knew he must be a comedian by profession. Then to their utter astonishment, he assured them that he was never on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a playhouse, or any similar place of amusement. They all now looked at each other in utter amazement.

Before parting, Stuart said to his companions: "Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of my various employments is comprised in these few words: *I am a portrait-painter*. If you will call at John Palmer's, York Buildings, London, I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair, supply you, if in need, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravat, and make faces for you."

DANIEL WEBSTER'S SCHOOL-DAYS

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

IN 1791, when Daniel had just turned nine, a new honor, which deeply affected his later career, came to his father. The many evidences of confidence and esteem a gratified community had bestowed on Ebenezer Webster in the dark days of the Revolution did not cease with the war. The leader in strife remained a leader in peace, was sent year after year first to one and then to the other branch of the Assembly, was a delegate to the convention which ratified the Federal Constitution, and finally, in 1791, was placed on the bench of the Court of Common Pleas for the county [Merrimack County, New Hampshire] in which he resided.

These courts were composed of a presiding judge, always an able lawyer, and of two side justices, usually laymen of hard common sense and sterling integrity; and it was to one of these side justiceships that Ebenezer Webster was appointed. The office was one of honor and dignity, and carried with it an annual salary of several hundred dollars, just enough to enable the father to go on with his long-meditated plan for the education of Daniel.

Of his five sons, Ebenezer, David, and Joseph had grown to manhood, were settled in life, and long past the school age. To educate the two remaining, Ezekiel and Daniel, was beyond his means. But if his longing to see at least one son rise above the humble calling of a farmer was to be gratified, it must be one of these, and to choose which cost the father a bitter struggle. He

met it with the unfaltering courage that marked the man, made his decision, and one day in 1795 announced his determination.

"On a hot day in July," said Webster, describing the scene many years later, "it must have been in one of the years of Washington's administration, I was making hay with my father, just where I now see a remaining elm-tree. About the middle of the forenoon the Hon. Abiel Foster, M.C., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house and came into the field to see my father. When he was gone, my father called me to him and we sat down beneath the elm.

"He said: 'My son, that is a worthy man; he is a member of Congress; he goes to Philadelphia and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education which I never had. If I had had his education, I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it as it was. But I missed it, and now I must work here.'

"My dear father," said I, "you shall not work; brother and I will work for you, and we will wear our hands out, and you shall rest." And I remember to have cried, and I cry now at the recollection.

"My child," said he, "it is of no importance to me. I now live but for my children. I could not give your elder brothers the advantages of knowledge, but I can do something for you. Exert yourself, improve your opportunities, learn, learn, and when I am gone you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time."

Almost a year passed, however, before the plan so long cherished was fairly started, and Daniel, dressed in a brand-new, home-made suit and astride a side-saddle, rode with his father to Exeter to be entered at the famous academy founded by John Phillips. The principal then and forty years thereafter was Dr. Benjamin Abbot, one of the greatest teachers our country has yet produced. As the doctor was ill, the duty of examining the new pupil fell to Joseph S. Buckminster, then an usher at the academy, but destined to influence strongly the religious life of New England.

It was the custom of the doctor, we are told, to conduct the examination of applicants with pompous ceremony, and that, imitating him, young Buckminster summoned Webster to his presence, put on his hat, and said, "Well, sir, what is your age?"

"Fourteen," was the reply.

"Take this Bible, my lad, and read that chapter."

Young Webster was equal to the test, and read

the whole passage to the end in a voice and with a fervor such as Master Buckminster had never listened to before.

"Young man," said he, "you are qualified to enter this institution," and no more questions were put to him.

The voice and manner so famous in later life were even then strikingly manifest. But one other gift of nature still lay dormant—he could not declaim. Long after he had become the greatest orator of the day, he said to a friend: "I could not speak before the school. Many a piece did I commit to memory and rehearse in my room over and over again, but when the day came, and the schoolmaster called my name, and I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it. When the occasion was over, I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification."

His stay at the academy was short. At the close of the year he was at home again, teaching a small class of boys and girls at his uncle's house on the North Road, and while so engaged he made the acquaintance of the Rev. Samuel Wood, minister at Boscawen. Dr. Wood was also an educator, and took charge of Webster's Latin. A young senior from Dartmouth taught him some Greek, and in August, 1797, Webster became a freshman in Dartmouth College.

He had now reached a turning-point in his career. Save during the nine months spent at Phillips Exeter, he had never been so far from home, had never been so completely thrown upon his own resources, nor brought in close contact with so many young men of his own age and generation. He was free to make of himself what he pleased. He read widely in English literature and in history, acquired a familiarity with Latin and with Latin authors, never forgot anything once acquired, was always able to display his knowledge to the best advantage, was in no sense a student or a scholar, but became the best informed man in college, and impressed all who met him as a youth of uncommon parts, with promise of being a great man.

"So much as I read," says he, "I made my own. When a half-hour, or an hour at most, had elapsed, I closed my book, and thought over what I had read. If there was anything peculiarly interesting or striking in the passage, I endeavored to recall it and lay it up in memory, and commonly could effect my object. Then if, in debate or conversation afterward, any subject came up on which I had read something, I could talk very easily so far as I had read, and there I was careful to stop."

As time passed, this wide reading stood him in

good stead, and for a year he paid his board by aiding in editing a weekly newspaper for which he made selections from books and contemporary publications, now and then writing a few paragraphs himself. Nor were his physical characteristics less striking. College-mates never forgot his deep-set eyes, the solemn tones of his voice, the dignity of his carriage, and, above all, his eloquence. The old shyness that tormented him so at the academy was gone. At last the greatest of his natural gifts was developing rapidly and was used freely.

WASHINGTON IRVING

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

(From "*Roundabout Papers*")

ALMOST the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us. Ere a few weeks are over, many a critic's pen will be at work reviewing their lives and passing judgment on their works. One was the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the father of the country had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name; he came among us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling good will. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans.

If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did; to inflame national rancors, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed; to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new; to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior.

But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of good will and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went among them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect; and Irving went home medaled by the King, diplomatized by the University, crowned and honored and admired.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancor and fierceness against individuals which exceed British virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hands from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and remarked how in every place he was honored and welcomed. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was forever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one.

Be a good man, my dear. Was not Irving good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the

constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life.

I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting; but Irving was in our service as well as theirs, and I should like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving.

CHARLES DICKENS

BY JAMES T. FIELDS

LET me speak to-day of Dickens in his youth. How well I recall the bleak winter evening in 1842 when I first saw the handsome, glowing face of the young man who was even then famous over half the globe! He came bounding into the Tremont House [Boston] fresh from the steamer that had brought him to our shores, and his cheery voice rang through the hall, as he gave a quick glance at the new scenes opening upon him in a strange land.

"Here we are!" he shouted, as the lights burst upon the merry party just entering the house, and several gentlemen came forward to greet him. Ah, how happy and buoyant he was then! Young, handsome, almost worshiped for his genius, belted round by such troops of friends as rarely ever man had, coming to a new country to make new conquests of fame and honor—surely it was a sight long to be remembered, and never wholly to be forgotten.

The splendor of his endowments and the personal interest he had won to himself called forth all the enthusiasm of old and young America, and I am glad to have been among the first to witness his arrival. You ask me what was his appearance as he ran, or rather flew, up the steps of the hotel, and sprang into the hall. He seemed all on fire with curiosity, and alive as I never saw mortal before.

From top to toe every fiber of his body was unrestrained and alert. What vigor, what keenness, what freshness of spirit, possessed him! He laughed all over, and did not care who heard him! He seemed like the Emperor of Cheerfulness on a cruise of pleasure, determined to conquer a realm or two of fun every hour of his overflowing existence. That night impressed itself on my memory for all time, so far as I am concerned with things sublunary.

It was Dickens, the true "Boz" in flesh and

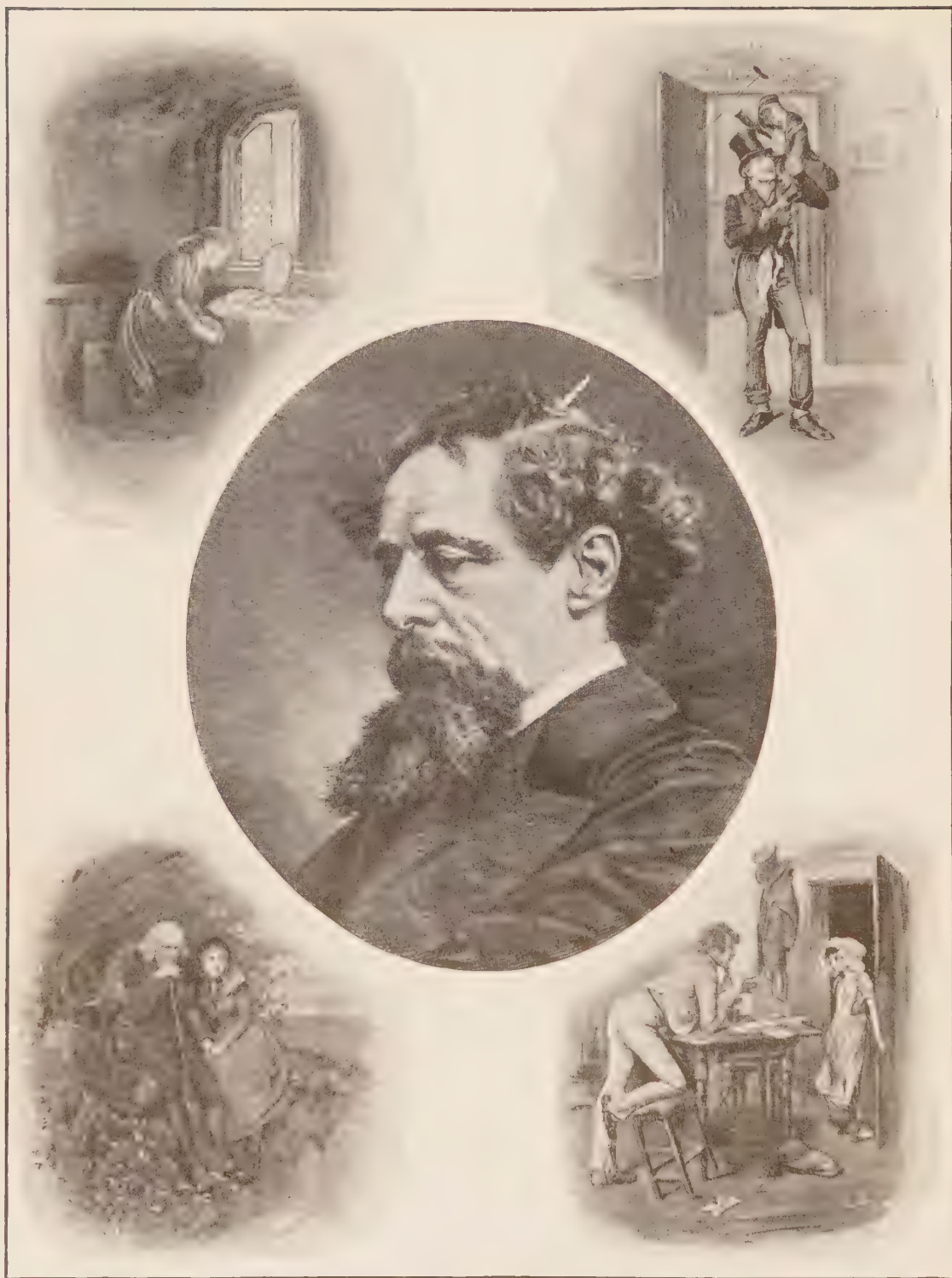
blood, who stood before us at last, and with my companions, three or four lads of my own age, I determined to sit up late that night. None of us then, of course, had the honor of an acquaintance with the delightful stranger, and I little thought that I should afterward come to know him in the beaten way of friendship, and live with him day after day in years far distant; that I should ever be so near to him that he would reveal to me his joys and his sorrows, and thus that I should learn the story of his life from his own lips.

About midnight on that eventful landing, "Boz"—everybody called him "Boz" in those days—having finished his supper, came down into the office of the hotel, and, joining the young Earl of M—, his fellow-voyager, sallied out for a first look at Boston streets. It was a stinging night, and the moon was at the full. Every object stood out white and glittering, and "Boz," muffled up in a shaggy fur coat, ran over the shining frozen snow, wisely keeping the middle of the street for the most part. We boys followed cautiously behind, but near enough not to lose any of the fun. Dickens kept up one continual shout of laughter as he went rapidly forward, reading the signs on the shops, and observing the "architecture" of the new country into which they had dropped as if from the clouds.

The great event of Boz's first visit to Boston was the dinner of welcome tendered to him by the young men of the city. It is idle to attempt much talk about the banquet given on that Monday night in February. Papanti's Hall was the scene of that festivity. It was a glorious episode in all our lives, and whoever was not there has suffered a loss not easy to estimate.

We younger members of that dinner-party sat in the seventh heaven of happiness, and were translated into other spheres. Accidentally, of course, I had a seat just in front of the honored guest; saw him take a pinch of snuff out of Washington Allston's box, and heard him joke with old President Quincy [of Harvard College]. Was there ever such a night before in our staid city? Did ever mortal preside with such felicitous success as did Mr. Quincy?

How he went on with his delicious compliments to our guest! How he reveled in quotations from "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist" and "The Curiosity Shop"! And how admirably he closed his speech of welcome, calling up the young author amid a perfect volley of applause! "Health, Happiness, and a Hearty Welcome to Charles Dickens!" I can see and hear Mr. Quincy now, as he spoke the words: Were ever heard such cheers before?



CHARLES DICKENS—"THE MASTER OF SMILES AND TEARS."

The characters that are at the top and bottom of the great novelist's picture will be readily recognized as Little Dorrit (upper, left), Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim (upper, right), Little Nell and her grandfather (lower, left), and Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness (lower, right).

And when Dickens stood up at last to answer for himself, so fresh and so handsome, with his beautiful eyes moist with feeling, and his whole frame aglow with excitement, how we did hurrah, we young fellows! Trust me, it *was* a great night; and we must have made a mighty noise at our end of the table, for I remember frequent messages came down to us from the "Chair" begging that we would hold up a little and moderate if possible the rapture of our applause.

AT WEST POINT

BY ULYSSES S. GRANT

IN the winter of 1838-39, I was attending school at Ripley (only ten miles distant from Georgetown), but spent the Christmas holidays at home. During this time my father received a letter from the Honorable Thomas Morris, then United States Senator from Ohio.

When he read it, he said to me, "Ulysses, I believe that you are going to receive the appointment."

"What appointment?" I inquired.

"To West Point; I have applied for it."

"But I won't go," I said.

"I think that you will." And I thought so too, if my father did.

Besides this argument in favor of my going to West Point, there was another strong reason. I had always a great desire to travel. Going to West Point would give me the chance of visiting the two great cities, Philadelphia and New York.

This was enough. When these places had been visited, I would have been glad to have a steamboat or railroad accident happen, or any other accident, in fact, by which I might have received a slight injury. What I wished was, not to have to enter the Academy. Nothing of the kind occurred, and I had to face the music.

A military life had no charms for me, and I had not the faintest idea of staying in the army, even if I should be graduated. The encampment, which came before the commencement of studies, was very tiresome.

When the 28th of August came—the date for breaking camp and going into barracks—I felt as though I had been at West Point always, and that if I stayed till graduation, I should have to remain always. I did not take hold of my studies with eagerness, but I could not sit in my room doing nothing.

There is a fine library connected with the Academy. From this the cadets can get books to read in their quarters. I devoted more time to these than to the books relating to the course of studies.

Much of the time, I am sorry to say, was spent on novels, but not those of a trashy sort. I read all of Bulwer's then published, Marryat's, Scott's, Washington Irving's works, and many others.

Mathematics was very easy to me, so that when January came, I passed the examination, taking a good standing in that branch. In French, the only other study at that time in the first year's course, my standing was low.

In fact, if the class had been turned the other end foremost, I should have been near the head. I never succeeded in getting squarely at either end of my class in any one study, during the four years.

During my first year's encampment, General Scott visited West Point, and reviewed the cadets. With his commanding figure, great size, and showy uniform, I thought him the finest-looking man that my eyes had ever beheld, and the most to be envied.

I could never resemble General Scott in appearance. But I believe that I did have a feeling for a moment that some day I should occupy his place on review, although I had no thought then of remaining in the army.

At last all the examinations were passed. The members of the class were then called upon to name their choice of arms of service and regiments. I was anxious to enter the cavalry, or dragoons, as they were then called.

There was only one regiment of dragoons in the army at that time, and attached to that, besides the regular field officers, there were at least four second lieutenants. I put down, therefore, my first choice, dragoons; second, infantry; and got the latter.

Having made first and second choice of two different arms of service, with different uniforms, I could not get a uniform until I knew which place I was to have. Notice did not reach me for several weeks. Then it took at least a week to get a letter to the tailor, and two more to make the clothes and have them sent to me. During all this time I was very anxious.

Soon after the arrival of the clothes, two things happened which gave me a great dislike for military uniform.

A few days after the suit came, I put it on, and went to Cincinnati on horseback. I rode along a street in that city, imagining that every one was looking at me, with a feeling akin to mine when I first saw General Scott.

A little urchin, bareheaded, barefooted, with ragged trousers held up by a single gallows, seeing me, cried: "Soldier! will you work? No, sir-ee; I'll sell my shirt first!"

The other circumstance occurred at home.

Opposite our house in Bethel stood the old stage tavern, where man and beast found shelter. The stableman drank a good deal, but he possessed a sense of humor.

On my return I found him parading the streets, and attending in the stable, barefooted, but in a pair of sky-blue trousers, just the color of my uniform trousers, with a strip of white cotton sheeting sewed down the outside seam in imitation of mine.

The joke was a huge one in the minds of many people, and was much enjoyed by them; but I did not like it so well.

HOW I BECAME A WRITER

By JAMES M. BARRIE

MY mother was a great reader, and with ten minutes to spare before the starch was ready, would begin the "Decline and Fall"—and finish it, too, that winter. Foreign words in the text annoyed her and made her bemoan her want of classical education—she had attended only a Dame's school during some easy months—but she never passed the foreign words by until their meaning was explained to her, and when next she and they met it was as acquaintances.

Biography and exploration were her favorite reading; for choice, the biography of men who had been good to their mothers, and she liked the explorers to be alive so that she could shudder at the thought of their venturing forth again, but though she expressed a hope that they would have the sense to stay at home henceforth, she gleamed with admiration when they disappointed her. . . .

We read many books together when I was a boy, "Robinson Crusoe" being the first (and the second), and the "Arabian Nights" should have been the next, for we got it out of the library (a penny for three days), but on discovering that they were "nights" when we had paid for "knights," we sent that volume packing, and I have curled my lips at it ever since.

"The Pilgrim's Progress" we had in the house, and so enamored of it was I that I turned our garden into Sloughs of Despond, with pea-sticks to represent Christian on his travels and a buffet-stool for his burden, but when I dragged my mother out to see my handiwork she was scared, and I felt for days, with a certain elation, that I had been a dark character.

Besides reading every book we could hire or borrow, I also bought one now and again, and while buying (it was the occupation of weeks) I read, standing at the counter, most of the other

books in the shop, which is perhaps the most exquisite way of reading. And I took in a magazine called "Sunshine," the most delicious periodical, I am sure, of any day.

I know not whether it was owing to the loitering of this magazine on the way one month to an extent flesh and blood could not bear, or because we had exhausted the penny library, but on a day I conceived a glorious idea, or it was put into my head by my mother, then desirous of making progress with her new clouty rug.

The notion was nothing short of this, why should I not write the tales myself? I did write them—in the garret—but they by no means helped her to get on with her work, for when I finished a chapter I bounded down-stairs to read it to her, and so short were the chapters, so ready was the pen, that I was back with new manuscript before another clout had been added to the rug. They were tales of adventure, no characters were allowed within if I knew their like in the flesh, the scene lay in unknown parts, desert islands, enchanted gardens, with knights (none of your nights) on black chargers.

At twelve or thereabout I put the literary calling to bed for a time, having gone to a school where cricket and football were more esteemed, but during the year before I went to the university, it woke up, and I wrote a great part of a three-volume novel. The publisher replied that the sum for which he would print it was a hundred and—however, that was not the important point: where he wounded us both was in writing that he considered me a "clever lady." I replied stiffly that I was a gentleman, and since then I have kept that manuscript concealed.

At last my opportunity came, and I was rashly engaged as a leader-writer on an English provincial paper. At the moment I was as uplifted as the others, and was to receive what we all regarded as a prodigious salary, but I was wanted in the beginning of the week, and it suddenly struck me that the leaders were the one thing that I had always skipped.

Leaders! How were they written? My mother was already sitting triumphant among my socks, and I durst not let her see me quaking. I retired to ponder, and presently she came to me with the daily paper. Which were the leaders? she wanted to know, so evidently I could get no help from her. Had she any more newspapers? I asked, and after rummaging she produced a few with which her boxes had been lined. Others, very dusty, came from beneath carpets, and lastly a sooty bundle was dragged down the chimney. Surrounded by these, I sat down, and studied how to become a journalist.

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